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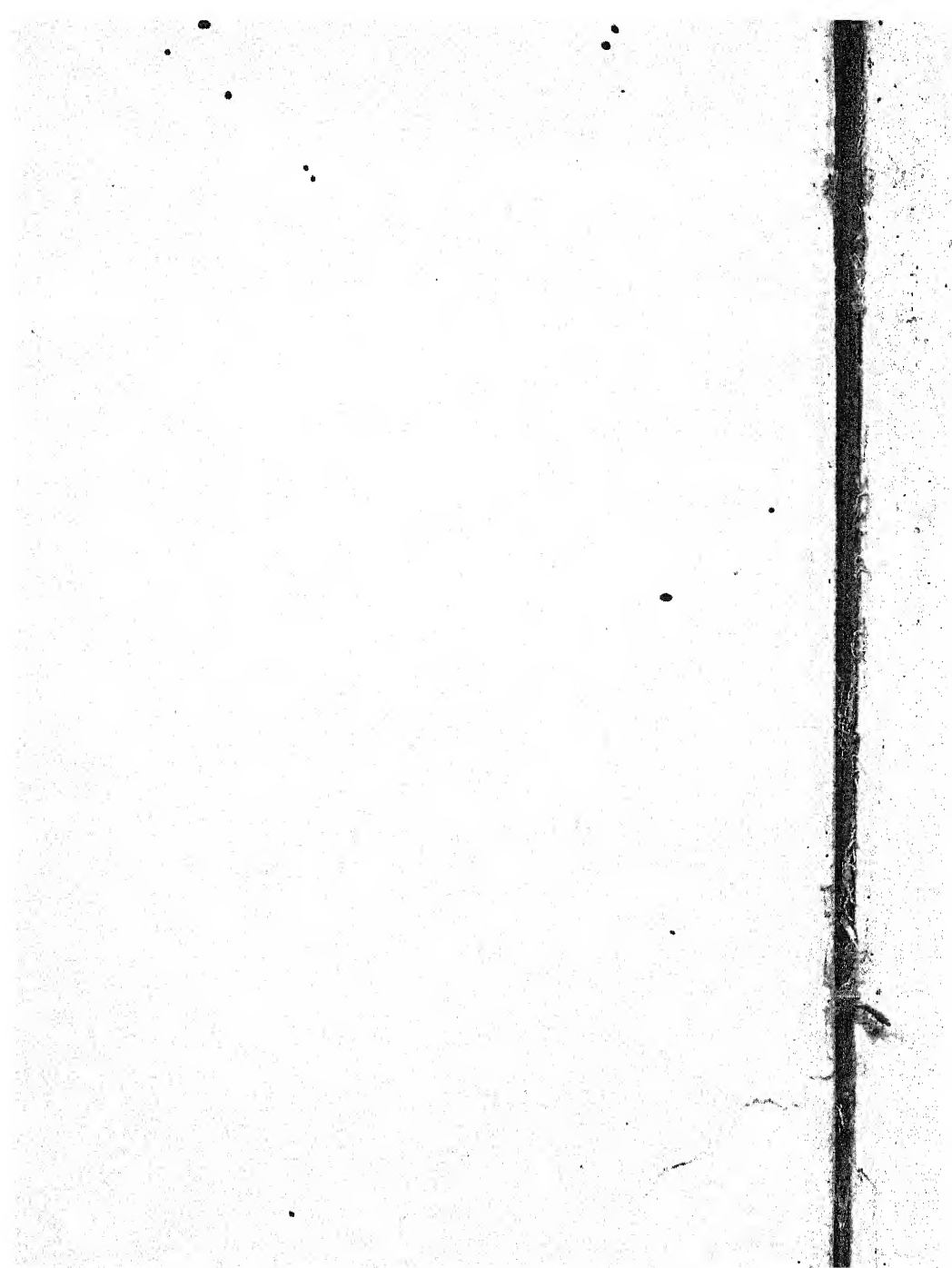
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THROUGH
TURBULENT YEARS

By
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GEOFFREY BLES
Two Manchester Square, London

INTRODUCTION

It is trite to say that Europe—in fact, the world,—is in ferment. But just what does this mean? Is there room enough, and time enough, for thirty nations to find their respective salvations by such divergent routes, and while worshipping different gods? Does it mean peace or war?

These are some of the questions for which I have endeavoured to find answers. But the European situation is in a state of mercurial flux and there are no final answers yet. For this reason I have attempted to illustrate trends and conditions by specific examples, most of which have come under my observation.

I have come to but few conclusions, preferring to let the facts speak for themselves. I have decided under which kind of experiment I would prefer to live and work, if I had to be a European. The evidence adduced may indicate my preference, but that does not mean I am convinced that nationals of the various States involved should agree with my choice. It is yet possible that each nation is working out its own destiny in its only possible way, and that each experiment may be good for the experimenters, as well as for those who are the guinea-pigs of the international laboratory.

The last nineteen years have been turbulent; especially the last five years. I expect the reader to deduce from the title of this book that I am recording my observations of these turbulent years; not implying that I have been a participant in the events.

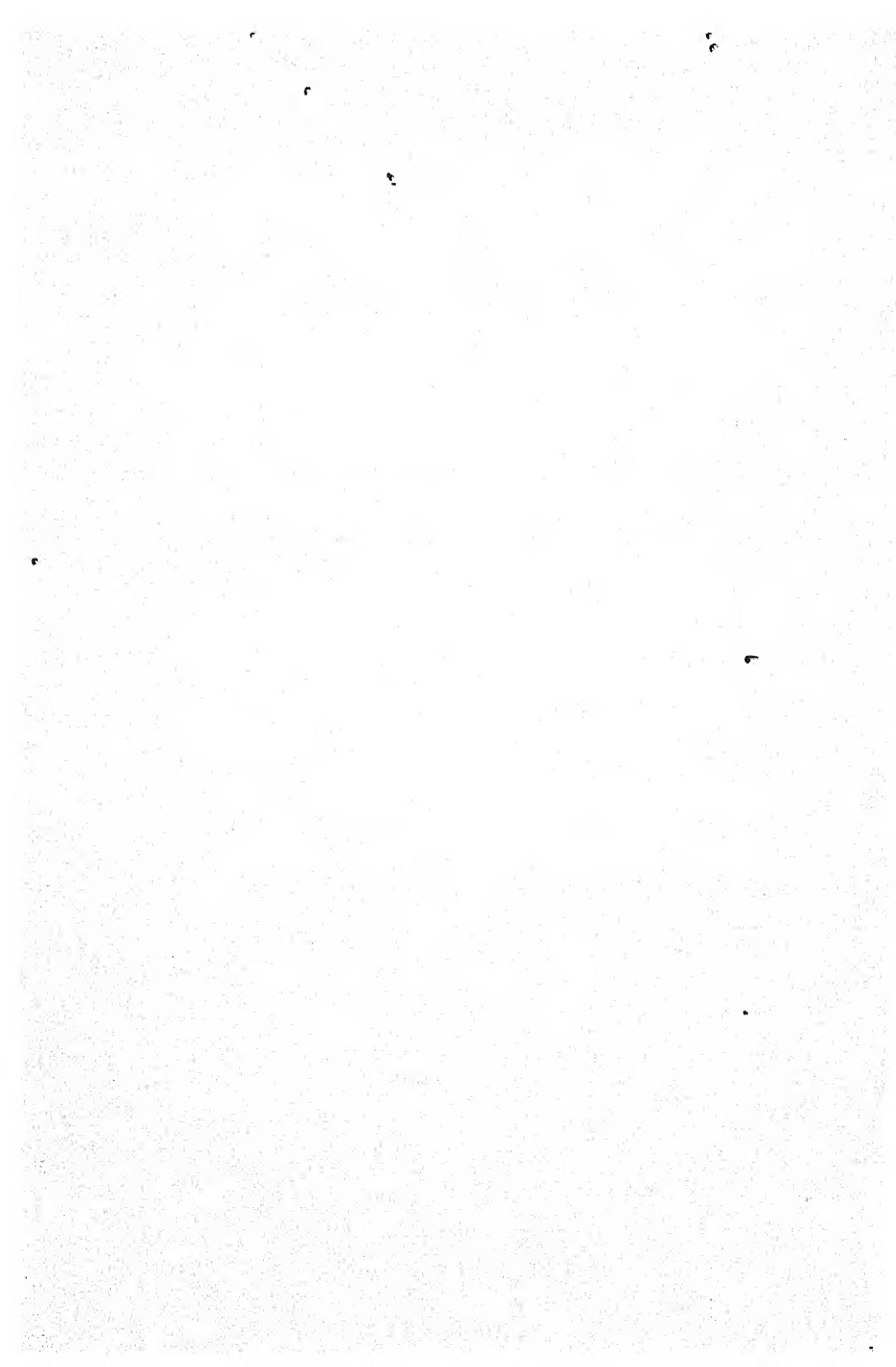
The material contained in the chapters on "Press, Propaganda and Friction" seems to me to be startling, and threatening. I have little more than scratched the surface of the subject. Press and radio may make or break our civilization.

A book dealing these days with international events may be out of date almost as soon as it is published. As I write these words the question before the statesmen of the world is: "*What can start a World War?*"

INTRODUCTION

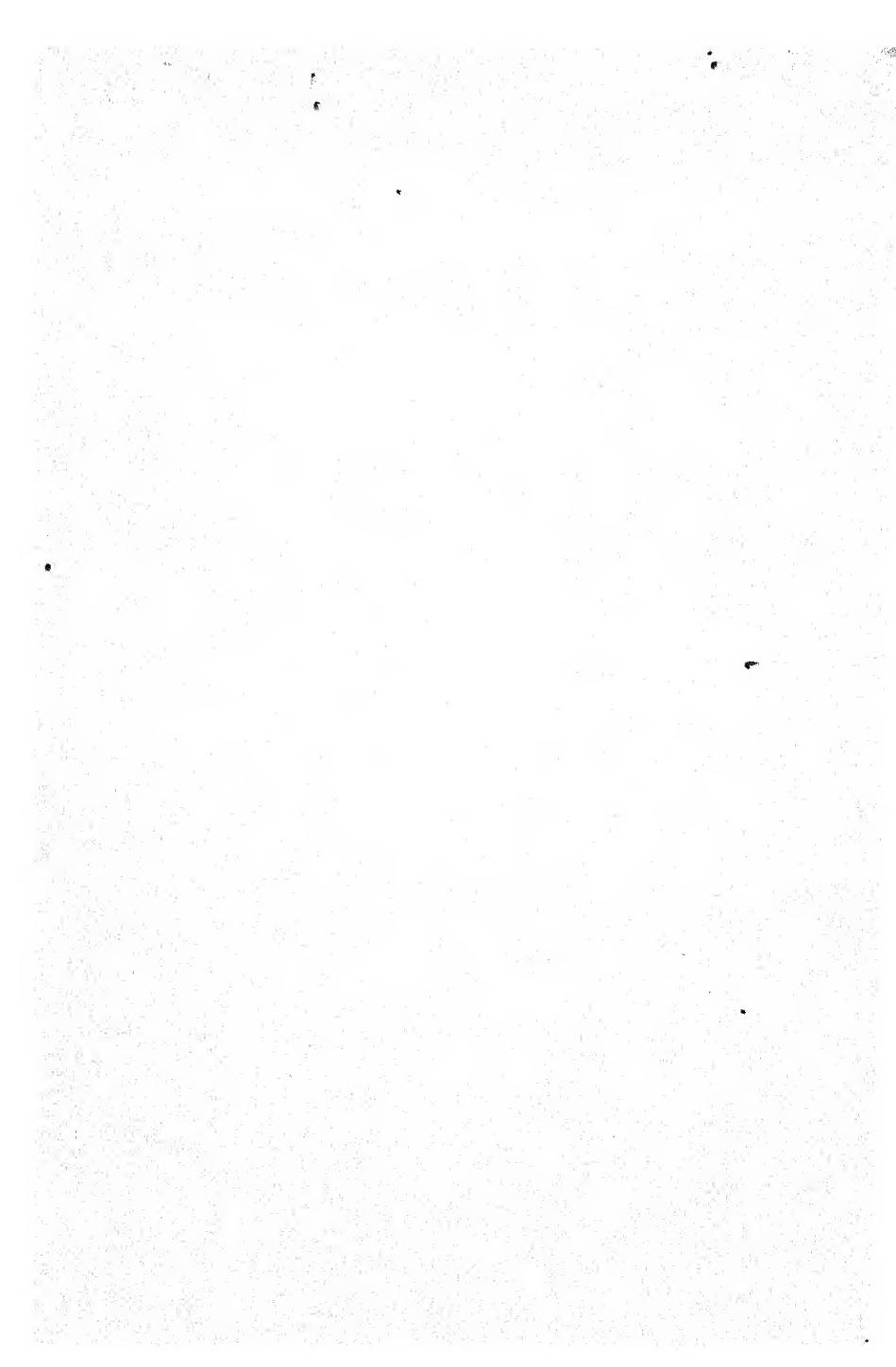
Perhaps it has already started. When there are enough local conflagrations so that two of them "touch," then we are in for it. At the moment the fire-fighters are just barely holding their own with the incendiaries.

Harvard Club, New York
5th November 1937



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Chapter I

WHO RULES THE THIRD REICH?

I. THE BOSS

ADOLF HITLER rules Germany. The Reichswehr is the second most potent force in the Third Reich, but it is incorrect to say Hitler is "the prisoner of the generals," as he has been called. The generals of the Reichswehr do not interfere in internal politics, although von Blomberg, Fritsch, and Beck exercise a moderating influence on Hitler when he is inclined to listen to the "wild" Nazis' suggestion that the time has come for foreign adventures.

If Hitler should die, Colonel-General Goering probably would seize power. He is popular with the masses. Goering's first action would be to bargain for the support of the Reichswehr. His second would be to put Propaganda Minister Goebbels out of the way. Hitler's death might cause a revolution, but the Reichswehr and Goering acting in conjunction should be adequate stabilizing forces.

In the past five years Hitler has become more than Nazi Number One. He has virtually removed himself from party politics. He stepped into Hindenburg's shoes immediately the Old Man of Neudeck died, and was accepted by the vast majority of the Germans as their Leader and Saviour.

The days after the Hindenburg funeral crowds as large as ten thousand gathered in front of the chancellory in the Wilhelmstrasse to pay their homage to the *Fuehrer*. I noticed one starry-eyed peasant woman in the milling gathering who, by the quirks of the crowd's ebb and flow, had been pushed into a position of vantage just as Hitler drove out. She allowed her

THROUGH TURBULENT YEARS

way back to her friends, her features almost transfigured, and gasped to any one within earshot:

"I've seen him! I've seen him! I've seen My Leader!"

If a "free" vote could be taken in the Reich Hitler probably would poll between seventy and eighty per cent., at least. The Nazi party would be fortunate to get fifty per cent. There are subordinates of Hitler's who are detested as definitely as he is worshipped.

Hitler has attained this position in the minds of his subjects by mass hypnotism. I heartily agree with Dr. William Brown, Oxford professor and director of the Institute of Experimental Psychology, when he says "Hitler is the greatest psychotherapist of a nation, and he will go down to history as such." Brown is conceded to be the greatest British authority on hypnotism and one of the leading exponents of modern psychology. He avers that "it is a mistake to suppose that Hitler's followers are slaves copying their leader from a motive of fear, or in cringing submission. Rather do their own self-assertive and aggressive tendencies become liberated in the process . . . and a timid, panic-stricken nation is turned into a powerful army, race or nation."

Hitler-worship is real and has been an asset, but it may also develop into a peril. Protestant Bishop Worm, preaching at Stuttgart in August, courageously warned his Leader of this hazard, when he said: "The greatest man can be spoiled by being worshipped too much, and by being made too much of he cannot fulfil the aims of statesmanship. A nation should not elevate a Christian son of the Fatherland to the throne of God."

There have been many signs recently that Hitler has removed himself to such a pinnacle that he has, to some extent, lost touch with much of the detail of administration. A few months ago the former Crown Prince of Germany asked one of the best-informed foreign correspondents in Berlin if "Hitler knows everything that's going on around him." He was told that many things are being kept from him.

WHO RULES THE THIRD REICH?

"Ah," commented the ex-Crown Prince, "just as it was with father!"

Recently von Hassell, German ambassador to Italy, was summoned to Hitler's sumptuous hide-away in Berchtesgaden. In the course of the conversation he asked the *Fuehrer* why he had not replied to certain questions he had sent to him from Rome.

"I never received any such questions," was the reply. Von Hassell had brought with him carbons of the letters. Hitler looked them over, and summoned his adjutant-secretary, Brueckner. The latter said that it had not been considered worth while to "bother the Leader" with the dispatches in question. When von Hassell left Berchtesgaden Brueckner walked to the car with him and said:

"See that this never happens again—or it will be the last time. We decide what the Leader shall see and what he shall not see."

Hitler takes a pride in the fact that he was once an artist and a student of architecture, and during the past year he has devoted much time to the drawing of plans for several of Germany's new buildings. He has been known to alter one after the structure was well under way. With his own hand he has designed a monster hotel which he proposes to have built at Obersalzburg, close to Berchtesgaden. The hotel will be the last word in luxury and will house important foreign visitors as well as the wealthier German pilgrims.

This new preoccupation of Hitler's has been so emphasized that there is a saying in Berlin that "the Leader is playing with his building blocks." Some days he spends hours concentrated on his plans, with drawing pins, pencils, dividers, and other essential paraphernalia.

Hitler is willing to delegate power and permit his subordinates to bask in the resultant publicity. In this way he is unlike Mussolini, who sees that no Balbo, Ciano, Grandi, or Starace gets too much public adulation; and if necessary de-

motes them—as when he sent Balbo off to Libya. Each dictator is the apex of his national pyramid, but Hitler encourages the spotlight to be turned on Goering, Goebbels, Schacht, and even Ley, Darré, and Streicher. Il Duce “cracks down” if his aides become too popular, and gives orders to the press that their speeches shall not be quoted. The *Fuehrer* encourages his leading subordinates to take a large part of the burden of speech-making.

The rulers of the Third Reich are by no means one happy and united family. This is more emphatically true in the latter part of 1937 than at any time since the Nazis took over the government—with the exception of the period preceding the “Bloody Purge” of 30th June 1934. The immediate objectives of Nazi policy have been won: militarization, occupation of the Saar and the Rhineland demilitarized zone, and denunciation of the “War Guilt” clause of the Versailles Treaty.

Now that the Versailles Treaty, so far as the terms which so irked the Germans, has been shattered, there is a division of opinion in regard to the direction and speed of future action. Hitler, unquestionably stronger than ever, stands aloof—for a while—and then emerges as the final arbiter of some question of national policy about which there has been a sharp cleavage of opinion.

He does not always win his point. Last December he wanted to show more aggressive action in Spain, but was opposed by the Reichswehr generals and Goering. He pointed out to his cabinet members and the generals how he had been right in insisting, against advice, in his determination, in March 1936, to march into the Rhineland. Fritsch and Beck had been afraid that the French army would oppose this action, and said they were not ready for the risk. Hitler ordered them to take the chance and, as it turned out—although by a narrow squeak—he was right.

Goering then soberly announced that he had some vital news of grave import: his air force was not as efficient as the Leader

had been led to believe. Hitler was shocked at Goering's admission, and ultimately gave way to Goering's and the Generals' advice. He is said by one witness to have walked out of the cabinet room in tears.

2. MODERATES

MARSHAL V. E. F. VON BLOMBERG, Minister of War.

GENERAL FRITSCH }
GENERAL BECK } Reichswehr general staff.

COL.-GENERAL HERMANN GOERING, head of Air Force: director Four-Year Plan; etc. etc.

DR. HJALMAR HORACE GREELEY SCHACHT, President of the Reichsbank.

FRITZ THYSEN, heavy industries leader.

WILHELM FRICK, Minister of the Interior.

BARON KONSTANTIN VON NEURATH, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It is possible to select approximately a score of Germans whose part in the creation and construction of the Third Reich is of unquestioned importance. It would not be accurate to call them "Twenty Men Who Rule Germany," because there naturally would be considerable difficulty in selecting an accurate list. Lacking the Teutonic quality of thoroughness, I do not feel competent to undertake the task on that basis.

My selections, however, have somewhat more than a personalized value. Partly that is true. But the names represent an average of the opinions of a dozen or so informed advisers whom I have consulted. I was surprised at their virtual unanimity.

These twenty or so names may be placed in three categories. In the first, I include those who might fairly in these troublous times be termed the Moderates or Constructives. In the second group, I shall list the Activists, or the Trouble-makers (one informant termed them "Gangster" Nazis). In the third division,

I shall include several Germans of unquestioned influence who defy classification, or whose affiliations are not yet clear: the "Lone Wolves."

It might be well, perhaps, to call attention to the fact that in this division of governing powers Germany is not unique. In almost all other major nations sharp cleavages may be observed. Political and ideological clashes are more readily observable in democratic nations. They exist also in authoritarian states. In the U.S.S.R., this quarrel for control was spectacularly evident during the summer of 1937. In Italy the schism is probably not important or acute; at any rate so far as the outside world is permitted to know. Mussolini makes the foreign correspondents' access to unfavourable news much more difficult than does Hitler. Within the next few months resident correspondents in Berlin may also find most of their non-official news sources closed. Several further expulsions, following that of Ebbutt of the *London Times*, may be expected. In Germany, where the final word for European war or peace will rest for several years at least, the split is not far from the surface and may be brought out with a little ferreting and by making a few reasonable deductions.

My nominations for Category Number One would include von Blomberg, Generals Fritsch and Beck, Goering, Schacht, Thyssen, Frick, and von Neurath.

There are reasons for the prominence in this list of military men. They are the ones who are qualified to know—whose business it is to know—that Germany as organized to-day could not hope to win a major war against any probable combination of adversaries.

Blomberg was a German representative at the Coronation. He has a bluff and attractive personality. He mixed readily with British staff officers, several of whom are his personal friends. He was given the opportunity by design to learn a great deal about British rearmament. He probably made a very telling report to the *Fuehrer*. Blomberg is personally attached

to Hitler, probably more than any other first-string Reichswehr officer. For that reason he has not so much influence with the Reichswehr as his position would seem to indicate.

Fritsch and Beck have the most astute minds among the generals in Germany, since the death last spring of von Seeckt. They may be ready for a major war some day, but they know only too well the lessons learned from the errors of 1914. For the nonce, they are definitely on the side of peace. If, and when, they are ready for a war, they will say so. Fritsch pays little or no attention to the Nazi drive against the Churches. During the heat of the attack this summer he issued an order to the Reichswehr that church members were expected to attend the church parades of their various denominations.

So removed is the Reichswehr from certain phases of Nazi life and regimentation that there is a saying that "the most respectable way to emigrate from Germany is to join the Reichswehr."

Colonel-General Hermann Goering has shifted from the radical group to the moderates during the past year. He has half a score posts; he is premier of Prussia, head of the air force, chief of the forestry division, and director of the Four-Year Plan. Responsibility has sobered him. Besides—Goering has received a great deal of education at the hands of Dr. Schacht. The latter has shown him that economic strength must be the backbone of military strength, and Goering has evinced a surprising capacity to learn. Occasionally he has outbursts of worry and fury, annoyed or bewildered by the harsh economic implications of Germany's desperate raw materials situation.

Two women have profoundly influenced Goering. He married, in the early twenties, a Swedish baroness, Karin Fock. She died in 1932, and three years later he married the massive actress, Frau Emmy Sonnemann. The two of them together must weigh little short of a quarter of a ton! Goering has two estates where he entertains lavishly. The larger is in Bavaria,

not far from Berchtesgaden, where he rules over five thousand acres presented to him by admiring Bavarians. The other is a hunting-box in the Schorfheide, a few miles outside Berlin.

Goering is a bluff, hearty, gargantuan and likeable figure, despite his bloodthirstiness. His taste in pets is typical of the man. He has two lion cubs which he keeps near him like puppies until they grow up. He calls them all "Caesar," no matter what their sex.

Although Goering has so many positions and titles—including Master Huntsman and Director of Television—his "toughest" assignment was handed him by Hitler in the autumn of 1936: the Four-Year Plan, by which the *Fuehrer* promised that Germany would achieve virtual autarkie by 1940. Hitler had attempted to interest Goering in economics the previous year, but with little success. It was then seen that the autarkic plan required a Nazi driving force behind it, beyond the capacity of Schacht, or the previous Minister of Economics, Schmitt.

So Goering moved in bag and baggage on Schacht. He now knows at least the broad outlines of what Schacht knows about Germany's appalling lack of raw materials. If Goering has *Der Tag* in mind it is not earlier than 1940. In 1933 he was obsessed by the importance of the air force, and was held to be one of the "wildest" Nazis. With a sufficiently strong air force he is said to have declared that any other nation could be brought to its knees in the first twenty-four hours. He has since been disillusioned. Not only has he learned that there must be a strong organization of citizenry behind the striking arm, but he has also had to admit to his great sorrow that mere numbers of machines are of little importance. Quality of machines and of personnel vitally affect the picture. The experimental proving ground in Spain convinced him that, except for two or three models, his air force needed a thorough revamping. The chief trouble was that they had been "flown off the drawing board"; i.e. sent into the air without adequate testing and checking of models.

However, Goering is rapidly rebuilding the air force, and by the end of 1937 will have at least 2500 first-line planes. The most efficient are the Junker 52, a bomber, and the Messerschmidt, a low-wing cantilever monoplane, with a speed of more than 300 miles an hour. Production capacity of all types is estimated as high as 12,000 annually.

One man, a foreigner, remarked to Goering:

"The Russians have infinitely better machines in Spain than any other nation, even than the Germans."

Goering retorted: "Why shouldn't they have? German engineers taught them all they know about building planes!"

There is much truth in the remark. During the years before Hitler came to power, and before Germany had more than a few samples of fighting planes, hundreds of German technicians were employed in Russian airplane factories. Scores remain there to this day, many of them reluctant to return to a Nazified Germany.

There were signs in September that Schacht would not remain much longer as the acting Minister of Economics. He has tried several times to resign and finally Hitler accepted his resignation on 21st October. Goering has learned much from him, but Schacht and Goering could not indefinitely remain as a team. Schacht does not believe in the dominance of politics over economics. The more complacent von Krosigk probably will take his place, retaining also his portfolio of finance.

Thyssen, a son of the multi-millionaire leader of Germany's heavy industries, works in close collaboration with the constructive Nazi chiefs. Taxation is terrific and profits are rigidly controlled, but Thyssen and his confrères have managed to make comfortable sums, and above all to prevent socialization, or complete nationalization, of their industries. However, Thyssen's influence is diminishing; and in fact the rôle of all German industrialists is becoming progressively less important. During 1936 and early 1937 there was considerable "reprivat-

ization" of German plants, but this was primarily a device of Schacht's to get hold of a few million marks.

Frick comes from Thuringia where he early won prominence as the first Nazi to attain cabinet rank. He has sobered since his early days of adventure. He has a good mind, a sense of humour, and is heart and soul bound to the *Fuehrer*. On Catholic and Jewish questions he is found in the radical camp.

Schacht and von Neurath are the two conspicuous survivors from the pre-Hitler Reich. Each did yeoman service as far back as the days of the Kaiser; the former in the financial reorganization of occupied Belgium, the latter in various important diplomatic posts. It is a tribute to Hitler's intelligence that these men still hold the prominence they do, despite sporadic sniping frequently indulged in by radical Nazis.

Schacht is called "The Indispensable." It is probable that he really believes in a large measure of his autarkic programme. It is reasonable to assume that he has been driven by uncontrolled force of circumstances farther than he would have preferred to go. He would like to survive to see the culmination of this unique experiment. A war would kill any chance the experiment has of coming to fructification. A good case I believe could be made out for the assertion that there is not a more peace-desiring leader in Europe. It is often said that no man is indispensable. But leading bankers in almost every capital of Europe will tell you that if Schacht quits the Reichsbank, the Third Reich would shortly collapse; and that no man except Schacht himself knows how many kinds of marks exist! Schacht's contract as president of the Reichsbank runs until March 1938. Pressure is being brought on him to continue. It would not surprise me if within a few months Schacht became an expatriate, and found domicile in Switzerland or England.

Von Neurath was a well-known member of the diplomatic corps in London a third of a century ago. He is a diplomat

of the old school who has been able to modernize himself and his practices. Hitler took him over from von Papen and von Schleicher as a member of his first cabinet. The *Fuehrer* has recognized the respect that von Neurath commands in the many world capitals where he is known. He provides the thread of continuity for German foreign policy.

In June 1937 it was announced that von Neurath had accepted an invitation from the British Government to visit London, in order that outstanding differences between the two governments might be discussed and some, perhaps, settled. Four days before the date set for the conference Berlin announced that von Neurath would be unable to attend. No adequate reason was given. The Berlin note was so brief as to be brusque and discourteous. Von Neurath wanted to go to London, but Hitler had been convinced that Britain would not grant any of the important German demands. He would not let von Neurath go unless advance promises could be obtained from the British that the result would be something tangible that could be presented to the German people as an unquestioned victory. The British Government would give no such advance guarantees.

One morning in October 1932 I met von Neurath in the lobby of the Kaiserhof, where we were both stopping. There was an important election within about a month, domestic and foreign problems were crushing in on von Papen, who was still hanging on to his post, and it seemed very difficult to chart Germany's course, even in the near future.

"Well, Baron," I greeted him, "what do you think is going to happen in the next month?"

Von Neurath replied; "I have just come from a cabinet meeting. It is impossible to see even twenty-four hours ahead into the political fog. However," he ended courteously, as he edged away—"to you writers is given greater vision!"

Several times in the past two years, it has been reported that von Ribbentrop and his friends were about to get von

Neurath's scalp. He is still unscalped. In the summer of 1935, Berlin political pundits were sure that von Neurath would be sent to Rome where, especially as a Catholic, he would be *persona grata*; and that von Ribbentrop would take his place as Foreign Minister.

At the time of writing it seems that von Neurath is more firmly embedded in the Foreign Office, and in Hitler's favour, than ever. It is true that Hitler overruled his Foreign Minister's caution in several recent coups—notably the reoccupation of the Rhineland zone—but this canny veteran makes no serious errors for the delight of foreign headline writers. This cannot be said of von Ribbentrop, who two years ago promised to be Hitler's white-haired boy in the field of foreign negotiations.

3. EXTREMISTS

HEINRICH HIMMLER, chief of the Gestapo

REINHARD HEYDRICH, his aide

BALDUR VON SCHIRACH, head of Hitler Jugend

ALFRED ROSENBERG, editor of *Voelkischer-Boebachter*

ROBERT LEY, director of the *Arbeitsfront*

WALTER DARRÉ, Minister of Agriculture

ERNST FRANZ BOHLE, who directs Nazi Kultur abroad

JULIUS STREICHER, publisher and editor of *Der Stuermer*

It is not so easy to write of the second group—the Extrémists or "Gangster" Nazis—as it is to write of the Moderates. Certain restraint is necessary in order not to indulge in vituperation or exaggeration. In the opinion of many, especially in Germany, these men are held to exercise a pernicious influence in the Third Reich; and, aver numerous foreign observers, on the *Fuehrer* himself.

It is not difficult to list them. The name of Goebbels is not included, as he is emphatically a lone wolf. The eight men generally included in the group of adventurers, disturbers,

Teutonic evil geniuses, would be Himmler, Heydrich, von Schirach, Rosenberg, Ley, Darré, Bohle, and lastly Streicher—who is proud of his title of “Jew-baiter Number One.”

There are, of course, reasons for the prominence of each of the eight, and explanations for the hold which several of them have on Hitler officially and personally.

Himmler is not only the head of all the police forces of Germany, but he is also chief of the S.S.—an organization of some 300,000 elite Storm Troopers, the present active corps of Party enthusiasts which has largely succeeded to the former duties of the Brown Shirts. Himmler also is head of the Gestapo. In this capacity he takes a personal interest in the population of the concentration camps as well as in those who some day may be eligible for residence there or for “protective custody.” He and his Gestapo have nothing new to learn from the Soviet Ogpu. Himmler is said to have received some of his early training in the U.S.S.R. To him falls the job of harassing the Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. His agents arrested Niemoeller. They have badgered Faulhaber. Himmler’s power in the Third Reich is restricted only by Hitler’s own commands and by the immunity enjoyed by members of the Reichswehr—the vast majority of whom consistently abjure politics.

Heydrich is an ex-naval officer who left the German navy for the navy’s good. He is a soulless machine. He does a lot of the Third Reich’s necessary “dirty work.” There is an hiatus in his past, about which many Germans are curious.

There is now but little pretence that youth training in Germany is primarily for physical fitness. The one aim of von Schirach’s organization is to make every male German a fit soldier. Almost from the cradle this objective is dinned into them. Tots of three and four years of age are encouraged to play at soldiering. I have seen a six-year-old leading his “storm troopers,” some of them barely able to toddle.

An illuminating letter from a youngster in a Youth Camp held on the North Sea island of Borkum appeared in the

Dortmunder General Anzeiger. This camp was for children from ten to twelve. A few sentences read:

"The hand-grenade throwing is very strenuous. A whole hour each day is allotted to the task. We have wooden hand grenades, weighing 800 grammes"—about one and three-quarter pounds—"and these are charged with iron rings. . . . This exercise is great fun."

Von Schirach took over the organization of the Hitler *Jugend* in his early twenties, before the Nazis came to power. He has won consistent backing from the *Fuehrer* for his policies. He appears to be making German youth into millions of healthy pagans. His youth-bands harass pastors who have not yet merited attention from the Gestapo (Secret Police). Von Schirach sees to it, as well as he can, that the Hitler Youth will grow up without the slightest chance for objectivity in education.

Rosenberg has great power as publisher and editor of the very profitable leading Nazi daily, the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, with head office in Munich and an elaborate branch office in Berlin. Rosenberg is not a Jew, as his name might indicate. He comes from one of the Baltic countries. He is the author of the anti-Russian—especially the "we-must-have-the-Ukraine"—policy. He knows less of western European problems than he does of the perplexities in southern and eastern Europe. On his one visit to London, in March 1933, he was indiscreet enough to lay a swastika-ed wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Veterans removed the wreath and threw it in the Thames. The British were not then ready to accept the swastika as a national symbol. Rosenberg's brief venture into British diplomacy was a resounding flop heard round the non-German world.

The creed of Dr. Ley, Labour-front leader, is that "the party lays totalitarian claim to the soul of the German people." Two years ago it was reported that he aspired to Minister of Interior Frick's post. With Darré, Minister of Agriculture, Ley may be fairly included among the Nazi adventurers. They are not

noted for their policies of moderation. Neither knows much of foreign affairs. Darré, early in the Hitler régime, aroused land owners by his property entailment regulations. He once aspired to fill Schacht's shoes.

Bohle started his organization six years ago in a modest way in Hamburg, but in 1935 moved his headquarters to Berlin, and it was not long before his staff numbered 450. It is now about 650. In the spring of 1937 he was given sub-cabinet rank. Officially, Bohle is supposed to spread German *Kultur* throughout the world. Actually, it is probable that he knows a great deal about the "Brown Network," and exercises his hand in espionage activities. Born in 1903 in Bradford, England, Bohle speaks fluent English. As a youngster he was taken by his parents, both German citizens, to South Africa, where he received his preliminary schooling. Bohle, Schacht, von Neurath and von Ribbentrop are almost the only top Nazis at ease in any language other than German. One caustic comment made about Hitler is that "he doesn't even speak German"—a reference to his pronounced Austrian accent. Stalin also is monolingual and it has been said that he "can't even speak Russian." His accent is thickly Georgian.

It is not accurate to say that Julius Streicher is Hitler's "Old Man of the Sea," but it would not be far from the truth to state that the *Fuehrer* would be infinitely better off if he would get rid of him. There seems to be no evidence that he even wants to dispense with his services. On Streicher's fiftieth birthday, 12th February 1935, the *Fuehrer* took care to go personally to Nuremberg to felicitate him and to wish him a Happy Birthday. Hitler contented himself a few weeks later with merely wiring Ludendorff.

Streicher has "cleaned up" his Franconia territory with an indefatigability worthy of a better cause. He has expressed frequent desires to be "let loose" similarly on the Jews in Berlin. Psychologists tell us that the nature of a man cannot be deduced from his physiognomy, but if ever a man looked

the sadist, it is Streicher. His voice is raucous, his manner overbearing. It is not hard to believe the story, told in the book *Heill*, that Streicher once made 250 Jews cut the grass in a field by crawling on their hands and knees, and using their teeth.

In 1935 Streicher's Jew-baiting weekly, *Der Stuermer*, attacked a member of the Reichswehr Ministry. Within a few hours the paper was suspended for invading the sacrosanct territory. But the next day he got Hitler on the telephone at Berchtesgaden and his influence with his Leader was such that the suspension was quickly lifted. Since then, however, he has been careful to "lay off" the Reichswehr.

A vivid description of Streicher in action is given by Professor Glaser, lecturer in law at the University of Warsaw. Glaser obtained a permit to be present at one of the trials of Catholic priests in Nuremberg in the summer of 1937. Streicher strode into the courtroom, berated the trembling judges and attendants for granting such permission to a foreigner, shouting: "This man is a spy. Of course you didn't know it, you numskulls."

In Glaser's words, "Booted, spurred and flourishing a horse-whip, Julius Streicher himself turned me out of that courtroom." A detective was summoned and took the Polish professor back to his hotel.

Streicher's attacks on the Jews in the columns of *Der Stuermer*, and outside, have played the same tune so long that the record is getting thin and a bit scratchy. Intelligent Germans detest Streicher. Many who dislike Jews hate Streicher even more. He has served Hitler's purpose and he still survives. No wonder he suffers from an assassination phobia! His nightmares probably all have long, straggly Semitic beards!

4. UNATTACHED

DR. JOSEPH PAUL GOEBBELS, Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment

JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP, Ambassador to Great Britain

HANS DIECKHOFF, Ambassador to the United States

FRANZ VON PAPEN, Minister to Austria

GENERAL FRANZ VON EPP, Stadthalter of Bavaria

GENERAL WALTER VON REICHENAU, commander of Reichswehr
at Munich

LUDENDORFF, World War general*

RUDOLPH HESS, deputy *Fuehrer*

FRIEDRICH WILHELM BRUECKNER, Hitler's aide-de-camp

The list of German leaders who cannot be classed as adherents of the Constructive group or the Radicals—certainly not as members of either inner circle—must be headed with the name of Dr. Joseph Goebbels. Other names which might be added would include von Ribbentrop; Dieckhoff, recently appointed Ambassador to United States; von Papen, whose job it is to steer Austria into an *Anschluss*; von Epp, Stadthalter of Bavaria; Reichenau, in charge of the Reichswehr in the Munich area; Ludendorff; Hess; and Brueckner.

This list is by no means complete. I have chosen, partially at least, to include those of whom I have special knowledge.

Goebbels is unique. He is a master in his own sphere: internal propaganda. He has all the artifices of propaganda and public relations at his fingertips and all the media of propaganda under his thumb. He is brilliant and intellectually unscrupulous. (It is really a little ungracious to make this flat assertion within a few days after I have been Goebbels' guest at a £20,000 party at Wannsee.) Inside the Reich, Goebbels knows what he is doing. Outside, he shows the typical Teutonic inability to anticipate the reactions of other peoples to his efforts: a German ineptitude which called for comment on more than one occasion from the great Bismarck himself.

Goebbels is hated by members of both groups and probably equally distrusted. In 1934 he flew with Hitler to Munich

* Ludendorff died shortly after the completion of this book.

on the night preceding the "Bloody Purge." It is said that the *Fuehrer* took his swarthy aide with him, for fear that if he were left in Berlin Goering might "bump him off." In 1935 it was commonly believed in Berlin that the Reichswehr generals attempted to dispose of Goebbels. They urged that he be appointed Ambassador to Poland. But Goebbels refused to be "kicked upstairs," convinced Hitler that his usefulness was not ended, and that his retention was necessary to counterbalance in Germany the growing influence of the Reichswehr.

This swarthy little propaganda expert knows how to make Germans jump through hoops when he wants them to. He is witty, charming, and sparkles in conversation. In the past five years he has shed some of his pre-Nazi gaucheries. He has the press and radio well in hand, and by the middle of 1937 seemed to be in control of four-fifths of the film industry. He is a greater demagogic orator than the *Fuehrer*.

Frau Goebbels brilliantly backs her husband. Hitler has been a frequent visitor at their Berlin home. From the very first she refused to remove make-up from her face and nails and this is one of the reasons why the early Nazi drive against modern feminine adornments did not succeed. She refused to moderate her make-up even when the Leader himself came to call. From her, other German women gradually picked up courage to titivate if they wish.

Goebbels personally runs his paper, *Der Angriff*, which is in the forefront of vituperation when attacks or counter-attacks on the foreign press, or foreign actions, seem to the Nazi mind to be called for. When other German journalists go too far Goebbels punishes them quietly, by suspending their papers or removing them from their jobs. On one occasion at least Goebbels has had to make a public apology for the action of one of his minions. In August 1937 a writer in the Nazi organ, *Der Arbeitermann*, referred to the wonder-working Madonna picture in the Polish monastery of Czestochowa in disparaging terms. The article stated that the Virgin Mary

depicted in the picture was "a mixture of Negro and Mongol types." The Polish Government was so roused that Goebbels was forced to order the German ambassador in Warsaw to apologize. He promised to discipline the writer of the offensive article.

Joachim von Ribbentrop married the daughter of a champagne manufacturer, Haenkel, and for a while promised to be the white hope of the Nazi Party in the foreign field. He made his first spectacular success when he persuaded the British to sign the thirty-five, forty-five per cent. naval ratio treaty in the summer of 1935. By this agreement the British Navy was made the yardstick for other leading navies. The thirty-five per cent. applied to surface ships and the forty-five per cent. to submarines. This was the first treaty made by Germany, since the World War, where she felt she was signing on a basis of complete equality.

As mentioned above, he was touted for von Neurath's job, but instead, in August 1936, he was appointed to the critical London post. In November 1937 he appeared to be holding this post by the skin of his teeth.

Von Ribbentrop had early experience with the British mentality when he played tennis at Ottawa, Canada, just before the War, and as a young-man-about-town courted the daughter of a prominent Canadian jurist. He started his London job badly. Within a few hours of taking over the position, he gave an interview in which he lectured the British on how they should treat Communism in a common front with Germany. Later he put the British back up in other ways, including his giving the Nazi salute—with or without the *Heil Hitler* has not been definitely determined—when he was received by King George VI.

When Dieckhoff, former political head of the Foreign Office, was appointed Ambassador to Washington, von Ribbentrop lost the services of a good friend, ally, and brother-in-law once removed. It is reported that Dieckhoff showed Foreign

Minister von Neurath only such dispatches from London as he thought the Foreign Minister should see. Dieckhoff should do well in Washington. He is a more ardent Nazi than his predecessor Luther, who was sent to Washington in order to get him out of the presidency of the Reichsbank, and so place Schacht in that key post. He can mix better. Berlin political pundits in the autumn of 1937 were openly stating that "it looks as if Dieckhoff has found the way up and von Ribbentrop is finding the way out."

Franz von Papen has had a variegated career since he and Captain Boy-ed got into trouble in Washington sixteen months before the United States entered the War. Papen's insouciant carelessness did not fit him to be an espionage agent. The American secret service discovered his code book without difficulty. He left Washington in disgrace, but on reaching Germany managed to repair his fences and was given further employment, in Turkey. For more than a decade after the War Papen lapsed into apparent obscurity, although with his tastes and temperament he could not for long abstain from scheming.

Von Papen spent a few precarious months as Chancellor of Germany in 1932. After the Dollfuss assassination he became a special plenipotentiary in Vienna. He has ardently and arduously cultivated Schuschnigg. He will get a great big credit mark with the *Fuehrer* when he announces that Austria is ready for the *Anschluss*. I wrote in 1934 that von Papen's shrewdest success was achieved during the week-end of the "Bloody Purge" of 30th June, when he managed to stay alive. I still hold to that view.

Von Epp and Reichenau are soldiers. They probably lean more to the Moderate group than to the Radicals, but there are those in Berlin in the know who doubt this. Von Epp is the authority, reputedly, of the modified "*Schlieffen* plan" which involves a German attack westward through Holland rather than through Belgium, in the event of another

European war. He is a fine gentleman, but I am not qualified to pass on his qualities as a strategist.

Reichenau stood high in the Reichswehr hierarchy a few years ago, but was rusticated to China to assist in training Chiang Kai-shek's soldiery. Some say he was sent out there because he was too close to the Nazi Party and Reichswehr leaders did not like that. He returned and took over the Munich command in 1937.

Hitler and Ludendorff were not on intimate terms for fourteen years after the 1923 Munich beer-hall "*putsch*"—when the general and former Austrian corporal first joined forces. An official and much publicized reconciliation of the two took place during Easter period, 1937, on Ludendorff's seventy-second birthday. They had a friendly meeting, during which Ludendorff is said to have talked so steadily for two hours that Hitler was hard pressed even to edge a word in sideways. This reconciliation was timed to take place during Easter week simultaneously with the Papal ceremonies in Rome at which the German representatives were conspicuously absent. One British commentator said, apropos of this: "No more obvious rebuff to Catholic opinion could, it is felt, have been staged than this so-called 'reconciliation' at such a moment of the head of the German State with the most notorious advocate of paganism."

I mentioned earlier that Ludendorff had received a congratulatory wire from Hitler on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. The wire is supposed to have included an offer to promote the old man to Field-Marshal. In connection with this offer an interesting story was told at the time. Ludendorff is said to have replied with an acceptance—*on condition* that twenty prominent Nazis were removed from office! It is perhaps now permissible to state that the list of Ludendorff's twenty was headed by the names of Himmler, Streicher, von Schirach, Goebbels, and Darré.

Hess is Deputy-Leader of the Nazi Party, and will always

go whichever way his Leader goes, it seems. He is said to be one of the very small number whom Hitler addresses with the familiar "Du."

Brueckner, as Hitler's aide, may be trusted to do the same. He arranges that his Leader is allowed to see only those whom he "should" see. He threatens dire punishment for those who try to get past the *Fuehrer's* watchdog-aide.

Hitler stands above the fracas. When he makes a decision, it is final. On the respective influences which can be brought to bear from these groups on the *Fuehrer* depends the fate of Germany's foreign policy and the prospect of peace or war.

5. FEAR

Fear—and no bogey of the mind—is a ruling factor in Germany to-day.

Fear—stark, staring, creeping fear of the unknown and unpredictable.

Fear—the knowledge that one's body may not be free this time to-morrow.

Fear—the recognition that minds are fettered and consciences ignored.

Fear—the most powerful of all human emotions, is an all-pervading fact.

Some of the reasons for this "jittery" state are indicated above: in the fight for jurisdiction and influence between the Moderates and Extremists. Another contributory factor is the widespread growth of various police and domestic espionage groups.

Germany to-day is congested with public police and honey-combed with secret police. It can be no exaggeration to say that tens of thousands of Germans, perhaps hundreds of thousands, live in fear and trembling of Gestapo agents and their many variants. Hitler was an optimist when he said in 1934 that the Revolution was ended. Probably crowded prisons

and concentration camps, suppressions of freedom of body and conscience, and the sly, often sadistic brutality of creatures of the Ochrana, Ogpu, and Gestapo are inevitable concomitants of revolutions. It is doubtless true that, compared with the French and Russian revolutions, Hitler, Mussolini and Mustafa Kemal have shed comparatively little blood and maintained outwardly orderly states. But it is also true that constitutional suspensions, fictions, and evasions, such as have occurred in Germany during the past four-and-a-half-years, do not quickly lead to spontaneous loyalty, fundamental tranquillity, and final ease of mind.

I have accumulated information, some fragmentary, about ten different kinds of police in Germany, several of them official and secret, others unofficial and just as secret. Two or three of these are threatening to undermine Teutonic morale, and to weaken the general loyalty of the population to Hitler. . . . There may be more than ten.

Telephones are tapped with a scientific care probably never exceeded in any other country. Pseudonyms and euphemisms, some of them humorous, are used by the average citizen in mentioning certain officials in telephone conversations. Wax records are made of hundreds, probably thousands of conversations each month. One business man was conducted to a police bureau and, in the course of official inquiry, he was told:

"On (such-and-such) day, you talked over the telephone to (so-and-so) and told him certain things. Is this correct?"

He replied, "Well, I often talk to the man named, but I can't recall that exact date, or precisely what I said to him."

"Just a moment," interposed one of the officials. He went into an adjoining room, and returned with a record of the conversation, which he proceeded to play over for the astonished citizen, who thus heard his own voice speaking, and he had been ignorant of the fact that his telephone had been tapped!

Another man was released from concentration camp, returned to his family, and before permitting any conversation

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he searched the premises for evidence that there might be a dictograph concealed in the room. There was.

This telephone tapping topic may seem better material for a forthright melodrama than for a serious discussion. But I have had some curious experiences in Germany in this field.

On one occasion I was sitting in a certain legation talking to the Chargé d'Affaires, when he reached around and stuffed a rag in the mouthpiece of his telephone.

"Why do you do that?" I inquired. "The telephone surely can't be tapped when it is not in use."

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but I'm taking no chances. These Germans are very clever."

Later I was in the private office of the Ambassador of a major foreign power. For five or ten minutes we sat near his desk on which there was a telephone. A topic came up which might have led to some indiscreet or critical remarks—and before we got into the topic the Ambassador got up, took me by the arm, and walked me to a divan at the other end of the room about thirty feet away.

"So you think telephones can be tapped even when they are not in use?"

The Ambassador shrugged and said: "No, I don't, but let me tell you what happened to me the other night. At a social gathering I met Herr Himmler, head of the Gestapo. We talked on general and safe topics for a few moments and then I asked Himmler if he would tell me in confidence what happened to a certain former citizen of my country who had disappeared from his usual haunts that week. Do you know what Himmler did? He looked around and behind him, then, without explanation, he took me by the arm, led me to the other end of the large room, and answered my question. The only reason I could see for moving was that we had been sitting within five or six feet of a telephone."

The Berlin representative of a chain of American newspapers told me of a telephone-tapping incident which seems

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rather amusing and indicates the Teutonic lack of a sense of humour. On several occasions he lifted the telephone receiver at his office and heard his wife talking to the grocer, or to her friends. In this way he knew that his office and home phones must be connected, undoubtedly through headquarters where the same "listener" was handling both lines. This both amused and annoyed him. One day this happened when he wanted to get London urgently. Annoyed at the delay, he decided to have a bit of fun with the German telephone company. Let him tell the balance of the story.

"I reported that my line was not in order and I wanted a mechanic to locate the trouble. A man came up, gave the wiring a thorough inspection, and said he could find nothing wrong. I called him over to my desk and said: 'Look here now, I can tell you what's wrong. Your officials have only one man listening in to my conversations, for both the office and the house. I consider that a personal insult. I represent very important journalistic interests, and am regarded as ranking high in the social register. Hereafter I insist that you have one man listening in on my residence phone and another on my office phone. Please take my message to your superiors in exactly the words I have used.'"

The man took the message—and in a day or two this newspaperman was assured that his request would be granted!

It is very difficult to say what is the population of the various concentration camps. At various times I have had the number estimated from as low as 5500 to as high as 80,000. Each number may have been correct at a different time.

Dachau, in Bavaria, one of the best-known and perhaps the most humane concentration camp, has a fairly steady population of about 1800. I have reason to know that there were a few more than 1600 in this camp in the summer of 1934. There are eleven other such camps, and I would put the total of Germans in concentration camps in the summer of 1937 at approximately 17,500.

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One loyal German, of undoubted integrity, told me that about thirty of his friends had been sent, at various times, to concentration camps. Many have since been released. Some have had their passports taken away, cannot therefore legally enter any other country, and live in perpetual fear of denunciation. He himself has been twice reported to the secret police, but was able each time to prove his innocence.

One professor denounced the head of his department, against whom he had a real or fancied grudge. Two men were competing for the presidency of an important club. One denounced his fellow-member, thus proving his Nazi loyalty, and became president. Some frivolous and crude denunciations have been made, but paid and amateur spies are more careful since Hitler laid down severe penalties for such offences.

In Brunswick a landowner told me that he had buried many of his valuables—in seventy hiding-places on the estate. I encountered others who had taken similar precautions. One man told me that he had had his attaché case packed for months, ready to move to a concentration camp at a moment's notice. Many such whom I met were not Nazis, but were party sympathizers, spoke enthusiastically of Hitler, but had few good words to say about half his cabinet and many of his associates.

In addition to the regular and expected police services, there may be found in Germany the following: *Feldpolizei*, the party police of the S.A.; *Geheimstaatspolizei* (Gestapo), or secret police, chiefly composed of the S.S., under Himmler; an inner group of the S.S. police, called the *Sichersheitspolizei*, security police, under Heydrich; the Hitler Youth secret police, who may denounce their own members and even adults, but may not make arrests; and the secret police officers of the Department of the Interior, of the Foreign Office, and of the Reichswehr. Many of these have their doubtless legitimate functions, but their ramifications superinduce a perhaps not surprising nervousness on the part of the average German burgher.

I am convinced, in the case of most of those to whom I have

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talked, that they are not plotting against the state, and have nothing concrete which they fear. It is this fear of the unknown which is so unsettling. There is undoubtedly a good deal of plotting and propaganda going on among secret Communist agents; but they at least know what they have to fear, and why.

Nazi officials and numerous heads of departments have their own special espionage services, frequently to give a measure of protection to their persons. Even the *Stadthalters* of the German states are not free from the spying of the Gestapo. I know of two cases where these veteran Hitlerites have been watched and their correspondence opened. Hitler cabinet officials seem to have their spy systems as well organized as Roosevelt's cabinet members have their publicity systems functioning.

There are 850,000 citizens of the Reich who are immune from the attention of Nazi secret agents: members of the Reichswehr. Blomberg, Fritsch and Beck would permit no interference in the domain of the professional soldiers. The Reichswehr is, in my humble opinion, an excellent place for a German to be.

The Reichswehr was a stabilizing force in pre-Hitler days, even though it had been restricted to 100,000 members. Chancellor Stresemann and Reichswehr leaders believed, for a decade after Versailles, that treaty relaxations might be won, from France and Britain, within the framework of democracy and under the Weimar Constitution. But France's stubbornness prevented this. France must accept the responsibility for Adolf Hitler. Even in 1929 it was perhaps not too late to have saved Germany for democracy. By 1932 Hitler had become inevitable. In both these years I had the opportunity of witnessing several of the open and behind-the-scenes events which led to democratic disintegration. Before proceeding with my experiences in the nearly five years of the Nazified Reich it may be worth while to contrast the pre-Hitler days with those which have developed since 30th January 1933.

Chapter II

PRE-HITLER GERMANY

TWO CELEBRATIONS

EARLY in August 1929 I found myself in Berlin and rather pleased to be there. I had flown to Berlin from Moscow after having reached the Soviet capital by the Trans-Siberian from Harbin. The journey from Harbin to Moscow had taken a little more than eight days. I had left Harbin on 26th July, and the next through-train did not run for about three months. I did not know, of course, that such was to be the case, but it was during the Chinese Eastern Railway trouble, and the schedule was very uncertain. There had been no previous train from Harbin farther than Manchouli (on the border between Manchuria and the U.S.S.R.) for ten days, and so I was very careful when I got off at a way station to stretch my legs not to wander too far from the train. It would have been awkward to have had to wait several weeks for the next.

This particular train was the one on which the Chinese authorities had deported the Soviet officials ordered out of North China. I really had no business on the train, but after a bit of argument I arranged to be "deported." As it was an irregular (Trans-Siberian) service, there had been no well-stocked dining-car, and what with that lack and language difficulties, my diet for the first few days had consisted chiefly of caviare, stale bread, tea or chocolate. There had been no facilities for washing and so I appreciated the rubber sponge and a quart of eau-de-cologne with which a Manchurian friend had furnished me. Sleeping accommodation had been reason-

ably comfortable, albeit a bit compact and primitive. In my compartment most of the way were a Scotch girl and her Russian husband, and a Mongolian shepherd. Incidentally, during the entire four days he was with us, I did not once observe the Mongolian move from his upper berth. Occasionally he munched something that looked like a very foul sausage. That was about his only sign of life.

At one station near Sverdlovsk, where one enters Europe, a Swedish passenger with whom I had struck up an acquaintance observed that several chickens had been brought on board, having been bought from the peasants who hang around each station to sell some fragment of produce. He was rubbing his hands with glee when I went into the dining-car.

"I'm going to have chicken this evening," he chortled. "What's Russian for 'chicken,' I wonder?"

I couldn't aid him, so he adopted what seems to be an international habit—the mispronunciation of an English word in various ways, trusting that one of the manglings might hit the sought-for word in the foreign language. The Swedish chap tried various mistreatments of the word "chicken." When he got to one that sounded like "*Schenken*," the Soviet waiter who knew a little German nodded, and—brought back some ham!

This made the Swede a bit peevish and then desperate. He stood up in the middle of the dining-car, flapped his arms, and crowed realistically. The waiter was puzzled a moment, then rushed back to the kitchen, and with face wreathed in smiles returned with—an egg!

It was only then that the Swede did what he should have done in the first place. He went back to the galley, laid his hands on a scrawny chicken, and intimated that he was prepared to pay for a whole one.

Food in Moscow had been scarce, except when I had been rescued by the hospitality of *The New York Times'* Walter Duranty or *International News Service's* Ed. Deuss—later the

first American correspondent to be asked by Hitler to leave Germany—and so I was especially pleased to find myself in Berlin. The comfort of the Hotel Kaiserhof was once again most welcome. This hotel was the informal headquarters of the up-and-coming Nazi party.

In 1929 the world, including Germany, was still on the wild ride which was expected for ever to spiral upward. The Germans seemed dominantly republicans at heart and trusted in the Weimar Constitution. Hitler was just one of many political adventurers, not long out of prison, and *Mein Kampf* had not yet started to roll in the royalties and become (next to the Bible) the world's best seller—more than three million copies by August 1937.

For thirteen years 11th August was celebrated in Germany as Weimar Constitution Day. In 1929 the parade of athletes and veterans passed up and down the *Unter den Linden*, occupying five or six hours. It was a grand spectacle. Hundreds of oarsmen marched jauntily with their oars carried erect. Athletes from sporting groups and veterans from their old regiments came from practically the whole of Germany. Apart from the athletes, most of the marchers were from thirty-five to sixty years old. I saw no Brown Shirts and cannot recall any swastikas in evidence; or any hammer-and-sickle banners. The procession seemed, therefore, of national rather than of political significance. Thousands wore faded service uniforms. At least half the marchers—apart from the athletes—bulged their uniforms at the middle. Scores unashamedly unbuttoned their tunics.

It was almost an informal procession. Little attempt was made to keep meticulous marching order. Greetings were exchanged freely with friends on the sidelines. It was a blistering day, somewhere in the nineties, and boys and girls would run out from the sidewalks with cups of water or, occasionally, mugs of beer. It was a good-natured procession with plenty of spontaneity. Each group carried its distinguishing banner.

PRE-HITLER GERMANY

Most of them were cheered. Two received special tributes of enthusiasm: East Prussia—that part of the Reich detached from Germany by the Polish Corridor—and Austria—which had sent a delegation to keep the *Anschluss* in mind. I was impressed by the pervading spirit of friendliness, prosperity, and republicanism. "Germany doesn't want a Hohenzollern, or any other dictator," I thought.

Three years later, in 1932, I again found myself in Berlin on Weimar Constitution Day. Three years of economic depression; three years of growth for Nazi and Communist parties; three years of acute political strife which had resulted in a total of twenty-seven parties—all this gave a different feeling to Berlin. The previous night I had inquired about the 11th August parade. I had not noticed any announcement of it in the newspapers. I was told that there was no parade planned. I asked whether there was to be any celebration of the day. Yes, there was to be some sort of meeting at the Reichstag building in the Tiergarten. In front of the Reichstag I found a moderate-sized crowd. Members of the Reichstag were gathering. Shortly Hindenburg was to arrive. There was such a lack of congestion that I had no difficulty getting a place within six yards of Hindenburg as he entered the building. I got a splendid "shot" of the Old Man with my movie camera. It shows him walking with a vigour which, alas, was not to last many months more.

I did not try to get tickets for the Reichstag session, as it was known that the speeches would be of a perfunctory character.

These two contrasting celebrations—three years apart—gave me the feeling that republican Germany was doomed. A generation had arisen which was dividing its energies into two main streams—Communism and Nazi-ism. The very substantial spectre of Adolf Hitler had long been on the horizon and was now pushing its way into the foreground. I felt that something was due to "snap."

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That night, less than six months before Hitler came into power, I wrote:

Unless the "war-guilt" clause is struck out of the treaty, or tactfully ameliorated, and unless France admits Germany's equality of right to arm for defence, Germany will continue to be Europe's critical festering point. Without these concessions there can be only a semblance of friendship between Germany and France. These points are as vital and as trouble-breeding as was Alsace-Lorraine for forty-three years. . . .

Withal, it must be recognized that Germany is not at heart a democracy in either the British or American acceptance of the term, and so explosive and uncertain are the constituent elements in the present situation that within a few months the German Reich may be under Fascist or monarchical rule. The Germans love dictators and iron Chancellors—even "corrugated-iron" Chancellors.

Events had moved quickly during the three preceding years. They had accelerated during the feverish months of 1932, that year of four hundred newspaper suspensions for political offences, five national elections, three Reichs-Chancellors, and the venerable Hindenburg's advancing senility. In September 1930 Hitler had polled 6,380,465 votes. In the run-off election against Hindenburg, 10th April 1932, Hitler had lost to the Old Man, but the Nazi vote rolled up was 13,418,547. On 31st July—the day I reached Berlin—there had been another election, and the Nazis had garnered 13,782,777 votes—an inconsiderable increase.

"Ah, the Hitler wave has spent its force. Now we'll see it recede"—so, in effect, spoke and wrote those who were opposed to the Nazis. This did not appear to me to be sound reasoning. The momentum attained from September 1930 to April 1932 could not be indefinitely maintained. There were fewer adherents to be gained from the millions who had had no firm party allegiance. The Communists also were adding

their hundreds of thousands as discontent and misery became rife. The party in power had great tactical advantage in its control of radio, partial control of the press, and its power over the electoral machinery.

The Reichstag elected on 31st July had 607 members. The Nazis had 230 of the seats. Twelve of the twenty-seven parties were represented in the Reichstag. Von Papen, still precariously chancellor, was attempting to rule virtually without a party. Such a situation could not last. By law the Reichstag must meet within thirty days after its election.

"What will happen on 30th August?"

Germans waited eagerly, anxiously or despairingly. I decided to wangle my way into the Reichstag and witness the spectacle. It was decidedly worth the effort. It was a unique occasion.

For exactly three hours on the afternoon of 30th August 1932 the German Reichstag was presided over by a Communist, Clara Zetkin. Frau Zetkin represented a party which would have been banned if the Government had dared. Yet, as the oldest member in point of years, it was her constitutional right to occupy the presidential dais. She took full advantage of the opportunity.

Drama, pathos, and comedy were packed into the few hours that the first session of this short-lived Reichstag lasted. The bitterness of strife, even bloody revolution, could be glimpsed beneath the surface calm. Extraordinary police measures were taken to assure peace between the warring political factions. For several blocks around the Reichstag building cordons of police were drawn, and only the favoured few, after presenting cards of admission several times to successive guards, were admitted within the lines. All galleries, even the plush-seated diplomatic enclosures, were jammed almost to suffocation, scores standing. Many ambassadors, including those from the United States and Great Britain, were early in their seats.

Half an hour before the session opened some of the new members arrived, searching curiously for their seats. Two girl Communist members came early and seemed a bit awed by their surroundings. Nazis drifted in, in the Brown Shirt Hitler uniform—slacks, brown shirts, an adaptation of the Sam Browne belt, and on each left arm a brassard with party swastika emblem. Two hundred and thirty Nazis—in reality a disciplined army. As the hands of the clock crept closer to three, they left the hall, and then all returned in a rigid, formal block. It was meant to be impressive and significant, and was.

On the stroke of three Clara Zetkin entered, supported on each side by a girl Communist member. Her progress was slow and halting. She had flown from Moscow solely to participate in the session. A lifelong revolutionist, her nearly eighty years seemed to crush her racked body. As she mounted the steps to the presidential chair she leaned heavily on her cane. In a feeble, almost inaudible voice, which at times broke into a strident squeak, she called the assembly to order. The heavy brass bell which she rang to bring the members to attention seemed almost too heavy for her frail arms.

After some perfunctory opening sentences her voice gained power and—for her enemies—venom. She attacked each leading party in succession, starting with her most vigorous opponents, the German National Socialist Workers' Party (Nazis). She flayed Hitler and his aims. Hitler, not being a Reichstag member, was not present, but by pre-arrangement his 230 adherents took her tongue-lashing stolidly and with outward indifference.

Frau Zetkin spoke for nearly forty minutes. Several times she had to stop to take a sip of water, mop her brow, or wait for a resurgence of strength. At such times she was just a pitiable old woman. Then she would put aside her cane, brace both hands on the desk, and her tired old eyes once more would flash fire. Her voice rose to a crescendo of vigour and fury as she reached her peroration and declared that only in

the Third International was there hope for Germany and the world.

She slumped to her chair amid the thunderous handclapping and shouts of the eighty-odd Communist members. Seldom had they had an opportunity to applaud. They made the most of it. Nazis and all others sat silent and tight-lipped.

Then the Reichstag proceeded with the chief business of the day, the election of a permanent president (speaker). Three were nominated, a Nazi, a Social-Democrat, and a Communist. The fiery Communist who placed his leader in nomination ended his speech with a defiant shout to the effect that, on the second ballot—if one were required—his party would throw their votes to a Social-Democrat, rather than see a Hitlerite in the chair. A tedious roll-call then began, each of the 587 members present (out of a membership of 607) walking to the front of the assembly hall and casting his ballot personally.

The result was announced. The Nazi nominee, Goering, had won. There were tumultuous shouts from the Brown Shirts.

Erect, cane discarded, Frau Zetkin summoned him to come forward. She was nearly eighty, a veteran revolutionist. He was not forty, a war pilot of renown, possessor of the highest award for valour that a German can win, a former comrade of the redoubtable Richthofen, and last commander of the "Red Circus." The exchange of presidents might have taken place in tensé gloom. It was achieved amid gales of laughter that swept all parties. As Frau Zetkin tottered down the steps, Herr Frick (later Nazi Minister of the Interior) sang out a paraphrase of two lines from Lillian Harvey's popular song:

"It comes but once, Clara,
It can never happen again."

The clock struck six. Goering's resonant voice rang out as he accepted the honour. His comrades rose as one man and lustily cheered.

Early in the morning, two or three days after the Reichstag session, the telephone at my bedside in the Hotel Kaiserhof rang, and sleepily and rather stupidly I failed to make out the name of my caller. Finally he said, "... formerly Reichsbank President!"

I was covered with confusion, but fortunately there was no one to witness it. The man on the other end of the telephone was Dr. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, president of the Reichsbank before Hans Luther and, by a bit of deep diplomacy, president also after Luther.

"I heard that you wanted to see me," said Dr. Schacht. "I am up in town for a few hours from my farm in Lindau. If you want to see me, better come round to the Club and we'll have some tea or a drink."

The hour or hour-and-a-half I spent with Schacht that afternoon was one of the most informative of any I have put in in recent years. Much of what we discussed is now water over the dam. I remember two things very vividly, however.

I asked Dr. Schacht about his future plans.

"I'm a pig farmer," he said, "and quite content with my bucolic existence," he added, with a smile.

"May I take the liberty of not quite believing you?" I suggested.

"Why are you sceptical? What are your ideas as to my future?"

"Within a year, Dr. Schacht, I suggest that you will be (1) Ambassador to the United States; (2) Minister of Finance in the German Government; or (3) President of the Reichsbank."

Dr. Schacht shrugged off any comment.

"What do you think of Adolf Hitler?" I put the direct question to Schacht.

He answered non-committally.

"Don't you think he is a demagogue?" I persisted.

Schacht shot back, "Yes—perhaps—but a damn good demagogue!"

Several times in succeeding years, after he became president of the Reichsbank, I had frank discussions with Dr. Schacht. In 1934 he pleaded for a world understanding of German problems, especially by the Anglo-Saxon nations. He said that the United States and Great Britain must familiarize themselves with Germany's problems, German culture and innate decency and humanity.

"You must stop talking about 'Huns,'" he said, with tremendous earnestness, "and 'damned Germans' and 'those barbarians.' Such things as the War Guilt Clause must be eliminated from your minds. Papers abroad have articles on our concentration camps and the cruelties there. Could not German papers with even greater accuracy and justice publish articles about the British concentration camps during the Boer War? About the Black and Tan barbarities in Ireland in 1919 and 1920? About many things, say gangsters and police third-degree methods and lynchings in the United States?"

"But would this help international understanding? Not one whit!"

On another occasion he recalled an article published in an English periodical in 1897—in which it was said in effect that "when every German trader was driven from the seas, Britons would be just that much proportionately richer." He commented:

"Well, we've been pretty well driven from the seas. Our colonial resources have been snatched from us. Our opportunity to pay our debts from investments abroad has been ended. Are the Britons richer? Are you Americans richer? Is the rest of the world happier and satisfied with the result?"

Schacht is now a bit weary of his job at the Reichsbank, but he is the prisoner of circumstances, and probably would not be permitted by Hitler to shelve his responsibilities if he wished to. He must go on and solve Germany's financial problems, or go down in the collapse.

I left the famous Herrenklub with great reluctance. Dr.

Schacht happened to be at a loose end and had invited me to continue our chat at dinner. That same evening, however, I had agreed to meet a German journalist who had promised to get me a select seat at the meeting Hitler was addressing that evening at the Sport Palast auditorium—an audience of about thirty thousand. I could not do both, so I decided I had better keep my arrangement to hear Hitler.

When we got within several blocks of the Sport Palast we had to run the gauntlet of special police and Brown Shirts. My friend's card finally got us through the inner cordon—but then every seat was filled and there seemed to be no way to get within reasonable hearing distance. But my friend was ingenious and indefatigable. He waved his card and laid it on thick in regard to the important *auslaender* he had in tow. We ended up on the platform with Hitler—within ten feet of the *Fuehrer*!

A Canadian friend who has heard Hitler speak many times expresses succinctly the power of the Leader's eloquence or demagoguery, whatever you may call it.

"I could listen to Hitler talk for an hour on one side of a subject," he says, "and then if he turned round and for the next hour directly contradicted everything he had previously said, I would follow him and believe him. That is what I think of Hitler's persuasive powers! If he can get me that way, how much more can he get the German audiences!"

This evening Hitler outlined the leading Nazi policies: anti-Semitism, National Socialism, freedom from the shackles of the Versailles Treaty, etc. He swayed that audience as I have never seen any audience swayed before or since. He did not mention Hindenburg by name, but one of his perorations went something like this:

"Certain parties are contending for the right to guide the destinies of the German people. Certain leaders . . . one of them is eighty-six; the other is forty-three. Which do you think is likely to survive to guide the destinies of our race?"

There were, I should judge, about three thousand Brown

Shirts acting as ushers and carrying the swastika banners which were so much a part of the psychology of the show. Every Brown Shirt, whether a banner-carrier or not, stood rigidly at attention throughout the hour and twenty minutes that the *Fuehrer* spoke. Occasionally the vast audience broke into spontaneous waves of applause. I thought it would be natural if the Brown Shirts were used as a claque to lead the applause, if and when Hitler desired it. No, not at all. No Brown Shirt, on duty, was permitted to applaud.

Sometimes the audience would burst out with clapping or cheering or "*Heil Hitlers*" before the *Fuehrer* had made his point. At such times Hitler would raise his right hand, intimating that he was not ready for applause, and it died down in a fraction of a second. He could play with that audience just as he wished. Looking down at the sea of faces from the platform, the thirty thousand in the auditorium seemed to be subjects of mass hypnotism.

A few days later I had an opportunity to witness Hitler's forces in action in one of the most turbulent of the Reich's districts, Silesia. Thirteen days after the first session of the Reichstag, at which Goering had been elected president, the second and final session was held. In the throbbing lobby of the Reichstag building, a few minutes after its dissolution, I met *Gruppenfuehrer* Edmund Heines. From the fall of 1931 until 30th June 1934 Heines was the unquestioned ruler of Silesia. Early on the morning of 30th June Heines was shot—the first victim of the "Bloody Purge." Some reports say Hitler killed Heines himself.

During the course of the latter part of September 1932 I saw quite a bit of Heines, on and off duty. Some of the things I witnessed may help to explain how Hitler got into power; and why the bloody purge became necessary.

In the Reichstag lobby a friend pointed out a striking figure of a man wearing the insignia of a *Sturm Abteilung* senior officer: "There's Heines, the chap who was so conspicuous in the

'feme mord' trials in 1927, the aftermath of the roystering affairs on the Silesian frontier when one hundred persons were alleged to have been murdered as Polish spies or sympathizers, after perfunctory drum-head courts martial. Heines is supposed to have killed at least seven men in and around Stettin, about 1922. He wasn't brought to trial, however, until five years later. Come over and meet him."

A moment later I witnessed Heines' heel-clicking and felt his handclasp. Both were things to remember. On the impulse I tried what might be called the "shock approach."

"I understand, *Gruppenfuehrer*, that you 'bumped off' seven men during the troubles around Stettin," I remarked.

"No, sir; six!" he retorted briskly.

This seemed to put us on an informal basis at once. Heines remarked on the unique ending of the Reichstag, then quickly turned to the subject of training Nazis in his particular territory of Silesia.

"How are you progressing down there?" I inquired.

"Why don't you come down and see?" he flashed back.

On the inspiration of the moment I agreed to be at his headquarters, *Braunes Haus*, Breslau, 210 miles from Berlin, the following Saturday morning. But first I must give a bit about the background of my erstwhile friend, who lived so adventurously and died so disgracefully.

In the United States a mechanized age and a reasonably stable form of government have forced young men to seek romance and adventure in the realm of sport, in the laboratory or in Wall Street. In Germany certain similar and certain contrary forces enabled men like *Gruppenfuehrer* Heines to carve out—for a time—careers that read like chapters from Richard Harding Davis. Only a country in constant turmoil could produce a man with a record like this:

Edmund Heines, thirty-six years old when executed: a volunteer in the German army in 1915, at sixteen; winner of the Iron Cross (first class), at seventeen; cited several times for

bravery during the balance of the War; battery commander of the Rossbach Free Corps, under General von der Goltz, against the Bolsheviks in the Baltic regions, at twenty-one; officer on the Rhine in Upper Silesia with the Free Corps, at twenty-two; one of the leaders of the first Hitler S.A., at twenty-four; a chief aide of Hitler in the ill-timed Munich *Putsch* of 9th November 1923, at twenty-five; sentenced to death (later commuted to imprisonment) for multiple killings, at twenty-nine; pardoned, and a member of the Reichstag, at thirty-two; in command of 42,000 turbulent yet disciplined Nazis in Silesia, at thirty-four.

His rank *Gruppenfuehrer* was a semi-military title roughly equivalent to brigadier-general. He reigned like an absolute monarch at his Breslau *Braunes Haus*. In September 1931 Adolf Hitler had given him one of the toughest National-Socialist assignments in Germany. Heines was appointed commander of the territory impinging on the festering Polish frontier. He found less than ten thousand men wearing the swastika; but in twelve months this number was more than quadrupled.

Heines, as I studied him in Breslau, seemed to be my beau ideal of a soldier. He was tall and heavy set, but lithe and dynamic. Handsome, with a devil-may-care smile. He had youth, abundant vigour, and had won his military and political spurs. He had the rare quality of being able to fraternize and at the same time maintain discipline. As *Gruppenfuehrer* Heines, he was important. But as the crystallization of the younger German leaders of pre-Nazi Germany he took on a very real significance. There were many adventurers with ideals in the nation, but Heines seemed to me to typify what war-and-peace-weary Germany sought—youth, vitality, burning nationalism, discipline, and leadership.

I did not discern the perversion shadow which even then had enveloped him.

Although Bavarian-born he had a definite Prussian ruthlessness. He could click his heels as smartly as a subaltern of the

former Kaiser's guard. He killed without a qualm. He had listened to his death sentence without a quiver. He charmed his quondam enemies, the Breslau police, into presenting him with birthday greetings. He slapped the face of a Reichstag foe and "made him like it." He chased a night-shirted French officer over the roof of a Munich hotel and lived to tell the tale and thumb his nose at the Bavarian police.

Heines had two public obsessions, Germany and Hitler. He lived to train Nazis and to fight enemies. He was a soldier of fortune but not a mercenary. He sought no financial rewards, but his opportunities permitted him to revel in adventure, material luxury, and daily to toy with death. Of such timber were Germany's younger leaders made. Some in 1932 were Monarchists, others Communists, but most of them carried and followed the banner of Adolf Hitler—flaming red background, solid white circle, with black swastika inset.

It was thus with a very natural curiosity that I found myself at ten-thirty that Saturday at Breslau inquiring for the Nazi headquarters.

"*Gruppenfuhrer Heines, bitte,*" I requested of the sentry. He gave the Nazi salute, added a "*Heil Hitler,*" and turned me over to an orderly. It was exactly like entering a military barracks. Men in uniform were rushing up and down corridors and dashing away on missions. The orderly led me up a creaking staircase and greeted another sentry:

"*Heil Hitler.*"

"*Heil Hitler.*"

I gave my name and in two or three minutes the sentry received word that I might enter. Behind a flat-top desk stood Heines. He saluted, gave me a "*Heil Hitler,*" shook hands and waved me to a chair. He sat down for perhaps the space of a minute, then jumped up, and paced the room. He took my arm and led me to a map. He explained the details of the military organization of the Silesian unit. He led me quickly to another wall and showed me Hitler's photograph and the

original of a letter, framed, which Hitler had written to him from prison. Heines was eager as a boy to show me his souvenirs and trophies.

"Would you like to see our quarters?" he asked. Taking my reply for granted he started for the door, and showed me the barrack rooms, mess hall, stables, kitchens, and workshops. The quarters were plain but clean and airy. The men had comfortable bunks. As we entered each room the first soldier to spot Heines called those in the room to attention, and gave a "*Heil Hitler*." The discipline was snappy and spontaneous.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the "*Heil Hitlers*." The salutation in 1932 had become a mania, an obsession, and an invocation. Each soldier we passed, even in the corridors, gave us "*Heil Hitler*." Whenever I was introduced to a Nazi, whether he was in uniform or in mufti, he performed the "*Heil Hitler*" ritual before shaking hands. Later I discovered that Nazis end their letters, even those written to non-Nazis, with this greeting. Telephone conversations were similarly concluded. Women sympathizers repeated it. Workers tilling the fields shouted it when a car with Nazis in uniform whizzed by. The occupants of the car meticulously returned it. The repetition soon became monotonous, but it had a real propaganda value, and the fervour and frequency with which it was then given was genuine and effective.

I am reminded of an incident which occurred in a Munich hotel on the morning of 31st January 1933, the day after Hitler became Chancellor. In no other place in Germany, I feel sure, was there greater Nazi enthusiasm, for it was in Munich that the Nazi party was born. An English minister of the Gospel, the Rev. R. H. Cragg, at that time pastor of St. George's Church, Berlin, came down to breakfast that morning and was startled by the greeting his favourite waiter gave him. This waiter apparently had been transformed overnight into an ardent and overt Nazi. When he arrived at Mr. Cragg's table to take his order, he greeted the minister with:

"Heil Hitler, what will you have for breakfast, sir?"

Cragg shot right back at his waiter:

"God save the King, bacon and eggs!"

But to get back to Heines—

Having invited me to Breslau the *Gruppenfuehrer* apparently had decided to turn his organization inside out for my benefit, and so I had a unique opportunity to see how the Nazi military machine operated; to observe their youth-training camps; to witness manoeuvres and a review, and to study this amazing and almost fanatical movement from the inside.

Heines was called away to attend to some urgent organization matter, and a captain, Louis Werner Engels, was assigned to me. He was the executive officer in charge of the eight daily and two weekly Nazi papers in Silesia, and from him I learned many interesting facts. (Engels, I learned two years later after some patient investigation, was also among those shot over the "Bloody Saturday" week-end.)

First he led me to a window facing the street.

"You see that motor truck there, with seats for about forty men?"

I looked out upon a red motor van, with collapsible sides and cross seats. It had two Nazi flags flying from the bonnet, and on the door of the driver's seat could be seen a prominent Nazi swastika.

"It looks like a police patrol," I suggested.

Engels laughed. "It ought to. Except for the insignia, it is an exact copy."

"But why?"

"Just the *Gruppenfuehrer's* idea. He thought it would be a good joke to imitate the police wagon. We aid the police now and then—if they ever need our help in Communist riots. It was bought with profits from our newspapers. A year ago we had no papers in Silesia. We started from scratch. Now we have forty typewriters and employ one hundred and forty men."

Heines burst into the room.

"Ah, looking at my 'police' wagon!" he ejaculated. "Do you want to see how fast it can be loaded?"

It was not Heines' habit to wait for answers. Leaning out of the window he blew a shrill blast from his whistle and gave a clipped order. Before I could get my "movie" camera trained on the van, the sides had been dropped, forty men had scrambled in, and the sides raised again.

Heines chuckled. "Too fast for you, eh? All right, I'll have it done over again."

When the *Gruppenfuehrer* commanded, or even nodded, things happened around *Braunes Haus*, and happened fast.

"Suppose you go out and see York Castle," suggested Heines. I explained that, famous as it was, I was not primarily interested in castles, but wanted to see men. He laughed immoderately.

"York is now a training camp for our Storm Troops. You'll see a lot more than scenery." He pulled out his watch. "The afternoon exercises start in twenty minutes and it's thirty miles away, so you couldn't quite get there in time. But—wait a minute."

He clipped off a command to his orderly. The man hurried to the telephone and bit off a few fast German words. Then he turned to his commander, nodding.

"That's all right, then." Heines motioned to me.

"I don't understand; what's all right?"

"I told them at Castle York to hold up the manœuvres until you arrive."

I was whisked away in a high-powered car piloted by a uniformed Nazi chauffeur. As we drove into the courtyard of Castle York I heard two strident whistle blasts, and S.A.s came rushing pell-mell from their quarters to the cobbled parade ground. General Kellenbach, in charge of the training camp, was wasting no time. No doubt he felt that his exercises had been delayed long enough.

There were one hundred and ten men at Castle York under-

going an intensive three-weeks' course. The instruction included parade-ground drill, physical training exercises, extended order drill, difficult obstacle races, and preliminary work with small arms, minenwerfers, etc.—dummy wooden arms, of course. The obstacle race was interesting to watch and exhausting to perform. The obstacles were such as might be encountered under semi-open warfare conditions. Here was the sequence:

Log barricade, barbed-wire entanglement, three-foot wall, low barbed wire under which men crawled tediously on their bellies, trench section, more barbed wire, trenches, plain low hurdles, ten-foot horizontal bars, parados of trench, seven-foot wall, a water-filled ditch, and in conclusion some easy hurdles. In groups of ten each the S.A.s approached these hazards. At the finish the groups were reassembled and the entire unit marched past the Nazi flag, giving the Hitler salute.

In Silesia alone there were at least six of these training camps. I say "at least six" because there was considerable secrecy about these training bases. The policy of the Hitlerites was not to train men in large groups, or to go in for mass manoeuvres, but to give intensive training at three score or more camps, with groups of about a hundred at each camp. Most of the intensive training camps had been started during the preceding six or eight months. The training base at Castle York was inaugurated in June 1932.

A senior Nazi officer estimated that between 75,000 and 100,000 young men could thus be made physically fit by means of three-weeks' courses during a twelve-month period. Youths who were the kind of raw material which might be whipped into Nazi officers were allowed to stay several months, and later sent to special officers' training camps.

"Quite a potential army," I indiscreetly remarked to one of the officers.

"It is ridiculous to call it an army," he retorted. "These exercises combine the best elements of sports and physical training. The men can't even get a smattering of war training in so

short a period. But German youth must be trained and disciplined. These courses supply the foundation."

There were admittedly between 550,000 and 600,000 *Sturm Abteilung* (Storm Troops) members in Germany in December 1932, just before Hitler came into power. These men were not paid. They even bought their own uniforms and, except when they were transported in Nazi trucks, had to provide their own travelling expenses.

Most of the S.A.s were between seventeen and thirty years of age. The vast majority were unmarried. Without doubt, Germany's unemployed aided materially in augmenting Hitler's "army." Approximately two-thirds of the S.A.s were *arbeitslos*, and they looked forward to three profitable and well-fed weeks at the Nazi training camps. These were officered mostly by men with actual war experience. This applied, almost without exception, to the senior officers. Some of the officers under thirty were, of course, too young to have served during the 1914-18 fracas, but even many of these had had experience with such units as the Rossbach Free Corps and the "black" (illegal) Reichswehr.

Many of the Nazi camps were located on the large estates of Germany's aristocracy. This raises an interesting question: Why did the aristocracy turn over expensive castle grounds and estates to the Hitlerites? There are several possible answers. Large estates, especially those with elaborate castles, were terrifically taxed. But if an owner turned his estate over to an organization for "philanthropic" purposes, his taxes were proportionately reduced or even, in the case of taxes levied against the buildings, remitted. Another possible answer is this: If you were a large landowner and one of the most important political parties favoured a form of socialization, including partitioning of large estates, would you not consider it excellent "insurance" to offer this party the use of part of your estate? Also, estate owners may have considered that they were doing a national service in facilitating the training of German youth;

many were genuinely sympathetic with Hitler's aspirations. Several members of the German nobility were—and are—high officers in the Nazi "army," and there are others in the rank and file. The roster, even in 1932, was an extended one, beginning with Prince August Wilhelm, popularly called Prince Auwi, the fourth son of the ex-Kaiser, and running on down through the list until we find one son of the ex-Crown Prince in an ordinary S.A. uniform.

General Kallenbach, in charge at Castle York, told me that the men were more than usually tired because they had been out on manoeuvres the night before. Two or three times a week these were held. A staff officer followed these exercises and then made a relief map of the terrain. Toy soldiers, guns, tanks, etc., were placed in strategic positions. This map was built carefully to scale and was used in lectures to drive home the lessons.

The cost of this and other Nazi training camps was not much—in cash. The men were housed in wings of various castles, or in elaborate stables. Their food came from the regular estate supplies, or was donated by near-by peasants eager to show their Nazi sympathies. The Nazis had probably the least expensive and among the most efficient "militia" camps in the world.

Three days later, after a tour of the Polish-Silesian border, I was given an opportunity to witness the work at another camp, where training exercises and a formal review were combined. Forty-five miles west of Breslau is Castle Furstenstein, the 450-room central building on the estate of the Prince of Pless. The part of the estate which is still in Germany includes more than 10,000 acres. But, since the partition of 1921, more than ten times this territory is now included in the Pless Polish estates. Before the War the Prince of Pless was reputed to have been richer than the Kaiser and to have owned more landed property than anyone else in Europe. The estate then included three coal mines, breweries, and nearly 200,000 acres of forest.

As Heines' cavalcade approached the entrance to the Pless estate, going perhaps forty or forty-five miles an hour, a young man of about thirty streaked past us on the noisiest motor bicycle with the widest-open exhaust I have ever encountered. When we got near the Castle itself, this young fellow was there to greet us. He informed me he was Count Bolko von Hochberg, third son of the Prince of Pless. Rather fatuously I complimented him on his English.

"Naturally," he answered rather brusquely. "My mother was English."

It was only then I recalled that his mother, Prince Henry of Pless' first wife, was Daisy Cornwallis West. The Prince and Princess of Pless had been divorced some five or six years before. I don't know whether a contributing factor was the indiscreet volume of memoirs which the Princess published in 1929.

Gruppenfuehrer Heines and his staff, together with a thirty-four-piece band, were visiting Castle Furstenstein in order to review the S.A. Squad in training there. Heines and I, together with his staff, were entertained at luncheon by the Princess of Pless. Subsequent to his divorce from Daisy, Prince Henry had married a Spanish princess approximately half his age. After lunch the *Gruppenfuehrer* ordered the men to assemble, and as soon as they had paraded before the Nazi flag, the exercises were turned over to the major in command.

Next to the Princess of Pless and Heines he was the most interesting person present. His name was Staaaz and his history helps to explain an important element of the Germany of to-day. After the Armistice he itched for further fighting. He enlisted, finally, with the French Foreign Legion, served six years, fought against Abdel Krim, and won commissioned rank. In 1929 he heard that there was "something doing in Germany," resigned his Legion commission, and joined Hitler's forces. I watched him in action for three hours. Staaaz had the toughest drill sergeant of the United States Marines looking

like a milk-sop sucking a lollypop. His voice had a raucous hoarseness from barking out orders. The iron of discipline had been burned into his vocal cords by the sizzling sands of North Africa.

As *Gruppenfuehrer* Heines and his twenty-one-year-old adjutant followed every manœuvre with a critical and constructive intensity, Staaß put the men through their paces. Some were signallers, others carried dummy machine guns, and a few lugged ammunition boxes, also dummies. There were two minenwerfer sections. The men deployed in open and close formation. The "Minnie" sections were drilled at the double. As each shot was "fired" there was a "pop"!—the noise being supplied by a detonating cap. The men were ordered to race across broken ground, jump hedges four feet high and two feet thick, and then reform their lines in double-quick time. The jumping was quite a feat for some of the shorter soldiers, and several stuck in the hedge. As the Princess of Pless witnessed the damage to these ancient hedges she was not able to conceal an occasional very obvious wince.

After the training there was more marching, and then for ten minutes *Gruppenfuehrer* Heines addressed the troops. It was a tirade, a patriotic clarion call, an inspiration and a benediction, all rolled into one. He reminded the men that they had come as volunteers, not conscripts; that they were there to prepare to fight for freedom of the Reich, untrammelled by foes from within or without; that a thousand of their comrades were in penitentiary cells and four hundred had died soldiers' deaths.

"We have crossed the Rubicon! Behind us is vassalage and slavery. Before us German freedom. We greet the day when our banner may constitutionally be raised! In a Germany where there is honour and food Hitler's flag will bring German freedom!"

Heines was not one to deal in euphemisms. He did not attempt to deny that this training was anything but military.

He walked along the drab-brown ranks and shook hands

with each soldier. They had learned all that seemed possible of patriotism and discipline in even the most intensive three-weeks' course.

As Heines walked over to me after the ceremony had concluded, I put this question to him:

"*Gruppenfuehrer*, may I ask you a very straight question: what would Hitler say if he knew a foreign writer was visiting these Silesian training camps?"

Heines' answer was significant and a bit prophetic. He drew himself up, clicked his heels, and said:

"I am running Silesia!"

This gives a partial clue to the events of that notorious 30th June 1934, when, according to official Nazi admissions, seventy-seven enemies of the State were executed. The real number is now conservatively estimated to have been 723. There were several contributory factors which led to Hitler's drastic action that terrible week-end. Some of the Nazi leaders had got too big for their boots. Money flowed into the Nazi treasury easily and there were charges of financial corruption. Men who had lived hard lives took the opportunity to buy some of the previously unprocurable luxuries of life. Power went to their heads. Charges of widespread perversion were proven against Roehm, Heines and other leaders. Because of his long-time friendship for Roehm, Hitler had turned a deaf ear to the accusations which were not only whispered in every city and hamlet, but even published by a Munich paper.

Even the combination of all these demonstrable facts might not have brought things to a head if it had not been for one other grave situation. Roehm, who commanded the Brown Shirts, wanted to shove them by the thousand into the newly-enlarged Reichswehr. He desired this for two reasons: (1) Because the usefulness of the S.A. troops had largely been served now that the Nazis were in power, and he wished to find a place for them; (2) Because he believed this would give him an influence in the development of the Reichswehr. He himself

was demanding high command in Germany's professional army, but von Seeckt, Fritsch and other Reichswehr leaders refused to dilute their force by taking in such a "rabble." They would have nothing to do with Roehm, and the latter was credibly reported to be initiating a rebellion to force Hitler's hand, and perhaps even to gain a preponderant influence in the army by revolutionary methods.

Yes, *Gruppenfuehrer* Edmund Heines, in 1932 and in 1933, and for several months in 1934, *you* were running Silesia! That is one reason why you did not escape when the 30th June purge wiped out Roehm, Ernst, von Schleicher, and the hundreds of others. . . . The other reason that led to Heines' untimely demise is one I don't like to think of. . . . I did not recognize when I encountered him in 1932 that he was a pathological case. He and others in his outfit had drifted into the perversions that Roehm for one made so blatantly evident. "Heines," Goebbels reported in his radio explanation, "was caught . . ." well, permit me to use the lawyers' Latin phrase . . . *in flagrante delicto*."

I find this in an article I wrote, which appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune*, curiously enough, on 29th January 1933, the day before Hitler came into power:

"Hitler's is a movement which cannot stand still. It must go forward or fail. . . . Hitler's forces so far have been kept within legal or at least extra-legal channels. If they can be disciplined and controlled they should prove of immense aid in working out Germany's salvation."

A footnote is necessary to complete the record of my visit to the Pless estate. The dainty thirty-three-year-old Aragonese Princess, mother of the Prince of Pless' fourth and fifth children—boys born in 1929 and 1931—is now divorced from Prince Henry. Two years ago she married her stepson—Count Bolko von Hochberg.

During the summer and autumn of 1932 guests of the Hotel Kaiserhof in Berlin frequently had the opportunity of seeing

Hitler as well as other Nazi notables at close range. As the Kaiserhof was the informal headquarters of the Nazi party in Berlin before they came into power, it was perhaps natural that the suave Herr Direktor Schroeder gradually lost his Jewish clientele. I recall very vividly one man who was probably one of the last obvious Jews to register there. He had not come under any illusion. He knew where he was. After registering he walked into the coffee-room, gazed around him defiantly, and looked with the interest every one showed at the corner table, which by some odd understanding—I never saw any formal “reserved” notice—was occupied only by Nazi officials and their friends. This Jew found the atmosphere a little too “thick,” however, and checked out, I was told, the following day.

Hitler’s diet was mainly vegetables. His favourite drink was chocolate. Goebbels, Goering, General von Epp, Frick, Baldur von Schirach, Streicher, and Hanfstaengel were among those frequently at Hitler’s table. Some of them occasionally dropped in at tea-time. Longer sessions began in the evening, from about ten-thirty on. Seldom more than eight or ten were present. On the whole they ate sparingly, except Goering. They talked a great deal. Hitler and Goebbels seemed to do most of the talking, although for long periods the *Fuehrer* could be a good listener. Conversation occasionally would last until two o’clock in the morning or even later. Hitler was never one to keep regular hours. Occasionally some prominent non-Nazi would be invited to join the group: a representative of heavy industry, a leading Berlin banker, or perhaps some member of the German aristocracy. Prince Auwi, the ex-Kaiser’s fourth son, was a not infrequent member of the group. One evening a tubby, albeit distinguished, old man of about seventy approached the Leader with a very formal “*Heil Hitler*” and what seemed to be rather a controlled obsequiousness. I was interested when I learned that this was the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. He seemed to be not wholly at ease in thus paying his respects to the former corporal.

Hanfstaengl—christened Ernst Frank Sedgwick, and nicknamed “Putzi”—was in the early days Hitler’s press liaison officer. He maintained especially close and in the main friendly contact with American and British correspondents. Hanfstaengl was graduated from Harvard, speaks English fluently, and played the piano with a thundering virtuosity that appealed to Hitler. He used to play to his Leader by the hour, occasionally until daybreak . . . until his voluntary exile.

“Putzi” exercised what control he could over those correspondents who wanted to talk to Hitler. As he stands about five inches over six feet and has an oarsman’s broad shoulders, it was not difficult for him to intervene physically and rather violently if he wished to keep journalists away. One evening in the Kaiserhof lobby a representative of a Hearst news agency, who had several times previously talked to Hitler, approached the *Fuehrer* as he and Hanfstaengl got out of the elevator. Hanfstaengl apparently thought the Hearst man was intruding or should have asked through him for permission to interview the *Fuehrer*. The diligent press officer took the correspondent by the shoulders and pushed him away so violently that he ended up several feet away, his head resting on a cuspidor.

In 1935 it became known that Goebbels had taken over the responsibility that had previously devolved upon Hanfstaengl. It was also rumoured that Hanfstaengl did not stand as well with the Leader as he had for thirteen years. He had joined the *Fuehrer* as far back as 1922. It was in Hanfstaengl’s Munich flat that Hitler was hidden for a while after the abortive beer-hall *putsch* of November 1923. Anyone knowing both Goebbels and Hanfstaengl can see clearly why it would be difficult for these two to share responsibility or even to get along amicably. Each is a striking individualist, but Goebbels is an organizer. Hanfstaengl is said to have warned Hitler of the opprobrium which Goebbels’ methods were arousing abroad.

During the summer of 1932 I tried to arrange through Hanfstaengl for an interview with Hitler. He offered to intro-

duce me to the *Fuehrer* in the Kaiserhof coffee-room, but I wanted a more extended talk. For weeks Hanfstaengl put me off with one excuse and another. Finally General von Epp intervened on my behalf and one morning early in October I was told to be at Hitler's Munich flat at eleven o'clock the following day. I went with a prominent German who had been acting as a confidential liaison officer between the Reichswehr and the Nazis. He was going to aid me in putting my questions, as my German left much to be desired. When we arrived at Hitler's flat we were met by Hanfstaengl. My friend started to follow me into Hitler's study, as the servant was ushering us in, but Hanfstaengl put out one immense arm, barred my friend's way, and pushed him back.

Hitler was seated behind his desk in what appeared to be a combination library and living-room. I wondered what kind of greeting he would expect. He intimated by putting out his hand for the customary handshake that he was not expecting to be "*Heiled*." I sat down on the other side of the desk and was immediately impressed by the penetrating qualities of Hitler's eyes. They were vivid and unblinking. He looked rather bored as if he already regretted having allotted me this hour. It was perhaps the most difficult interview I have had since the occasion on which I had first talked to Henry Ford, in 1914. The difficulty in each case was this: Neither man gave me the slightest assistance or did anything to make the conversation easy.

I began by questioning Hitler about press freedom. I had been gathering statistics about the hundreds of press suspensions under Bruening and von Papen, so I started this question:

"If you become Chancellor. . . ."

Hanfstaengl laid a heavy hand on my arm.

"*When* you become Chancellor. . . ." he insisted, before he would put the question to the *Fuehrer*.

I saw the point. "*When* you become Chancellor of Germany, will you permit freedom of the press?"

Hitler answered, "Yes, when I become head of the German Government there will be absolute freedom of the press."

"What do you mean by 'absolute' freedom of the press, may I ask?"

"I mean there will be complete freedom—*except for those who are enemies of the Fatherland.*"

I asked several other questions about details of the Nazi platform. Hitler replied to each question with what was very evidently a fragment from one of his speeches. I found it difficult, if not impossible, to carry on an ordinary conversation with Hitler—one with plenty of give and take, such as one has for example with Mussolini.

"Are you planning a 'march on Berlin'?" I queried.

Hitler denied this vigorously and thumped the desk as he said he would never assume office except by constitutional methods.

He made one very shrewd observation just before the interview concluded. When I asked him what would be the likely result of the election scheduled for 6th November—about four weeks away—I expected that he would claim that the Nazi party would win a majority of the votes cast. Instead of that he made a prophecy which showed that he had a very clear grasp of political sentiment and probabilities.

"Two months ago the National Socialists piled up close to 14,000,000 votes. We shall not have more on 6th November. We shall probably lose as many as 2,000,000 votes. Our electoral strength has grown very rapidly. Now it is our task to consolidate. We shall have perhaps 12,000,000, but what we lose will be merely on the fringe. Our 12,000,000 will be a solid, compact, loyal, and enthusiastic block."

For some reason that I cannot now recall, I did not bring up the Jewish question. I have been told by several who have talked to Hitler during the past five years that the introduction of this question is apt to excite him. I saw no evidence of undue excitability in my talk with him. However, there have

been many suggestions made that Hitler is very high-strung and that he has ended some conferences in a fit of anger and even has burst into tears.

A British business man told me a few months ago that he and two friends—all three friendly towards Germany, and eager to foster Anglo-German goodwill—called on Hitler and discussed informally with him several points which they hoped the *Fuehrer* would consider, to bring about better relations between the two countries. Their point of view met with Hitler's interested attention until one of the group raised the question of the treatment of the Jews, and asked if something could not be done to ameliorate their lot.

"Then," said this Britisher, "Hitler abruptly terminated the interview, turned on his heel, and stalked from the room."

In the 6th November election the Nazis lost approximately 2,000,000 votes. Von Papen was ousted as Chancellor. Von Schleicher succeeded to the post. Von Papen joined Hugenburg, leader of the Nationalist Party and a power in the publishing and motion-picture industries, and continued the intrigue so much a part of his make-up. In January he met Hitler in neutral territory—at the home of a Cologne banker—made a bargain with him, then went to Neudeck, the ageing president's country estate in East Prussia, and prevailed upon Hindenburg to make Hitler Chancellor and himself Vice-Chancellor. This was so ordered, even before Schleicher had been notified that he had been succeeded.

On 30th January, legally—although not with the majority of his countrymen's votes—Hitler became Reichs-Chancellor.

Chapter III

GOD AND THE NAZIS

ALMOST the first orders given to the Brown Shirts after Hitler became Reichs-Chancellor included full permission, even urging, to harass the Jews. When the anti-Jewish persecutions first took place I believed that they would not last very long. I felt that Hitler and his associates must be thinking, early in 1933, somewhat along these lines:

"We have made many promises. It would take some time to fulfil some of them. Some it may be impossible to implement. We have several hundred thousands of rather turbulent Brown Shirts on our hands. They must be permitted some outlet for their excess energy. One thing we can do is to permit them to persecute the Jews throughout Germany."

It seems that I was wrong. The Nazi anti-Semitism is more deeply rooted than I realized, even after the reading of certain passages in *Mein Kampf*.

Opposition to the Jews may be included under four headings: (1) An innate hatred of the race, especially of the Eastern Jews who have flocked into Germany from Poland; (2) The assertion, repeated *ad nauseam* by Nazi leaders, before and after the party came to power, that the Jews had been mainly responsible for the iniquities of the Versailles Treaty; (3) The unquestioned fact that Jews were able to profit, in many instances, by the inflation disasters of 1932-3; and (4) Jews, with one per cent. of the population, often represented fifty per cent. of the lawyers and doctors in the larger cities, especially in Berlin.

Nazi hatred and harassing of Jews has not greatly abated, although with the increase of various restrictive laws the

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opportunities to persecute Jews have of course become less frequent. There are undoubtedly many Nazi leaders, especially Schleicher and Baldur von Schirach, who would favour a drastic Jewish purge or even a major pogrom. During 1934 and 1935 anti-Jewish stickers, signs and placards increased in number and in bitterness. In 1936, especially around the time of the Olympic Games, they dwindled. In 1937 many of them were replaced. Noted during one week-end journey were the following:—

JEWIS ARE NOT WANTED HERE.

JEWIS, KEEP ON TRAVELLING.

ON THIS ISLAND THE SUN DOES NOT SHINE FOR
JEWIS.

THERE IS NOTHING HERE INTO WHICH THE JEWIS
MAY POKE THEIR NOSES.

DOGS AND JEWIS ARE NOT PERMITTED TO BATHE
HERE.

The first sign was very common. I saw it several times in Bavaria in villages which very few Jews visit.

The second sign may be seen at roadside restaurants to indicate to certain travellers that their patronage is not wanted.

The third sign is (or was) painted in huge, glaring letters on the side of a barn on a resort island off the Pomeranian coast.

The fourth one is especially insulting in the German. The word for "poke their noses" implies the rooting of a pig with its snout: "*schnuffeln*."

The last sign is outside a bathing place on the road between Berlin and Leipzig and recalls one which caused trouble in Shanghai in 1926: "Chinese and dogs not permitted in this garden." This sign, in Chinese, was placed on a gate of a playground enclosed for the white residents and their children. It was not intended to be deliberately insulting. It seems clear

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that many signs in Germany are meant not only to be warnings but also insults.

One autumn evening in 1935 I had my first look at the Number One Jew-baiter, Julius Streicher, publisher of that remarkable literary production *Der Stuermer*, which thrives entirely upon racial hatred. Its weekly circulation is said to have reached a peak total of 340,000.

Streicher had arrived in Berlin by 'plane late in the evening and at about ten o'clock appeared in the coffee-room of the Kaiserhof with three of his henchmen. To one, a reporter for the *Angriff*, he proceeded to dictate for more than an hour—in a booming voice intelligible forty feet away—a bitter attack on the Jews, which duly appeared on the front page of Goebbels' organ the next day.

Streicher, looking to-day a physically fit fifty-two, is a stocky, bull-necked individual with a browned and absolutely bald pate, not un-Semitic in appearance. He has frequently urged Hitler to permit him further scope in prosecuting his anti-Semitic campaign, especially in Berlin. He has done a "stout job," say his friends, in cleaning up the Jewish situation in the provinces, especially in his home district of Franconia. One result has been that Jews from outside the capital flocked into Berlin, so that not long ago there were reported to be eighteen thousand more Jews in the German metropolis than there had been three years previously. It is estimated that between eighty thousand and a hundred thousand Jews and part-Jews have left Germany since Hitler came into power.

At the present time a Jew who wishes to leave Germany has to sacrifice four-fifths of his estates. If he can sell out his holdings for, say, £20,000, he may reach a foreign haven with £5000. This means that only the very wealthy dare afford to leave, unless the necessity is very desperate or unless they are assured of employment abroad. Even the wealthy Jews must "pay through the nose" in order to escape.

By pure chance I happened to be an eye-witness of a minor

anti-Jewish demonstration which broke out in Kurfuerstendamm (West End) district of Berlin one Monday evening in July 1935. This incipient riot, and other developments of a darker and deeper kind, indicated that the Semitic question had not by any means been settled. One woman, presumably a Jewess, was knocked unconscious. I saw three men knocked down. Casual Jews were threatened, hustled and assaulted. Café windows were smashed. A crowd of several thousands, the majority of them not disorderly, thronged West End streets from eight o'clock until well after midnight. Scores of police reserves were called out, but were in the main supine. The stated cause of the trouble was clear, but I am not certain that more fundamental reasons could not be detected. A Swedish film *Petterson und Bendel* was being shown at the UFA theatre in the Kurfuerstendamm. At the première, the night before, several Berlin newspapers had reported with a suspicious similarity that some Jews in the audience had whistled, murmured or shouted toward the end of the showing, because a Jewish character, played by a Jew, seemed to have held the race up to ridicule. Monday's papers pointed out that, as the film had been officially sanctioned, no objection to its showing must be displayed.

This Monday evening, just after eight o'clock, I happened to be walking within fifty yards of the Zoo suburban station. An S.A. (Brown Shirt) and a Jew were struggling just as I came along and a crowd quickly gathered. Three policemen hustled both disturbers toward a temporary police detention depot about one hundred yards away. I followed, and it was clear that the crowd, now swollen to approximately a hundred and fifty persons, objected to the non-Jew being taken into custody. The three police officers were pushed about and it seemed that soon they might be severely buffeted. I stood in the front row of the core of the mob, which formed a rough semi-circle around the police. Suddenly with a quickness of draw which would do credit to a Wild West

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cowboy, three revolvers jumped into view. They were short, stubby weapons, a dull black—and one of them seemed to be aimed directly at me. Curt demands to get back and scatter were quickly obeyed. I did my part to make it unanimous.

Four or five young Jews refused to withdraw. They even stepped forward, tore open their shirts at the neck, bared their chests, and cried:

“Shoot! Shoot!”

Whether they really had the martyr spirit, or whether they knew the situation better than I did and felt no actual danger to life, I cannot say. In a moment they were pulled back into the crowd by comrades. Police reserves arrived. Linking hands, twenty policemen eased the crowd back fifty yards, to the corner of the main street, and before nine o'clock the malcontents had drifted away.

An hour later, as I was dining in the Café Wien, I observed that a certain planned congestion of pedestrians seemed to be developing. “Jew, Jew, down with the Jew!” and similar calls could be heard. The Wien is next door to the UFA theatre. The theatre entrance appeared to be the focus of the disturbance. In the Café Kranzler minor Jew-baiting on the part of some rowdies occurred. The attacked youth was not hurt in this case, except in dignity, but in the melee he was liberally spattered with whipped cream and iced coffee. In the Café Bristol (not to be confused with the Hotel Bristol), a crowd of unruly roughs dared alleged Jews inside to come out. They smashed two windows, but did not attempt to drag out their victims.

During most of this latter period I was sitting or standing inside the Café Wien which has, abutting on the street in front of the restaurant, a terrace in the open air, seating perhaps a hundred and fifty. From this terrace I noticed several people quietly coming into the restaurant proper, which was almost empty. Two of the Wien directors, I observed,

beckoned to certain terrace guests, indicating that the latter would be safer inside. Waiters, inconspicuously, cleared flowers, dishes and table cloths from the tables. The terrace was soon deserted. Lights flickered off. Steel curtains were pulled over the windows. These twelve or fifteen terrace guests who had been beckoned in seemed to be Jews. Two men, whose race was apparent, and a platinum-haired girl, sat down at the table next to mine. The girl was trembling. Stark fear showed in her face.

I inquired from a waiter what new cause had materialized. He told me that there had been a demonstration by some Jews during the showing of the film next door, and that three Jews, a girl and two men, had been roughly handled within the theatre. A few moments later I saw the three, the girl very blonde, escape in a fast car. They did not appear to be seriously hurt.

A crowd of thousands is always milling along this part of the Kurfuerstendamm during the later evening hours. I went into the street from the Wien by a side door, others having been locked and barred. The sidewalks were almost impassable. I went to the second floor balcony of the Café Kranzler to get a better view.

From this vantage point one could see that most of the crowd was indifferent, merely gathered to watch a spectacle which might conceivably develop into a pogrom—who could tell? However, two hundred or three hundred youths, none in uniform, were following a leader who was carrying a signboard, held high above his head, on which was an enlargement of a front-page of Julius Streicher's bitterly anti-Semitic weekly. The board had on it a caricature of a tragic, bearded Jew, and underneath were the words "The Jew is our Misfortune."

The disturbers chanted a sort of litany or catechism, maligning the Jewish race, and indicating their menace to Germany. Partly it seemed a lark, at times it appeared to be serious and

tragic. Occasionally a policeman would cautiously and half-heartedly try to silence the leader of the chant, but others quickly took up the cry. I saw no police interfere with the signboard carrier.

By this time all Jews seemed to have disappeared from the streets in the neighbourhood. Occasionally there would be raised a cry of "Jew, Jew," and part of the mob would rush pell-mell down a side street in pursuit of the expected victim.

Berlin papers generally, and the authorities of course, charged that the demonstration was provoked by the Jews. Streicher and other leading Jew-baiters will not be satisfied until all Jews are exiled or in prison. Harassing laws and local regulations are being enacted or urged almost weekly. In one community Jews are permitted to sit on only ten of the hundred park benches. Streicher says this is more than their mathematical share.

In his 25th August issue of *Der Stuermer* Streicher urges that all Jews who have been convicted of having had sexual intercourse with "Aryan" women shall be sentenced to life imprisonment. In the same issue he rails at judges who pass mild sentences on Jews, and demands that they be compulsorily retired and replaced by younger men from the ranks of the Nazi Party.

A sidelight on the Jewish question was witnessed the night I arrived in Berlin in 1937. A German woman of uncertain age entered the Underground at Gleisdreieck station and found every seat in the car occupied. A Jew rose at once and courteously offered her his seat. The woman declined in no uncertain terms and implied that it was "an insult to be offered a seat by a Jew." Passengers watched the incident with interest, especially when one broadly-built typical Berlin burgher rose and said:

"Please take my seat, *gnaedige Frau*, I can assure you that this 'seat' of mine is pure Aryan!"

The woman slunk into the proffered seat, but became so

aware of surrounding comments that she made haste to get off at the next station.

The persecution of the Jews is not, of course, primarily a religious question. The attacks on the Catholic and Protestant Churches are both religious and political in origin and have had two principal contributory causes. One, perhaps the minor, is that many hundreds of thousands of Germans, perhaps millions, have turned, or are inclined to turn, to paganism. The second is that both Churches, especially the Roman Catholic, have international connections. Hitler has been led to believe that it is possible, and much better for Germany, to found one united German Church, which will be subordinate to the State.

God has had an increasingly difficult time in Germany since Hitler became Chancellor and *Fuehrer*. I say this most respectfully and seriously. Prominent Nazi leaders usually are careful not to deny Him. Yet there are many verified instances where He has been denied and insulted by district party leaders. Millions of Germans are being brought each day more acutely face to face with this question:

Is it possible to be both a Christian and a Nazi?

The real difficulty arises in attempting to delimit Christ's sphere of influence. Dr. Frick, Minister of the Interior, said at Hanover in July 1937:

"The Government is by no means hostile to the Churches."

He then proceeded to elucidate: The Churches must acknowledge the National-Socialist conduct of the State and merge themselves unreservedly in the National-Socialist State. This can mean nothing less than "the State can do no wrong."

The National-Socialist German creed has been expressed in these words: "To serve Hitler is to serve Germany. To serve Germany is to serve God."

Another dictum expresses a similar sentiment more emphatically: "Christianity is Judaism, Judaism is Bolshevism, Bolshevism is enmity to the State. Therefore, down with Christianity."

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If Christians would restrict their church activities entirely to meditation and prayer, it is possible that the Nazi State and the Churches could get along quite well together. The difficulty from the Nazi political point of view is that the Churches concern themselves with "worldly" affairs, such as: education of the youth; conducting theological courses for students and pastors; criticism of what they believe to be non-Christian and immoral; believing in the Old Testament; and attending Church services.

After he had been in power a few months, Hitler entered into a concordat with the Vatican. The substance of the agreement was that neither party would interfere in the affairs of the other. Accusations of bad faith have been, since that time, liberally flung by each side against the other. The Concordat is really an impossible document, unless both parties to the agreement are willing to construe the clauses in broad-minded and tolerant fashion. It is designed to draw a sharp line between political and religious matters. In the first, the Roman Catholic Church is forbidden to interfere. In the second, the State must keep hands off. The root of the trouble lies in the fact that there is an indeterminate middle ground, and jurisdiction over that territory is claimed by both.

General Goering, in his capacity as Prussian Premier, issued an edict on 18th July 1935, in which he said:

"We allow full freedom of belief and doctrine . . . the Divine belief and the religion of our Catholic fellow citizens is not encroached upon." Then he goes on to say:

"Politically, only one conception of the State is existent and thinkable in Germany—the National-Socialist idea."

The middle ground includes such matters as sterilization, Catholic youth societies and Church teaching which may be construed as political propaganda. On all these points the Nazi State has shown a willingness, even eagerness, to invoke the very broadly-drawn "law for prevention of treacherous attacks on State and Party."

Nazi leaders assert that Roman Catholics have done everything possible to evade the sterilization law, or "law for avoidance of hereditary diseases in posterity." Frick claimed that the Roman Catholic agitation against this law is inspired not so much by the rejection of the basic idea as by a desire to strike at the National-Socialist movement.

Late in 1935 Frick promulgated a new law ordering authorities to prohibit church youth organizations "from wearing uniforms, uniform clothing, or badges, or appearing in formation in public with pennons and flags, and from exercising in the open."

The Home Department of the Hanseatic city of Bremen very quickly enforced this regulation, even anticipating Frick's nation-wide edict, emphasizing that "there is no need for the existence of Roman Catholic uniformed youth associations."

It was especially evident, beginning in 1934, that when priests and nuns were charged with infraction of the foreign exchange laws, or were alleged to be distributors of anti-Nazi literature, newspapers "played up" these cases in large headlines with an interesting unanimity—not unconnected with the uniform press instructions which Dr. Goebbels' office issues daily to supine journalists.

Goering and other leading Nazis charged, in the Spring of 1935, that Roman Catholics were appropriating Nazi symbols and using them in religious services. If it were not for the very serious nature of the struggle, and also the inherent blasphemous aspect of the accusation, it would have its comic side. Frequently Germans lack the saving grace of humour. Goering declared: "We fight against those who appear under the cloak of religious activity," and again, "The more our enemies clothe themselves in insidious and mendacious guises, the harder we fight." Then he makes his "symbols" charge:

"They (the Church) adopt abbreviations that have sunk into the flesh and blood of every fellow-German, such as: 'HJ' for

'Hitler Youth,' which they turn into 'HJ,' for 'Heart of Jesus Youth'; 'BDM,' for 'League of German Maidens,' which becomes 'BDM' for 'League of Mary's Maidens'; and they alter the German salute into a salute for Jesus Christ . . . they even mislead the fellow citizens entrusted to their spiritual care into the use of sanctimonious invocations partly borrowed from National-Socialism, such as 'Our Heavenly Leader, Jesus Christ, true *heil!*'"

The Holy See in Rome has consistently attacked German anti-religious policy through its official organ, the *Osservatore Romano*.

The campaign to weaken the influence of the Roman Catholic Church gained momentum during the first six months of 1937, but it has proceeded intermittently throughout the four and one-half years of the Nazi régime. It has taken several forms. Some of the outstanding and spectacular attacks include:

1. Charges that Catholic schools teach their youth subject matter inimical to the interests of the Nazi State and in conflict with complete loyalty to the State. There have been many clashes between the Catholic Youth Movement and the Hitler Youth. There is no longer any legal Catholic Youth Movement.

2. Charges against nuns, priests and lay brothers who are accused of smuggling money out of the country. Hundreds have been given stiff sentences. This crime is now punishable by the death penalty. So long as this is the law and foreign exchange problems remain acute, there can be no criticism, in my opinion, if the law is enforced with severity and impartiality.

3. Allegations have been made that Catholics have been communicating to the outside world information considered critical of and detrimental to the Nazi State. This now constitutes high treason and is punishable by the death penalty.

In a trial held in Frankenthal in July 1937, Nazi leader Josef Buerkel accused seventy-five-year-old Bishop Ludwig

Sebastian of Speyer of treason. Buerkel contended that the Bishop had sent reports to Cardinal Pacelli in Rome in which he had slandered the Nazi régime.

Buerkel shouted during the trial that "every one of the Bishop's Sunday pastoral letters represented an intervention in Germany's internal politics." He also alleged that the Bishop had sent "fantastic" reports to the United States, which had been made use of by Cardinal Mundelein, of Chicago. Mundelein had referred to Hitler as "that Austrian paper-hanger" and had called Goebbels "that crooked politician."

"That is treason!" declared the public prosecutor.

4. During 1936 and increasingly in 1937, the government-regimented Nazi press harped upon the "gross immoralities" existing in the priesthood. On 28th May 1937 Goebbels delivered a fiery address in Berlin (and over the radio to sixty-six million Germans, if they obeyed the "compulsory listening" order) dealing with the "debauchery" among priests. He charged that ninety-five per cent. of priests imprisoned by the Nazis were known to be "sexual offenders." As Cardinal Mundelein's phrase "crooked politician" could have a double meaning—Goebbels has a club foot—the Minister of Propaganda was perhaps justifiably and doubly annoyed.

Catholic dignitaries admitted that perversion had been discovered among a "fractional percentage" of the priests—about one in five hundred, and stated that suitable punishment had been meted out. A Nazi provincial paper retorted with the headline: "Priest Makes Love to a Bull in the Field."

5. Catholic schools, even in Bavaria, have been shut after a plebiscite which purportedly voted for Nazi-State schools. Cardinal Faulhaber, and others, charged publicly that the result of the vote was achieved under "economic pressure" and by other sinister influences.

The great hero of the Roman Catholic Church in contemporary Germany is Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich. He is the most outspoken of the Nazi critics within the Reich. He is bold

and a tactician. He does not go out of his way looking for trouble. He had a sensational brush with the Nazis toward the end of 1935. For more than two years after the inception of the Nazi State the Cardinal delivered periodic attacks on the Third Reich régime. So vast were the crowds trying to get into his cathedral that several other churches throughout Munich were wired so that larger audiences could listen to his fulminations against coercive force. Finally, he was advised that, if he did not stop his attacks, he would be sent to a concentration camp, cardinal or no cardinal. An extremely interesting event then took place. Cardinal Faulhaber was appointed a legate by the Holy See, and thus given diplomatic status with its resultant diplomatic immunity. The struggle became a diplomatic one as well as religious. But his sermons did not moderate; neither did he trade on his immunity. A vigorous criticism of Nazi policies one Sunday morning made his devout and informed followers tremble for the venerable Cardinal's safety. Well they might have. Emissaries of the secret police visited him, with orders to take him into "protective custody." The Cardinal said he was ready, but—before they took action he advised them to telephone to Munich Brown House (Nazi headquarters) a request that a senior officer be sent to his domicile. He did not allege that he would plead diplomatic immunity—but he desired the presence of as high an official as could be obtained. The Gestapo agents telephoned the Brown House. The senior officer arrived. The Cardinal told him, in effect, that he was perfectly ready to go, but—

He picked up a document from his desk. It was the Interdict!

The officer turned pale. The Interdict palpably had been arranged in advance, with the support of the authority of His Holiness and if it were laid on the Church in Germany it meant, among other things, that no Mass could be celebrated; no marriages, except civil, performed; and no baptism. Church machinery would cease. Bavaria is a dominantly Catholic

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part of Germany. The officer who had arrived to take the Cardinal into "protective custody" withdrew. Apparently the highest men in the party approved of his discretionary action.

Even in the bitter conflict between the Nazi State and the Catholic Church there have been occasions of sardonic amusement. One of these occurred on 14th February 1937 in Munich, when seven thousand persons thronged into and around St. Michael's Church to witness Cardinal Faulhaber's celebration of the Pope's Coronation anniversary and to await this courageous man's stirring indictment of Nazi breaches of the Concordat.

Almost immediately outside the main entrance of the church Nazi mechanics had erected a gigantic loud speaker which bawled incessantly an advertising slogan for the Munich municipal electric light works. It cried with monotonous and cacophonous voice:

"Good light, good work; good light, good work."

This continued throughout the whole of the service, prevented the overflow crowd from hearing the Cardinal's words which were being relayed through an exterior public address system, and made attention exceedingly difficult for thousands inside the edifice. The presence of this bawling radio had provided a most annoying "coincidence." Germans are accustomed to having anti-Nazi radio speeches "jammed" but this example of municipal enterprise met with much resentment.

The fearless Faulhaber persisted in striking out at his opponents in no uncertain terms. On 13th June 1937, in the little Bavarian village of Tuntenhausen, he cried:

"We are defending ourselves against the enslavement of freedom and human rights. . . . Let the Government here look to France, where Jews and Freemasons sit in the Government and where there is freedom on the schools in spite of this."

Within a few days of this somewhat provocative address,

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Count Conrad von Preysing, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Berlin, wrote a forthright letter to Hitler, drawing attention to the "dire" results of the continued propaganda against the Catholic Church in Germany. The Bishop referred to the "immorality trials" which served, he wrote, as an excuse for anti-clerical attacks in word and picture and "huge headlines across the front pages of the newspapers."

Among the disturbing events of recent months, the Bishop of Berlin instanced the destruction of crucifixes in the Diocese of Freiburg and Rothenburg; the attempt on the life of Cardinal Faulhaber; the insults directed against him as he was leaving a church in Munich; the demolition of a Corpus Christi altar in Eichstedt; and the recent defiling of a new church in Wandlitzsee near Berlin. The letter concluded: "If this flood of filth is continued to be poured out over the whole of Germany, in every town, in every village, in every house, the damage ultimately done will attain gigantic proportions."

The Catholics have been asking: "Why have a Concordat if it is not to be kept? We were hanged without the Concordat; and with the Concordat we are first drawn and quartered, and then hanged."

Frankly, four years ago, I should have considered it impossible that the Nazis could have conducted aggressive and somewhat successful campaigns simultaneously against Jews, Catholics and Protestants. But such seems to have been the case.

Germany is approximately two-thirds Protestant. It has been the Nazi objective to make the German Evangelical Church definitely subservient to the State. In 1934 all Evangelical Church pastors were ordered to sign an oath which many of them believed placed the *Fuehrer* ahead of their God. This did not meet with the approval of many thousands of sturdy pastors who believed temporal things were magnified at the expense of the spiritual. The Confessional group especially refused to take the oath. They still hold out for separation of spiritual and political allegiances.

In September 1934 I had an hour's talk with the then recently-appointed Reichs-Bishop Ludwig Mueller, head of the German Evangelical Church. He defended the oath.

"A few thousand pastors," said Bishop Mueller, "simply do not understand. It will not be long before they can be persuaded to conform. The new oath is simply a rewriting of the oath of 1852, with *Fuehrer* substituted for King."

Bishop Mueller, who served in the German navy for three years during the War, traced for my edification at some length the reasons for the necessity of the new "truly German" form of the Evangelical Church. Before, during and after the War certain insidious influences had crept into German life, in which materialism, Marxism, Communism and even paganism definitely dwarfed inner spiritual values. Obnoxious and self-seeking Jews gained a dominant influence in German life. This was intolerable and could not persist. The development of National-Socialism under Hitler, he said, gave a new hope and a new vision to the real German people, in things spiritual as well as political.

"There is a confusion abroad," I suggested, "between the political and spiritual loyalties of yourself and your 'official' adherents."

"It has been the fate of the Germans frequently to be misunderstood," responded the Bishop. "That attitude is perhaps inevitable in a new movement. But this phase will pass. Deeds, you will see, will count—not words."

"Yes," I interposed, "and what about the judgment passed by the world on the 'deeds' of 30th June?"

The Bishop replied, hotly and without equivocation: "If Christ Himself had been beset by such traitors similar action to that taken by Hitler would have been inevitable."

Referring again to the recalcitrant pastors, I asked the Bishop what action might be necessary to bring them into conformity. After a moment's thought, he replied:

"Pastors are not so essential, after all. Passing a theological

examination does not thereby, necessarily, qualify a man as a competent minister of the Gospel. Before long many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men who have not passed formal theological examinations, but who have the inner urge for spiritual service, will be sent round to the churches."

In 1935 Herr Kerrl was appointed Reichs-Minister for Church Affairs, with virtually dictatorial powers. Kerrl apparently found little use for Mueller. The latter was not dismissed with a fanfare of trumpets. The luxurious offices and residence in Berlin which he had been given a few months before were needed "for other purposes." His salary was cut down appreciably. The State pays Protestant pastors in Germany, but it now pays only during "good behaviour." Thousands, who have been, from the Kerrl point of view, "recalcitrant," are being supported cheerfully by their respective congregations. This policy, not in the least strange to communicants in the United States and Canada, is an innovation in the Reich.

Mueller has left Berlin. He still appears to be carrying the more or less empty title of Reichs-Bishop. His time during the last few months has largely been spent preparing Nazified versions of the "Sermons on the Mount" and other scriptural passages.

Kerrl appointed Dr. Zoellner head of the Evangelical Reich Church Committee. He was to organize a committee of co-called "neutral" churchmen, which was to form a church administration for a transitional period of two years. This scheme broke down. Zoellner and his committee resigned in February 1937. Kerrl announced that there would be a "free" election within the Evangelical Church—but the date of this election has been postponed half a dozen times, until up to November a definite date had not been arranged.

Thousands of the Evangelical pastors criticized the Committee for having no spiritual authority and for showing signs of compromise with the "German-Christian" National-Socialistic creed of blood and race.

"With the passage of time, the Nazis still hope," says Professor Karl Barth, writing in the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung*, "that the Church will become an association of eccentrics and old people. The ties which have heretofore united Church and State are being severed not by a clean cut but by continual flaying." Dr. Barth lists three steps in the 1937 campaign:

1. Government leaders are careful to preserve the appearance of an attitude of official tolerance and even of recognition and support for the Church as a whole.

2. Nazi authorities appear to be refraining from any of the "grosser" forms of violence. No one is shot, and comparatively few deposed, exiled, or imprisoned.

3. The subtle aim of the Nazis is so to isolate the Protestant that in the long run there will be no need to have recourse to legal means of abolition. There are said to be about eighty thousand Protestant parishes in Germany. About two thousand may be classed as German-Christians (pagans?). Twelve thousand may be included in the Confessional groups; the remainder hold to a bewildered middle ground—the mass of the Evangelical Church, formed by Bismarck in 1870 in Prussia by amalgamation of the Reformed Church and the Lutherans. The Confessionals form the extreme wing of the Evangelicals.

The leading spirit among the several thousand Evangelical pastors who have not bent the knee to Baal is Pastor Niemoeller. He was a leading submarine commander during the War, and for four years has fairly successfully torpedoed Hitler's policies for a co-ordinated State Church.

Niemoeller's church is located in a fashionable suburb of Berlin, Dahlem. He is not, at the moment of writing, actively carrying on his pastoral duties, as he is in jail. The Gestapo, for the *nth* time, visited Niemoeller's home on 1st July, and on this occasion took him into custody.

Opponents of the Church have long been resorting to cat-and-mouse tactics. There have been suspensions and arrests by

the score. One of Niemoeller's associates informed me, on the day of the pastor's arrest, that during the preceding seven days there had been one hundred and two arrests of Confessional Church leaders. At that moment fifty-eight were still in jail, twenty-five had been ordered not to preach, and twenty-two had been expelled from the Church. Pastors frequently were arrested for a few hours, then released. "House arrest" was another practice frequently employed.

The larger issues at stake involved freedom of conscience and certain quarrels over State and Church jurisdiction. The immediate issue at the time of Niemoeller's arrest concerned what seemed to be a comparatively minor point; the reading out of the names, from the Sunday pulpit, of communicants who had left the Church. Niemoeller and others sturdily adhered to this practice for reasons of claimed constitutional privilege as well as long established custom. State regulations forbid this.

The secret police have endeavoured to prevent collections among the Confessional groups, alleging that the funds were being used for subversive political purposes.

The real difficulty in Niemoeller's case is that he became too prominent and in the foreign press was regarded as the spear-head of the anti-Nazi movement in the Church arena. In the official account of his arrest it was charged that "in his sermons and addresses he made inflammatory statements attacking leading personages of the State and of the National-Socialist Movement," and that members of his congregation were "incited to disobedience of State laws and degrees." The charge concluded: "His utterances have furnished regular material for the anti-German foreign press."

From one point of view it might be fair to state that Niemoeller had been "asking for it." His fashionable and popular Church at Dahlem had been visited every Sunday for many months before his arrest by touring foreigners. Niemoeller broke many laws; there can be little question about that. The justness of the laws is entirely another matter.

In the Nazi cabinet at least three members were on friendly terms with Niemoeller: Schwerin von Krosigk, Minister of Finance; Dr. Schacht, Reichsbank President; and Baron von Neurath, Foreign Minister. The Minister of Finance, until May 1937, was one of Niemoeller's most doughty parishioners as well as financial supporters. With his wife and eight children he was a conspicuous member of the Dahlem congregation. The ten of them regularly occupied the front pew. Two months before Niemoeller's arrest they ceased to attend. Those who recognized the significance of this fact, which of course was not permitted publication within Germany, realized that Niemoeller's immunity would not last much longer.

In the late Spring of 1937 Niemoeller was scheduled to give an address before a body of theological students. Shortly before the time of his talk he was sent for by the secret police. When he arrived at the Bureau he was told that the man who wished to question him was "out for a few minutes," and would he please wait. Three hours passed. The meeting he was planning to address concluded, and then Niemoeller was told with ironical politeness that there was a mistake apparently and he was free to go on to the meeting or to go home!

Worrying, perturbing tactics of erosion. No wonder Protestant nerves are wearing raw!

Clue to progress.—At two State funerals during the spring and summer of 1937, for the victims of the *Deutschland* bombing and for General von Seeckt, it was noted that high Nazi officials arrived *after* the initial religious ceremony and left *before* that part of the ceremony in which the bodies are committed to their graves.

The effect of the drive against the Protestant Church was brought poignantly home to me one day in the summer of 1937 when I encountered a simple padre who was induced by a mutual friend to tell me his tale of woe. For obvious reasons, it will be necessary to give him a pseudonym: Schmidt will do.

Until 1933 Pastor Schmidt had found life comparatively

simple. His job was to look after the spiritual interests of the Lutheran population in a country village of about a thousand souls. If he had any serious problems they were merely economic, and had to do with the feeding and clothing of a wife and four growing children. But of late life has become very complex. Pastor Schmidt's simple soul is anguished. The accustomed props of his somewhat narrow life have been knocked from under him. He has taken his perplexities to the Lord in prayer, but so far, if there has been an answer, he has not been able to comprehend it.

This man of God sat in his humble vestry and told me his story while the tears streamed down his face. The crux of the problem was this: his three boys, aged from eleven to fifteen, no longer come to church. Ah, you say, he is not the first minister to find his children, except for the daughter, failing to attend services! True, but in Germany to-day there can be a different reason, one which outsiders have perhaps not encountered or understood. The boys do not attend church, because Nazi authorities by dire threats prevent them from so doing!

Let me take the story of the Schmidt family back a few weeks. In May there had been an address by Goebbels over the radio. All Germans had been ordered to listen in. Pastor Schmidt was there, in the local Nazi hall, to listen. You may be sure that the local *Gauleiter* saw to that. Pastor Schmidt told me how he writhed during the diatribes against his Church and his Faith. When the national hook-up address concluded the villagers were not dismissed. They—including Pastor Schmidt—were ordered to remain and listen to the *Gauleiter* give his version of the application of party doctrine. The next two Sundays Pastor Schmidt continued his simple ministration to an almost wholly adult audience. He noticed that, for the first time since babyhood, the boys were not sitting in the front row beside Frau Schmidt. The Pastor knew that his boys had some time back joined the Hitler Youth, and so had entered another world and another jurisdiction. But he asked the trio,

nevertheless, to explain to their father why they no longer came to Church. They said they were unable to answer the question. He pressed them. Finally, he extracted the information that their Youth Group leader had ordered them not to, saying that it was against the Party's rules. They were sworn into certain secrets, and made to promise to stay away from Church. They admitted this reluctantly, and with obvious embarrassment, because they loved their father. . . . Then Pastor Schmidt did an indiscreet thing. He wrote a letter of protest to the district leader, asking that his sons be allowed to attend his Church, drawing attention to the fact that there were no laws forbidding such action. The district leader took speedy action in the case. The boys were punished for revealing to their father that they had been ordered not to attend church, even their father's church. Pastor Schmidt somehow found out that the boys had been punished for their father's "indiscretion." But even his most searching questions could not elicit the nature of the punishment. So that is the reason that the tears were streaming down the face of a humble Lutheran pastor, as he sat in his vestry that day.

"My influence will be gone with all," sobbed Pastor Schmidt, "now that it is seen in the village that my own children are afraid to come to Church. How can I ask the parents of other children to bring their young ones to my services?"

It is not possible to find anything in the laws or statutes forbidding members of the Hitler Youth to attend church. Such things as that are left to the regulation of the *Gauleiters* throughout Germany. It is said that there are written, but secret, orders passed out from Nazi headquarters. Perhaps there are not even any orders at all. Local party enthusiasm may carry some of the ardent *Gauleiters* too far. But I am assured that the case just recounted is not an isolated one. A Saarbruecken priest, in August, was fined the equivalent of £32 for caning half a dozen boys who absented themselves from a Sunday service to attend a "Young Folk" rally.

In Protestant churches that I have visited, and about which I have inquired, the church audiences to-day are mainly adult. In Niemoeller's Dahlem church in June of this year there seemed to be no boys and only one girl under sixteen. Hitler Youth made a racket outside during the second service and disturbed the worshippers.

Germans who oppose the activities of the Protestant Church assert that it is harming the unity of the State, and brand it as an enemy of the State. Others, and probably the majority, charge that the State's measures constitute a far-reaching interference with Church life, and especially deplore the interference with training of Protestant youth. The Protestant Confessional Church leaders fervently deny allegations that it has ever made political demands or encouraged any action inimical to the State.

It would seem to me that Hitler must arrange a *modus vivendi* with both Catholics and Protestants before long, or so shatter the morale of the nation that even if he attains his autarchic aims it will be without avail.

Chapter IV

GOOSE-STEPPING TO AUTARKIE

IF the reader of these words had been staying at my hotel, the Kaiserhof, this summer, he would not have gathered that Germany was suffering hardships; certainly not experiencing a food shortage or suffering many difficulties. A visitor to Berlin might also have stayed at the Adlon, Esplanade, Eden, Bristol or Central Hotels, and still believed everything to be rosy. Many American travellers have come away with this impression, after a brief tour of the Reich, especially if they visited Germany during the Olympics. Food buyers for leading hotels have special privileges, and pay handsome prices. Shop windows in Berlin and the larger cities are attractively decorated. Prices do not seem dear. Leather and woollen goods especially seem to be reasonably priced. The illusion may be somewhat shattered if a traveller enters one of these stores and asks, let us say, for a suitcase, priced at the equivalent of fifteen shillings.

"Is it real leather?"

"Oh no, of course not. It is fibre, and very durable," the attendant will reply. Composition travelling bags have turned out disappointments to many purchasers, ingenious as the Germans are in putting up—and putting up with—substitutes.

Woollen goods are virtually unprocurable. A few specialty shops in the Unter den Linden and neighbourhood are permitted to sell some imported materials, usually tagged "pure wool, from England." But woollen suits and dresses are almost unprocurable, and much too expensive for the average German purse.

German housewives are still able to provide an excellent dinner, but it takes a lot of skilful doing. My hostess, one evening, was persuaded to tell me about some of her problems. "I thought there was a shortage of cream," I remarked—knowing her quite well. "How on earth did you get all this *whipped* cream? It's surely not *ersatz*?"

"It's three weeks since I've had *any* cream. My shop gets its supply direct from the country. Several days ago I explained that I had a foreign guest coming and I asked as a special favour that if there was just a bit of cream available it be saved for me to-day." I duly expressed my appreciation.

"You have cards for dairy and meat products, I am told," I suggested.

"Yes, we again have food cards . . ." the hostess replied, but my host interrupted:

"No, my dear, we haven't."

"Well, I buy the food; I ought to know . . ."

Again her husband patiently interrupted:

"I'm sorry to have to correct you, but you can't show me a food card for any single product. Your dealer has a 'customer's card,' if he is in the dairy or butcher business. He has a record of last year's purchases, or at least your report. Then he allows you eighty per cent. of 'normal' requirements. A food card would be too reminiscent of 1918 days."

Just another Teutonic euphemism!

Butter and other fats can be procured only from a regular supplier. I know one German family that moved to the other side of Berlin, several miles, and for weeks, until red-tape could be untangled, had to travel across the city to get certain necessary products. Meats must also be bought from the same shop, month after month, and late-comers with their shopping lists have restricted, or no, choice.

"There is not much complaining, I must say," my hostess went on. "A few days ago I was in Freiburg marketing with a friend of mine before nine in the morning. 'What, the meat

gone already!' she ejaculated to her butcher. He shrugged his shoulders, expressed his regret, saying, 'It's all gone to the soldiers!' My friend took it calmly, and remarked, 'Well, I suppose that's as it should be.'"

Other food problems encountered, almost daily, were explained. The previous day my hostess had asked for beef. There was only mutton and veal. Another day she had asked for, and had been unable to get, carrots, spring onions or oranges. She asked for white flour. None. White flour bread is of course grey and does not toast well. By law it must contain more bran, being milled eighty-five per cent. rather than the customary seventy per cent.; and there must be a percentage of corn, potato flour and skimmed milk. Fifteen thin carrots cost twenty cents. Veal of pretty fair quality costs at least eighty cents a pound. Dried fruits have for some time, in her locality at least, been very inferior in quality. Many kinds of cheese contain only one-fifth fat, instead of fifty per cent. as previously.

"You do your own marketing?"

"As a rule. Sometimes the cook goes. I like to check on the quality when I can. My butcher is not allowed to send orders, even after I have reserved my food supply by phone. That would be an anti-Nazi discrimination between those who have telephones and those who haven't."

Most foods are not yet rationed, although my host thought it might not be long before it would come to this. As we settled in the library for coffee he said:

"Here's a new 'wrinkle' that might interest you."

From a desk drawer he pulled out an article from a Nazi paper which shows how systematic propaganda is being conducted to change existing consumption habits of sixty-six million Germans. The article had been sponsored by the German Institute for Business Research and included three lists of food products:

1. The consumption of food which should be increased.

Don't think I am referring to treason without knowledge or authority. The communication to foreigners of information unfavourable to the German state has been declared to be treason.

"Can critical remarks, even when true, be classed as treasonable?" I asked my host.

"Certainly," he replied. "Every one of us six adult Germans has committed treason many times during the past hour, by discussing what we have with you, a foreigner."

What had we been talking about? Many of the news items dealt with recent trials, or with petty or major restrictions on the freedom of German citizens. At almost every turn the German comes up against a law, whether the action has to do with food, clothing, reading, listening in on the radio—even in his conversation. Many may seem small, but the sum total provides an aggregation of harassing and provoking interference with what democratic countries would term normal life.

After the clippings had been passed around, I asked if the facts chronicled seemed to be inaccurate or unduly sensational. I was told they were not.

I took occasion to compliment my hostess on the quality of the cake. "Better than I have had anywhere else in Germany," I remarked.

"I'm not surprised," was her reply. "You have been in Germany only two or three days, but you will soon learn that our flour is no longer real wheat flour. You may just possibly get real flour at one of the better hotels, but this may be the only undiluted flour that you will taste."

"Why?"

"Because every bit of flour must, by law, be mixed with potato flour, corn—and, I suspect, occasionally with wood-fibre!"

"What are the percentages of the mixture?"

"Oh, I am afraid I cannot tell you that; the regulations change so often."

"But," I ventured, "surely this cake is made from pure flour."

"Yes, it is."

"But, how . . . ?"

"No; please don't ask me. That is my secret. But I only break the law on very rare and special occasions." I appreciated the courtesy of the gracious wave of her hand which accompanied her last remark.

"So! You don't know about our synthetic products?" inquired mine host, a leading architect. "Well, look at these trousers. Feel them."

I had thought them rather a swagger pair of grey flannel. I rubbed the material between my fingers, and expressed the remark that the material seemed a bit "hard."

"They're made of wood," I was informed.

"What?"

"Wood, I said 'wood.' It's beechwood, I am told. Not a thread of wool in either leg."

"They seem pretty fair. How do they 'stand up'?"

"I only got this pair last week. They're all right so far, but I haven't been caught in a rain yet. A friend tells me to be prepared for a twenty per cent. shrinkage. . . . Paid twenty-two marks for the pair. Asked for wool, but couldn't get it."

I had a terrific desire to ask him to stand under the hose-spray for a few minutes, but managed to curb the impulse!

Even women's dresses and suits are made of wood, I was told. Many jokes are made on the subject. One German is supposed to ask another: "How can you deplete our forests?" The answer is, "By buying several suits at one time." A woman warns another: "If you hang any long dresses in your wardrobe, don't let them get too near the ground." "Why?" "Because they will take root."

The general attitude of my friends at the tea towards many of the restrictions was a combination of resignation and numbness, mixed with occasional flashes of mordant humour. The various illustrations and anecdotes were old, old stories to all

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except myself and Kurt—who went quietly on, illegally cramming real cake into his mouth!

“Do you like this new dress of mine?” asked one of the women guests. I could quite honestly reply in the affirmative.

“What do you think of its length?” was the next question. I replied that I was glad to see the style of shorter skirts returning.

“Style my eye!” exclaimed her husband. “Length and fullness are controlled by law, in order to save on materials.” Another example of the ramifications of the stern law of economics.

I was asked if I wanted additional instances of further ways in which the Nazi law, under the stern aegis of Dr. Schacht and Colonel-General Goering, director of the Four-Year Plan, invades the personal affairs of German citizens. When I indicated that I did, instances tumbled forth from every one present, except Kurt, who was surreptitiously reaching for another cake, as he saw his parents’ eyes off guard. I shall not list them all, but here are a few:

Each German is entitled to half a pound of butter and half a pound of margarine a week. The butter is usually mixed with a substitute before being sold. There is even an *ersatz* (substitute) margarine on the market.

Eggs are rationed, and usually pretty bad when they reach the consumer’s breakfast-table.

There is a shortage of photographic paper. Each professional photographer has been ordered to state his wants a month in advance, and then he is given a certain percentage of the amount asked for, if there is not enough to go around.

Another restriction affects both photographers and painters: no photo, drawing or painting of family groups may be legally made and exhibited unless there are *at least* three children, and preferably four, in the family. Most of the regulations seem to be based on a dire economic need; this one would seem to have “cannon fodder” implications.

"Here's a case that might interest you," interjected my host. "Last week one of my neighbours was refused a renewal of his driving licence—because he was 'politically unreliable.' A year ago he had been convicted for making an attack on a member of the Government. The police turned down his driving licence application. He appealed, but the superior court has upheld the decision of the police."

After a while I intimated that I had quite enough illustrations. It astonished me to observe that my friends were not, obviously at least, unduly depressed by some of these regulations.

"Why should we be?" my hostess asked. "They've been growing steadily for four years. Perhaps we are numbed by their continuing impact. Perhaps we realize that the Four-Year Plan must succeed. Anyway, we Germans have had plenty of opportunity to learn patience, and, besides, we really like to be regimented, I fear. . . . But wait a moment. I'll show you something else."

Frau — went into another room, and brought out a tube of tooth paste. I looked it over, smelled it, and then asked:

"Is it *ersatz*?"

"I don't think so, yet. But that's not the point. Read what is printed just below the cap."

I read: "*Leere Tube sammeln.*" ("This tube must be saved.") . . . Shortly before six o'clock I got up to go. I felt that I had a deeper understanding of German problems and, perhaps a bit smugly, thanked Heaven once more that all states are not totalitarian. I looked at the cake crumbs which Kurt had left, and said to my hostess:

"Anyway, that was good cake. Thank you for breaking the law for my benefit." Then I tried to be facetious.

"You tell me that your husband's trousers are made of beechwood. You also tell me that you suspect some of the flour sold in Germany has wood as an ingredient. I suppose that, after the trousers wear out, you'll find some way to use them again,

perhaps by extracting the wood-fibre and putting it into the flour!"

This did not take well. "Ah, *you* may laugh," said my hostess, rather bitterly I thought.

"My apologies, *gnaedige frau*," I ventured apologetically. "I am so sorry. But you yourself have joked at some of the regulations and problems. . . . I trust you will believe I laughed *with* you, not *at* you."

It is much more comfortable living in a country where natural resources are generous enough to permit waste than in a land where conditions enforce almost unbelievable care. It has been said that a French family could subsist in comfort on what the average American housewife throws away. In Germany to-day it is almost literally true that nothing is wasted. Like the fabled Chicago packer, everything is utilized except the squeal. Before long the harassed citizen may contribute that! If a German is not forced to exercise parsimony by stern necessity he, or she, must do it in order not to break a law.

After the illuminating experiences recounted in preceding pages I decided to probe further into the question of restrictive legislation, whether it was designed to accomplish economic, social or æsthetic objectives. Here are some of the things I discovered:

Rags and old garments must not be thrown out. They must be economically utilized by the housewife, or turned in to a central depot. Hitler Youth picks them up in their periodic collection trips.

It is forbidden to destroy bones by burning them, according to a regulation issued in August this year by the controller of the chemical industry, in conjunction with the Ministry of Economics. Pig-breeders, slaughterhouses, restaurants, etc., must dispose of their spare bones to licensed bone merchants.

German barbers have made arrangements to collect about three hundred tons of men's hair annually. Experiment has shown that hair as short as one-third of an inch can be utilized

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commercially. It is going into the manufacture of roofing felt and carpets. Women's hair has for many years been put to various commercial uses.

Women must do without rubber in their garters. Last Christmas toy balloons for the kiddies were banned.

Shirts as well as skirts are to be shorter. The German, Frenchman, and especially the Englishman have been accustomed to shirt-tails more generous than the American male has enjoyed. The curtailment of a Teutonic shirt-tail is at the time of writing a national issue. The industry's paper, the *Textil Zeitung*, favours taking two inches off both front and tail. "Let's break with tradition, and effect also a national saving," urges the trade paper.

Berlin shops have recently been plastered with signs appealing to the housewife to save string, paper, paper bags and tins. German retail traders have been instructed to use as little paper as possible for wrapping up parcels; and no string.

Thousands of safety razor blades have been pouring into the depot receptacles for waste products. An order has been issued that these need not be saved. It seems that Goering can find no use for them.

Dentists estimated that they had been using between £1,000,000 and £1,200,000 worth of gold fillings a year. There was a sudden realization of this wasteful practice and the current consumption of gold for dental purposes has been reduced nearly fifty per cent. After considerable research a super-palladium alloy has been made popular.

In the realm of food German newspapers called attention this summer to several items. Three I noted were doughnuts, beer, and horseflesh. Doughnuts have been banned from Berlin, as a result of Germany's fat shortage. Instructions to this effect have been issued to the Berlin Guild of Confectioners. Official statistics stated that 1,330,000 acres have been devoted to the production of beer and schnapps. It was urged that the consumption of beer should be cut down by three-quarters,

and of schnapps by nine-tenths. This, according to a German official who seems to hold views similar to those of Dr. Clarence True and "Pussyfoot" Johnson, would "leave 1,000,000 acres free for better use." The average annual beer consumption in Germany per head has been 105 pints. German housewives are urged to serve more horsemeat. They have been told that "ancient Teutons regarded horsemeat as a special delicacy; it was an old cultural custom." During the past year 125,000 horses in Germany have been slaughtered for meat.

Goering frequently discusses political and economic policies in his paper, the *National Zeitung*, published in Essen. On one recent occasion he (or his editor) wrote frankly about the inferior bread now found in Berlin and other major German cities, although not always yet in the country places. It was intimated that city bakers were thus more loyal than those in rural districts and towns.

It may seem absurd, but even stage magicians are asked to do their bit in the conservation of food; they are forbidden to use eggs, milk or other eatables in their performances. Goering's autarkic plans must not be permitted to totter!

Economies must not be allowed to lapse even with death. The Oberbürgermeister of Pirmasens published the following notice on 18th May 1937:—

"Repeatedly it has been noted that the dead have been laid out and displayed in expensive clothing and decorations. I call your attention to the fact that it is the duty of every citizen to see that the dead shall not be buried in expensive materials."

Despite considerable grumbling Germans have adapted themselves with a noteworthy patience to the various interferences with their private and business lives. Scarcity of food—but not yet an actual lack—has been accepted as a matter of course. Goering "threatened" bread cards on 2nd September but has not yet issued them. Petty administrative regulations

affecting one's employment, travel, investments or political activities are accepted after little more than an initial shrug of irritation.

Why? For several reasons:

1. Hitler has achieved many of his objectives and freed Germany from the final internal shackles of the Versailles Treaty.

2. Germans like to be regimented.

3. In 1917-1918, and in the worst of the inflation period of 1922-1923, the whole German nation, with minor but conspicuous exceptions, suffered privations infinitely more severe than those to which they have been subjected during Nazi rule.

4. The vast majority of Germans are loyal to the Fatherland and see no better route to follow than to "string along" with Hitler.

5. Nazi leaders refer to present-day Germany as a "beleaguered fortress." A powerful political and press propaganda constantly insists that in respect of food and other vital supplies Germany is in the position of a "blockaded country." This aids in maintaining reasonable acceptance of irksome measures.

6. Waverers, grumblers and disloyalists experience the weight of organized community pressure, and in extreme cases are "visited" by the Gestapo.

Hitler has achieved near-miracles in several different lines, but at what social and economic cost cannot yet be ascertained with any reasonable degree of accuracy.

This titanic national effort has proceeded along four "fronts":

1. *Liquidation of unemployment.*—When Hitler became Chancellor on 30th January 1933 there were more than 6,000,000 unemployed. In October there were stated to be 469,000, most of whom may be classed as unemployables. Chief contributory factors in this reduction are: compulsory work camps, vast increases in the police forces, growth of employment in

armaments industries from almost zero, and the military conscription law. Work on the new arterial motor highways occupies 250,000. Since the introduction of the two-year conscription law, August 1936, there has been a serious skilled labour shortage.

2. *Rearmament.*—Since Hitler came to power Germany has spent close on £2,800,000,000 on rearmament. This figure is not just my "guess." From 1933 to 1936 the rearmament bill was £2,400,000,000, according to a serious and careful British journal, *The Banker*. A German statistical publication approximates this figure, converting the mark at the official rate of 1s. 8d. Rearmament is a stern fact, but its completion and perfection have been seriously hampered by shortage of essential raw materials. It is a fact, but at what cost!

3. *Self-sufficiency in food.*—There has been improvement, but far from complete success. In many common foods Germans are restricted to eighty per cent. of what might be considered normal requirements. Mass re-employment has accentuated the food problem, as employed workers eat more freely than those on the dole.

Hitler and Goering are not quite in agreement in their public declarations about Germany's campaign to supply her own food. At Stuttgart, in August, Goering said: "Germany has enough bread to feed her people. We will use the most draagooning methods, but I must see that the German people has enough." Hitler, at Nuremberg, a few days later, said: "Without colonies German space is inadequate to secure the feeding of the nation . . . our claim for colonies is dictated by our economic distress."

4. *Self-sufficiency in essential raw materials.*—In some categories almost complete success can be reported, but in other lines there must be recorded at least temporary failure. In light fuel oil Germany will be able to produce domestically seventy per cent. of requirements by the end of 1937. Almost complete failure must be reported in Diesel oils.

Success in rubber and woollen substitutes has been phenomenal, but especially in buna (artificial rubber) quality is offset by sheer expense, as yet: about five to six times the cost of natural rubber. By the end of 1936 buna was being produced at the rate of seventy tons a month. It is expected that 1937 production will total about 9000 tons. German rubber consumption is about 65,000 to 70,000 tons a year, and Goering has stated that by 1940 this demand can be entirely filled by buna. It is supposed to be more durable. Some of the early buna smelled to high heaven, but this has been largely overcome.

Artificial wool has been produced from wood-fibre and sells at a competitive price. There are differences of opinion regarding its wearing qualities.

German chemists are indefatigable and ingenious in the uses to which they are putting Germany's forests. They claim that a high quality of artificial fat has been extracted from wood, using the carbon and glycerine obtained. At first the result was a grease used on machinery, but in September the German Ministry of Health pronounced the fat fit for human consumption. During the experimentation period quantities were tried out on prison inmates.

A census of chestnut trees was taken during the summer, and German scientists expect to convert horse chestnuts into oil and fat.

Whale oil was used two years ago as the basis of margarine. At first it had such a disagreeable odour that even prison inmates could not be induced to eat it. Scientists have since remedied this by inventing a method by which the smell can be blown out of whale oil fat.

The search for fat met one setback. One bureau decided that hogs should not be sold until they had put on fifty pounds more than the average weight at which they had been selling. The "joker" was disclosed when it was discovered that each extra pound beyond a normal selling weight cost four shillings to put on the animal. The law was rescinded.

THROUGH TURBULENT YEARS

The problem of essential raw materials is testing to the utmost the industry and ingenuity of Germany's political leaders, industrial magnates, financiers, economists, and scientists. Quantities of rubber, cotton, petroleum, and various metals, not produced within the Reich, must be imported; and, preferably, from countries which cannot easily be cut off by possible, or probable, war blockade.

It will be recalled that this problem became such a desperate one during the course of the First World War that the submarine *Deutschland* was sent to the United States to take on a supply, chiefly of nickel, copper, zinc, and platinum. Even the few tons that the submarine could transport were gleefully welcomed. The British captured the *Deutschland* on its second voyage.

Most reports hitherto emanating from Germany have stated that there are no nickel deposits in the Reich. This is not quite in accordance with fact. Nickel is being mined, or feverishly sought for in paying quantity and quality, in at least six sections of Germany. The most valuable nickel deposit is in the Frankenstein lands in Silesia. There is nickel there, but as yet in unknown quantities.

At least two hundred workmen, sworn to absolute secrecy, are employed on the Frankenstein property. Night and day shifts are in operation. There are several indications that this mine and those in five other sections of Germany may somewhat relieve the nickel problem. But there are more hopes than achievements to date.

Importations of nickel ore and raw nickel have increased during the past four years. In 1932 Germany imported 12,674 tons of nickel ore. This increased to 37,659 tons in 1934, but in 1936, owing to exchange difficulties, dropped to 17,651 tons. Two-thirds of the nickel ore was brought from Greece and the Germans are aware that supplies from this source might readily be shut off by blockade in time of war.

Importations of raw nickel, almost entirely from Canada, in-

GOOSE-STEPPING TO AUTARKIE

creased from 2323 tons in 1932 to 6079 tons in 1935, but dropped to 3392 tons last year, owing to difficulties in making payments. The International Nickel Company of Canada charged German importers 2s. 3½d. a pound, laid down in Hamburg and paid for in dollars in New York, while Scandinavian importers got their nickel from the same source for 1s. 5½d. a pound. This discrepancy in price was explained by the Nickel Company pointing out that the extra 10d. was necessary to make up for the loss it had experienced in the blocked mark situation. As the German military machine must have nickel, Dr. Schacht can be forced to pay extravagantly for it.

Some expert investigators believe that the copper situation in Germany would be more serious, in time of war, than the nickel. The Reich probably has on hand not more than a year's supply of nickel at war-rate consumption. The supply of copper, including "unseen" resources, such as domestic utensils, may be placed at about two years' stock. But the only known copper deposits in Germany are said to be in the Harz mountains, and this is low-grade ore.

Goering has issued a stern warning to industrialists that their plants may be taken over if they do not bend every effort to extract nickel, copper, and coal from the ground, even though it is "temporarily" uneconomic.

Germany imported in 1934 approximately 160,000 tons of raw copper. About one-third came from the United States. All but a bare seven per cent. could be cut off by an effective British blockade.

The chief raw materials Germany urgently requires are cotton, rubber, petroleum, copper, nickel, and other non-ferrous metals, bauxite (the base of aluminium), and iron ore.

The situation a few months ago was so desperate that Bremen importers were delivering half a bale of cotton, where formerly they had filled orders by the hundreds of bales, to individual civilian customers.

A competent official states that Germany is more than £50,000,000 behind in its normal supply of raw materials necessary to keep its factories operating! And conditions threaten to be worse.

There is a good deal of talk, especially in Germany, to the effect that the dire situation in regard to raw materials in the Reich is due to a Jewish boycott. This is only, at best, a partial truth. So long as the United States has the countervailing duties clause as a weapon Germany is helpless to maintain any more than a fraction of her normal trade with America. By invoking this clause Germany can be prevented from governmental subsidization of her export trade, and cannot cheapen her goods by invoicing them at a depreciated mark. If Germany cannot sell, Germany cannot buy. Her financial condition will allow only a fractional amount to be paid to American exporters in cash.

American sentiment, in its various anti-German manifestations, makes it politically impossible to change the 1930 countervailing duties act. Not only Jews, but for manifest reasons, Catholics, trade unionists, and various assorted liberal groups make any amelioration improbable, if not for some time to come impossible.

Jews are perhaps the most active in stimulating this anti-German feeling. Buyers, representing Jewish-owned or controlled houses in the United States, Canada and Great Britain have taken their orders to manufacturers of surrounding countries. On several occasions they have inspected German products, and gone to Holland, Belgium or Czechoslovakia to get copies. Here is one instance:

A buyer for a large American concern went recently to a friend of mine in Berlin, very worried because he had received a letter from his home office which he feared the Germans might have opened and then re-sealed. He had every right to be worried. The letter instructed him to visit the Leipzig Fair, take careful note of a certain new "gadget" being shown there

—and then go to a factory in Czechoslovakia and order it to be duplicated.

Germany desperately needs a considerable number of precision tools and also machinery made with alloys. German alloys so far are inferior to alloy products of American manufacturers. Automobile crankshafts will not stand up under speed, for example. The alloys are inadequate.

If a product, raw or manufactured, is unprocurable in Germany, and is needed by the German military, naval, or air force authorities, real cash is found, some way or other, to pay for it. In the summer of 1936 the German Air Force was urgently in need of precision machinery for testing fine oil. Machines that serve the purpose are made only in the United States. There were then only thirteen of these in Germany. An additional order was placed and the American agent for this concern was assured that he would be paid cash in advance, in American dollars, in New York.

A large amount of cotton is now coming from Brazil, Peru, Argentina, Turkey, Sudan and West Africa, rather than as previously from India, Egypt and the United States. Rubber has been coming mainly from countries where, in the event of war, British and French pressure could be exerted to stop the flow. Importation of bauxite and iron ore from France has dwindled to a trickle, but in recent months Germany has procured some bauxite from Hungary and Yugoslavia.

Blocked marks (marks spendable only in Germany) have caused many international currency tangles. Both Standard Oil of New Jersey and Vacuum Oil have used large stocks of these blocked marks to build tankers. Other companies have had to turn their impounded money into seemingly comical products. The Standard Oil participated in one such deal, which received publicity a short time ago, and which probably was looked upon as a joke, or April Fool dispatch. For an undisclosed amount of blocked marks the Standard Oil actually accepted 40,000,000 mouth organs! No, there is not an extra

"o" or two on the end. The fact of this deal has been corroborated by a government official and also confirmed by former president Walter C. Teagle in his annual report to the board of directors. The harmonicas were bought from the well-known German firm of Hohner. How long it will take to dispose of these in the United States is beyond my capacity to estimate. The average normal consumption in the United States is at the rate of between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 annually. The North American continent certainly should be "harmonica-conscious" for the next seven or eight years.

Film companies have the blocked mark problem added to their quota perplexities. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer solved a part of the difficulty by buying, in Germany, a live hippopotamus! He—or maybe she—was later sold to an American circus.

A hitherto undisclosed deal not long ago completed involved canaries. Budd Company, of Philadelphia, had some machinery for making pressed steel motor-car bodies. The price quoted was £8600. Instead of cash the Philadelphia manufacturer accepted 200,000 canary birds. Some of these freak exchanges appear to strike a musical note.

This herculean effort in the direction of autarkie has resulted in a serious, if not catastrophic, depletion of German resources: (1) in financial reserves; (2) in raw materials; (3) in food. Food shortage has become chronic in meats, fats and eggs.

One result has been the gradual lowering of the standard of living, except for certain privileged classes, such as highly skilled workmen. The cost of living has increased appreciably since the Nazis came to power, despite official statistics to the contrary. Government figures concede that there has been a rise of slightly more than five per cent. within the past four years. Conservative estimates would make the real figure at least twenty per cent. Two factors nullifying the government's statistical contention are:

1. Substitution of goods of inferior quality sold at un-

changed nominal prices. Food, clothing, soap, polish, and cleaning materials readily illustrate this.

2. When cheaper "necessity" goods disappear from the market, Germans must substitute more expensive products.

These facts illustrate what Hitler has called the "primacy of politics over economics." For reasons of believed political necessity the German business man has virtually become a public employee. If not an ideological convert he has been induced to accede to the demands of the State by reason of coercion or legal necessity. Employers and working-men are abjured to subordinate their wishes, interests, and profits to higher national objectives.

"Free business," trumpet Hitler and Goering, "must prove capable of solving problems assigned to it or it will not be permitted to exist longer as a free business."

Goering's Four-Year Plan is in a "tough" spot. Without some early mitigation of Germany's economic and financial isolation from the outside world his task would seem to be an impossible one. If he succeeds, many of the principles of traditional economics will have to be restated, and most economics text-books discarded.

The keynote of life in Germany to-day may be expressed in two words: Voluntary Discipline.

There is something distinctly euphemistic in the juxtaposition of these two words. It would not be accurate to substitute the word "self-discipline." Voluntary discipline, as currently practised in the Reich, includes self-discipline, but also implies immense State and Party coercion and pressure.

Chapter V

FUNNY BUSINESS IN THE FILMS

FOUR-FIFTHS of German film production is now directly under the control of the swarthy, astute Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, Dr. Joseph Paul Goebbels. The remaining fifth probably will follow before long.

Dr. Goebbels, after he whipped newspapers, radio and theatres into line, turned his concentrated attention to films. During the present year, especially, he has taken an intense interest in production, renting, export, and import. To achieve his end new laws and subtle pressures have been employed.

Three of the largest film production companies in Germany no longer exist, in a private sense—UFA, Tobis, and Bavaria. Dr. Hugenburg, former leader of the Nationalist Party and the most important publishing and film magnate in pre-Hitler Germany, controlled UFA until early in 1937. For four years various pressures had been brought to bear on him and finally he cracked under the strain.

He was "induced" to sell his UFA shares to a bank consortium, obviously acting for the Nazi Party, and is now very little more than a country squire. UFA shares are held to-day by two German banks which are under the control of the Franz Eher Publishing House. The dominant spirit in this company is Max Amman, who acts as Hitler's "business manager." Hitler's financial participation in the profits of the Eher organization has never been publicly disclosed.

The Tobis concern, which held a monopoly in Germany on sound film patents, has also come under government financial control. The situation of UFA and Tobis has been known

FUNNY BUSINESS IN THE FILMS

for some months, but the facts behind the disaster which befell the Bavaria organization, third largest in the Reich, have not hitherto been related. It is an astounding story.

Some months ago the insolvency of Bavaria was reported, very briefly, in a Berlin financial paper. Neither the daily papers nor the film trade papers were permitted to comment or enlarge upon this brief item. Bavaria had planned expansion along certain lines which did not give Goebbels control. Considerable foreign capital had been interested, largely British. Negotiations went so far that several leading German actors' services were retained and an ambitious and intelligent programme outlined in detail. Blocked marks were to be used to handle the financial end.

Just as the deal was about to be closed, Goebbels and other Nazi party leaders stepped in. There was criticism of the impending foreign influence on the ground that the Britishers interested were non-Aryans. In addition, several of the German negotiators were not trusted by Nazi party leaders. At the last minute the Reich Minister of Economics was induced to intervene. He prevented the transfer of the blocked marks. This covered up Goebbels' Machiavellian hand in the deal. Bavaria collapsed. The Government "rescued" it, took it over, and handed it to the Reich Propaganda Minister.

Goebbels has prepared his own scale of awards for German films. He puts them in six categories:

1. Artistically and politically very valuable.
2. Artistically and politically valuable.
3. Politically valuable.
4. Artistically valuable.
5. Culturally valuable.
6. Instructive to the population.

Films receiving award Number One "must conform absolutely to Nazi ideals." There would appear to be no award for "entertainment value."

Some German films during the past year have been of such

inferior quality that the Reich and the Nazi party have taken action along two lines:

1. A law was passed on 26th November 1936 prohibiting "art criticism." "Through predominantly Jewish influence the conception of criticism has been perverted," asserted Professor Lehnich, president of the Reichsfilm Chamber. He went on: "The non-Aryan influence must be removed . . . films must be an instrument of national culture, rather than speculative profit."

By this law "art reports" are substituted for "art criticism." These must be signed by the author, who must be at least thirty years old and have a permit stating that he is a qualified art reporter. He must not say whether a play or film is good, bad or indifferent. He must restrict himself to listing the cast and narrating the story. The fact that a film or play has been permitted by the Ministry of Propaganda is held to be sufficient indication that it is worthy.

2. Laughter at the wrong places is not permitted. Audiences have been laughing at serious passages, made ludicrous by the ineptness of production, or gratuitous introduction of propaganda, and applauding loudly and ironically where producers had expected silence. Nazi papers initiated a campaign against these "laugh critics," who showed "such courage in the dark." Goering's Essen newspaper the *National Zeitung* finds "political significance in this laughter in the dark."

Loyal Nazis are trained to be quite serious in their appreciation of humour. A German youth visiting in London was taken to see the current Marx Brothers film. The German, a fervent Nazi, laughed uproariously for a few minutes, and then said:

"Is it possible that those 'comics' are Jews?"

He was told that there was no doubt but that they were Jews. For the next twenty minutes he kept a straight face. Then he started to chuckle again.

"So you really think they're funny, do you?" his amused friend asked him.

"No, not the 'comics'—but that horse!" The horse, presumably, might be considered Aryan.

Humour is appreciated by Dr. Goebbels, but it must be the right kind and turned in the right direction. The humour of Reinhold Schunzel, for example, did not hit the right spot. Schunzel, who had a Jewish mother, but nevertheless retained the patronage of Hitler and Goebbels during the first four years of the Nazi régime, produced a picture called *Country of Love*. Too much of its humour and too many of its wisecracks were directed at the Régime or the Party. Goebbels took it in hand and cut 2550 feet from the final copy of the film. This so annoyed Schunzel that he took his uncut copy of the film to Vienna. He decided that he had stretched his luck as far as he should by remaining in Nazi Germany more than four years. Some weeks later he signed a Hollywood contract. He began his film career as a comedian and is said also to be a skilful director.

German cinema proprietors and movie fans are eager for a larger number of first-rate American films. *Now and Forever*, admitted a few months ago, was so welcomed amid the clutter of second-rate films and worse that it opened simultaneously in three Berlin cinemas. Many second-rate American films have been admitted on the quota and first-rate ones rejected without an explanation. American film producers are not ignorant of the reasons, even though they have been given no official explanation. The reasons are two:

1. First-quality American films show up the usual run of German films so definitely that audiences frequently have protested at the cheapness and absurdities of the native product. Some excellent films must be admitted, but the disparity must not occur too frequently or be made too evident.

2. German officials enforcing the quota find fault with many films because of their "non-Aryan-ness." On this point there is no legislation which I have been able to find in print, but the quota board has a secret list of film producers, authors,

composers, directors and actors who are Jewish. Of course it is impossible to follow out such a ban consistently. There are some Jews against whom the interdiction applies more emphatically than against others.

In June of 1937, owing to wires getting crossed somewhere in the Propaganda Ministry, the working of this secret ban was given international publicity. The German consul at Los Angeles, George Gyssling, received unexpected notoriety when he warned several players in the film made from Erich Remarque's book, *The Road Back*, that if they continued to work on it they would be put on the Nazi black list. Remarque is best known as the author of *All Quiet on the Western Front* and his works are prohibited in Germany.

Some of the Hollywood stars who received warnings from Herr Gyssling were John King, Slim Summerville, Andy Devine, Noah Beery, Louise Fazenda, and Lionel Atwill. They protested to the State Department. The Anti-Nazi League in Southern California took a hand. Gyssling shortly received orders from Berlin not to send any more threats to film stars.

Herr Gyssling probably will have to be more careful in the future. He denies emphatically that he has been rebuked by the Nazi Government for his action. I am inclined to accept his denial. He probably received incomplete or contradictory instructions from Berlin officials. I know of an instance when another consul on the Pacific Coast, early in the Nazi régime, received instructions on the same subject from four German departments dealing with foreign affairs—and none of them quite consistent with any other. Communications to German agents abroad have not yet been canalized through one central bureau.

The agents of Himmler's Gestapo take an interest in what films are admitted into Germany. This frequently put Chief Censor Seeger (who died in August) in a tight spot. Several times in 1936 and 1937 Gestapo agents informed the Propaganda Ministry and the Board of Censors that if pictures showing "signs of Jewish influence" were exhibited, they could

not prevent public disturbances taking place. They said the Secret Police would "hold the Board of Censors responsible" for such disturbances. These public demonstrations, supposedly a spontaneous outburst of Teutonic indignation, are of course usually whipped up by Himmler's minions. Riot instigation has become an art.

Goebbels and his fellow-Nazis have never overlooked the importance of the propaganda value of films. Absorption in more immediate problems, lack of technical experience and, above all, virtual elimination of Jews from the industry in the Reich, have prevented the Nazis achieving any great measure of success in the "film invasion" of foreign lands. But Goebbels has been getting round to that this year.

Production costs have doubled in the past three years—although yet absurdly low by Hollywood standards—and the officers of the Reichsfilm Chamber have been especially perturbed by the fact that, whereas film exports covered about forty per cent. of production costs four years ago, in 1936 and 1937 this proportion dropped to twelve per cent.

Goebbels, or some smart assistant, seems always to be able to find a solution for every problem, or an alternative route when it would appear that he must be blocked. His scheme for the film export industry is an ingenious one. He plans a "controlled export" of German artists, technicians and apparatus, instead of depending mainly on the export of the finished film. Arrangements this year were made for associated production abroad under special agreements with Italy, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Japan.

The arrangement between Germany and Czechoslovakia for admission of each other's films is typical of a larger plan which is envisioned for south-eastern European countries. The German-Czechoslovakian Film Alliance stipulates that five Czech-produced films, in German, may be sent into Germany each year; in return for which seventy-five German-produced films may be exported to Czechoslovakia.

As increased imports into Germany of the films of these countries will have to be facilitated, the new exchange arrangements must necessarily mean that even fewer American films henceforth will be admitted. Some bright lad in the Ministry of Propaganda had a brain-wave a short time ago, and decided that he had an idea which might remedy this, and at the same time serve Germany's interests in the United States. The gist of his suggestion was this:

American film producers were complaining about the difficulties involved in getting their films admitted to Germany; and in getting their payment out. So—why not intimate to United States executives that American films would be admitted freely, the present quota abandoned, and part payment in foreign exchange arranged if Americans would reciprocate by aiding German propaganda efforts?

Whether or not Goebbels accepted the astonishing suggestion, I do not know. I can, however, vouch for the fact that the following proposition was put to responsible American executives by representatives of the Reichsfilm Chamber:

1. All dubbing of American films destined for Central and Eastern Europe to be done in Germany.

2. If American companies will produce films in Germany *in line with the views of the Propaganda Ministry*, costs may be paid in blocked marks, which will be made available.

3. Germany will generously increase the number of United States films permitted import into Germany, if the United States arranges that one large first-run house, in at least twenty-five American cities, agrees to run for at least three months in the year German films *selected* by the Propaganda Ministry.

The italics are mine. That such a suggestion could be made seriously shows an almost incomprehensible ignorance of conditions in the United States. Such obliviousness to reality is not an uncommon occurrence among those who control German propaganda efforts. Imagine the furore that such an arrangement, when it became known, as it inevitably must,

would make in American film circles! And with the general public! A dozen Dicksteins would call for an immediate congressional investigation. And can anyone imagine twenty-five American audiences, in twenty-five major American cities, sitting through approximately four hundred and fifty showings of films selected by Goebbels?

My own opinion is that it would be a good thing for democratic ideals if foreign propaganda films were shown more freely in the United States. In refusing to expose ourselves to propaganda there is a confession of weakness. We admit an uncertainty about the merit and strength of our institutions and convictions.

If a foreign film has sufficient entertainment value to warrant its showing, in open competition with commercial films, I would say "Let it be shown," no matter what the overt or covert propaganda message. The *Horst Wessel* film, revamped by "Putzi" Hanfstaengl and tinkered with by Goebbels himself, is an example. It is a dramatization of the life of a Brown Shirt who was killed in a street riot with Communists. His moral habits left much to be desired. This film may not have sufficient entertainment value to meet commercial competition, but I believe its widespread showing in the United States would do democracy more good than harm. The public is often quick and intelligent in its discriminations. *Horst Wessel* has been useful propaganda within Germany, but it would do the Nazis little good in democratic countries.

In the case of a picture which could not compete commercially, I would permit foreign governments to send us their propaganda—or cultural—films, and show them wherever they could rent theatres or hire halls. The only condition I would impose would be that outside the theatre and on the screen there would be notices to this effect:

"This film is being shown under the auspices of the . . . Government, and the cost of production and exhibition have been paid by the . . . Government."

Why should we, in the United States, either quake or become enraged whenever we encounter propaganda? If we recognize it as such, surely any harm it might conceivably do has been liberally discounted. If the subversive message is subtle, then we should arrange to educate those who might be misled by such meretricious subtleties, whether children or grown-ups, to a point where fallacies can be recognized and resistances built up.

Three years ago, during attendance at the Institute of International Affairs, at Riverside, Cal., I heard a dramatic and inept talk by a Baron von Buelow, endeavouring to explain the "Bloody Purge" events. After his address two earnest middle-aged women came up to me in the corridor. One was bursting to talk:

"Mr. McKenzie, you know a lot about propaganda, don't you?"

"I've seen a lot," I replied.

"Well, surely that is 'propaganda' that the German Baron has been giving us for the last half-hour!"

"Certainly."

"Then why should it be permitted?"

"Did you recognize it as 'propaganda'?"

"Of course."

"Then, what harm does it do? Isn't it an illuminating exposition of a certain phase of international affairs which we have come here to study?"

"Yes—perhaps—but think of the weak minds which might be influenced!"

"Do weak minds come to an Institute such as this, sponsored by President von KleinSmid, of U.S.C.?"

"I suppose not. We're educated and specialists, but what about the great mass of uninformed, perhaps weak, minds throughout the country?"

"I don't think they'll be influenced, certainly not by the von Buelows and most of the other German agents I've encoun-

tered. If education can't counter this sort of 'propaganda' then it's a weak and footling business we're in."

The two women were not convinced—except, perhaps, of my heterodoxy.

In matters of this sort I have considerable confidence in the acuteness of the "average" individual to separate wheat from chaff. I agree with something I believe F. P. Adams once wrote in his *Conning Tower*: "The trouble with the average man is that he is so much above the average."

A leading American correspondent in Berlin, who has spent more than a decade in the German capital, and written for more than a thousand newspapers abroad, made a significant comment to me in 1934, and repeated it almost word for word in 1937.

"If the Germans only realized it, the 'straight news' correspondents, not those who endeavour to interpret, comment on, and colour the news, are the most effective in showing up the Nazi Régime. Nothing could be more damaging to the Nazis than to quote *exactly* what German officials say, and report *precisely* what happens, without colour or comment."

Waiting for Leni.—A little more than a year ago all the literate and much of the illiterate world that was receiving ballyhoo about the Olympic games learned that Hitler had given the post of Official Olympic Photographer to a pukka Nordic and a woman: Leni Riefenstahl. She began her task in the winter of 1935-1936, at the snow sports at Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Rotogravures showed Leni in ski costume, streaking down the Bavarian slopes. Coloured pictures disclosed her generous molasses tresses. Leni Riefenstahl, escorted everywhere by two Black Shirt guards, was a conspicuous figure at the Berlin Olympics. She worked hard at her job and "shot" some 660,000 feet of film. She is still working hard on the job.

It may have escaped general notice that the official German film of the 1936 Olympics has not yet appeared. Leni and

twenty-five cutters have been working on the vast footage for more than twelve months. I understand that they now have it down to one-quarter of the original length. The "march past" occupies forty-five minutes. This is much too long in proportion. No word of the release date has yet appeared. There will be twenty-six versions of the film: one major German film, and separate versions for twenty-five of the countries that participated. Each country will get a version giving maximum footage to its athletes. This excellent idea is being carried out with typical Teutonic thoroughness. If a Japanese, for example, came third in the preliminary heats for the pole vault, Japan will get full footage of that athlete's exploits. The cutting may have to be rushed a bit, if this film is to get to the more remote parts of the earth before excitement and interest in the 1940 Olympics begin.

Chapter VI

BALTIC-BLACK SEA AXIS

IT IS the duty of statesmen and militarists in these days of euphemistically called peace to look over the map of the world, and especially that of Europe, in an endeavour to ascertain in which spot trouble might occur which logically could lead to a general war. Inevitably their alert and prescient eyes must linger on two central European states, Czechoslovakia and Austria.

So far as their general strategic importance is concerned, these two nations have much in common, but they have one vitally important difference: Czechoslovakia may be described as a going concern; Austria remains a persistent bankrupt. Czechoslovakia is without doubt at the present time "the soundest and most logical economic unit of all the succession states." Austria, as has been said, "cannot live and cannot die."

Austria, perhaps, could be absorbed in a German *anschluss* without upsetting the equilibrium of Europe. Czechoslovakia could not. For one thing the extent to which seven million Austrians might attempt to rise up to prevent absorption is uncertain. There is no such uncertainty in the case of Czechoslovakia's sixteen million.

In London, Paris, and Berlin there is more talk heard of the danger of Czech absorption or invasion by Germany than one hears in *official* circles in Prague. This feeling of insecurity, however, can seldom be absent from those who think seriously of Czechoslovakian destiny. One evening last summer I was dining with a junior foreign office official in the Barandorf open-air restaurant, on the heights overlooking the Danube. After dinner he rather surprised me by saying:

"What a marvellous night for an air raid by a few of Goering's squadrons! A week or so ago there was the *Leipzig* case when Germany seemed to desire to stir up trouble. Now we have news that von Neurath is not going to London on his peaceful mission as had been expected. Also, Goebbels for some reason of his own—or Hitler's—has chosen to stir up things by making an issue out of the alleged ill-treatment of Bruno Weigell, the German spy recently deported. Eight months ago there were apparently well-authenticated reports that the Hitler *putsch* into Czechoslovakia was set for 16th November . . . look at that full moon . . . isn't it an ideal night for an air raid?"

I asked my friend whether his thoughts were not a bit fantastic.

"Perhaps—but you know such thoughts are seldom absent from our minds."

The German press contributes to the pervasive restlessness and nervousness of Czechoslovakian public opinion. This summer the purge in the Red Army made Czechs wonder about the usefulness of their alliance with the U.S.S.R. Before this worry had disappeared, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and other Nazi papers came out with a trenchant appeal to France to relax her tenacious support of Czechoslovakia.

It is not my intention to discuss Czechoslovakia's military strength. I do not know enough about it. I do know that the past year has seen its strength of arms vastly augmented. Neutral observers who are professionally competent to know and to judge assert that the Czech anti-aircraft guns and machine-guns are equal to any in the world. British experts who have acquired the rights to the famous Bren machine-gun will back up the latter part of this contention. Czechoslovakia has an equivalent of the French frontier Maginot Line along a large part of its 1500 miles of territorial contiguity with Germany. Non-Czech experts tell me that it would take the German army probably six weeks to push the Czech army south of its capital.

The danger of aggressive German action against Czecho-

slovakia is real. The Nazis, having thrown off the shackles of the Versailles Treaty affecting internal conditions, naturally may be expected to look for, or be forced to try, external opportunities of adventure. Germany has been increasing her internal propaganda on behalf of the return of her mandated colonies, but practicable problems of expansion inevitably must affect Austria or Czechoslovakia.

Within Czechoslovakia there is a political party, with representation in the Czech parliament, which is virtually controlled from Germany. There are approximately three million Germans in Czechoslovakia and close on two million of these are adherents of or sympathetic with the South German party led by Konrad Henlein.

In his brochure *The German Problem in Czechoslovakia* Josef Chmelar says:

"If we wished to characterize in general the orientation of the Henlein camp in the sphere of foreign affairs we should have to say that it represents complete identity with the political line pursued by present-day Germany, an identity which finds expression in the press of the Henlein camp in the form of *uncritical admiration and enthusiasm*.

"There is no doubt that both, that is, the radical minority policy conducted under the slogan of the totality of the German nation, and the identification with Germany and application of endeavours to produce a German orientation in Czechoslovak foreign policy issue from one root. They are the consequence of the nationalist revolution in Germany, an expression of its ideological and political expansion which seeks to find a way to all the German minorities throughout Europe, which radicalises them and strives to make of them an instrument of its political designs."

In 1936 Henlein visited London and tried to elicit British support. He met with no success. He then went to Berlin expecting to be complimented by Nazi party senior officials for his excellent work during the past two or three years in organ-

izing the South German party. Instead he met with caustic criticism. Important Nazis scored him in incisive terms because he had not been aggressive enough in propagating Nazi ideals. They were not content with his Fabian tactics. So curtly, almost brutally, did they belabour him that Henlein left the conference with his eyes welling with tears and hastened back to Czechoslovakia, cancelling further appointments in Berlin.

Statesmen interested in the continued tranquillity of Europe were worried in November 1936. It was reported from several sources that the more radical Nazis were urging a *putsch* across the Czechoslovakian frontier. Generals Beck and Fritsch opposed this policy. Hitler sided finally with his generals.

The present year has shown a continuation of this uneasiness. Early in the year what has become known as the "Red Aerodrome scare" had quite a run in the German press. The Nazi papers charged that the treaty between Czechoslovakia and the U.S.S.R. had granted the latter permission to build aerodromes in Czech territory—presumably to be used if and when the Red army and air force decided on aggressive action. The Czech leaders issued sweeping denials. They urged German, British and French journalists to visit Czechoslovakia unescorted and to investigate for themselves.

German newspapers attempted to back up their allegations by publishing a photograph and caption from a Moscow paper—the photograph showing the location of aerodromes in Czechoslovakia and the caption reading, "Our aerodromes in the Czechoslovakian Republic." The Goebbels-inspired press neglected to mention that the word "our" did not appear in the Moscow paper.

After this affair died down, apparently having served its purpose, the story of Bruno Weigell had quite a run. This tale provides interesting commentaries on present espionage problems as well as on the practice of propaganda.

Weigell is a Nazi who managed to procure employment, owing to apparent Czech carelessness, in a factory producing

gas masks. When he showed too much interest in the storage of these masks, as well as in the details of anti-aircraft guns, he was placed under surveillance and later arrested. After some months' incarceration he was released and deported. He and two other German spies in Czechoslovakia were exchanged for three Czechs who had got into difficulties with the German Gestapo. This exchange of espionage agents is not unusual international practice these days, and arrangements for the trade were formally made by diplomatic representatives of the two countries.

Three weeks after Weigell and the others had been repatriated the Nazi press suddenly came out with detailed comments of ill-treatment which Weigell was alleged to have experienced at the hands of Czechoslovakian police. Goebbels' organization said that "a mere diplomatic apology" would not be sufficient satisfaction. When this torrent of abuse "broke" in the Nazi press there was no man more surprised than the German minister in Prague. He had thought it a routine case satisfactorily and finally disposed of! "We cannot control that fellow Goebbels!" the minister complained to a friend.

Czechoslovakia replied to Germany's charge that Weigell was ill-treated by suggesting that the whole thing be aired by international commission. From what I learned of the background of the case I can see why Germany preferred to drop the affair rather than submit it to further airing. A sardonic sidelight on the affair is that the Czechs had at that time 334 documented cases where their subjects in Germany alleged ill-treatment by the Gestapo. These cases probably will not be formally presented by the Czechoslovakian minister in Prague to the responsible Nazi officials for a number of reasons, one being that the Czechs believe no good purpose could be served.

There is a Czech proverb "If you play with wolves you must howl like a wolf." Czechoslovakian policy has been to do a good deal of howling, but on the other hand to be discreet in selecting the subjects to howl about.

In October "Henlein trouble" broke out again. On Sunday, 16th October, there was a clash between Henlein's adherents and the Czechoslovakian police in Teplitz-Schoenau. Several deputies of the Henlein party joined their leader in staging an open-air politically provocative demonstration. Open-air demonstrations of this kind are illegal under Czech law. Deputy Frank and several others claimed to have been injured by police truncheons.

Henlein may have staged the affair under orders from Berlin. The celerity with which the Goebbels press attempted to capitalize the affair is significant. They shrieked that "Czechoslovakia should be struck from the list of civilized peoples." Once more European chancellories became nervous and wondered whether the Reich might make this riot—as the *New York Times* suggested—"a pretext for an armed invasion," to "protect" Germans suffering in Czechoslovakia.

Henlein boasted that he had received promise of support from London. From what I learned of his two visits there, this claim is unsupported by the facts. He was turned down cold at almost every place he visited.

The man who has done more than any other to stabilize conditions in Czechoslovakia, and who has consistently smoothed out points of friction with Germany, is President Benes, who surrendered his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1935, and succeeded the late Dr. Masaryk, first president of the Republic, when the latter, at eighty-five, felt the burden of office too heavy for his advanced years. In July 1937 I spent an hour and a half with Benes while he discussed frankly how he plans to maintain Czechoslovakia as a democracy, despite the fact that his country is surrounded by totalitarian states.

Edouard Benes pointed out first of all how the essential democracy of the country is illustrated in members of his own family. The father of the president was a "little peasant." There were eight brothers and sisters. One brother and two sisters are still what are called "little peasants." One brother

who died some years ago was a railroad worker. Two brothers are school teachers. Another brother is a workman in the United States. The eighth—Edouard—is President of the Republic of Czechoslovakia.

The Czech president probably would call himself not only "the peasants' president," but also "a peasant president," despite his earned doctorate. For seventeen years he was his country's foreign minister, yet there are no signs that he tried to indulge in nepotism or that his brothers and sisters tried to tempt him. Dr. Benes does not consider himself a sport (in the botanical sense) but merely a logical development inherent in the democratic process. As a sport (in the athletic sense) his published gallery of photographs would indicate that he leans towards golf.

Czechoslovakia, the president pointed out, is more than a sound economic unit; it is a sound social unit. Hungarian and Austrian overlords disappeared in the 1919 shake-up, and have not been replaced. Apart from Slovakia, where perhaps fifty per cent. of the population still require to develop a *bourgeoisie*, the middle and lower classes—there is no upper—are well balanced and working together in harmony. Almost every worker is a landowner.

There is in Prague an acute awareness of international flux and sensitiveness towards shifts in European equilibrium and world opinion. The official attitude is to keep a stiff upper lip, have all the fences repaired, and seldom to discuss or write about catastrophe. Perhaps the keynote of this outward calm is the imperturbability of Benes himself.

It is customary to refer to Czechoslovakia as "an island of democracy" surrounded by authoritarian states. When the independence of Czechoslovakia seems to be threatened, appeals are made to the consciences of the major democracies to protect and save this sturdy little nation: albeit a synthetic one. The implication is that Czechoslovakia should be protected *for its own sake*, as a tribute perhaps to what Doctors Masaryk and Benes achieved in carving their country out of the rem-

nants of decadent empires and in maintaining its democratic position for nearly two decades.

Benes emphasizes that Czechoslovakian independence must be maintained *for the world's sake*. Czechoslovakian leaders feel that far less weight is given to this point of view than should be the case. The outward calm of such competent moderates as President Benes, Dr. Milan Hodza, Prime Minister, and Dr. Kamil Krofta, Foreign Minister, may be the calm before the impending storm, but it is not the stolid and fatuous calm of ignorance. No Czechoslovak leader with whom I have talked under-estimates the dynamite which may yet lie in the Spanish situation, nor does he deny the possibility of German invasion. There is no feeling that they are safe because they are right. It is not sufficient to-day to have a good cause; one must also have a good military force and good allies.

The security of Czechoslovakia is founded mainly on three international alliances. The first is that with the other members of the Little Entente, Yugoslavia and Rumania. In its minimum sense their agreement was made to prevent any revision of the Hungarian frontiers. In a larger sense the Little Entente envisages economic co-operation with other Danubian countries, with the Baltic states and with Poland. Czechoslovakia also has signed defensive alliances with France and, more recently, with the U.S.S.R.

Czech leaders have been criticized in Germany for making the Soviet pact. Dr. Benes says that he would be equally willing to make a similar alliance with Germany, but Germany will have none of it.

The alliance with France is almost as old as the Little Entente itself. Its main weakness is due to a geographical fact. If Germany attacked Czechoslovakia and made no move in a westward direction, how could France render useful aid? When the pact was originally made it was meant as a part of the French scheme to encircle Germany. If France is not menaced it may be difficult to persuade the French nation to

indulge in any Czechoslovakian adventure. To do so the French army would have gratuitously to cross the Maginot Line and invade German territory.

In the spring of 1937 France decided that the Little Entente ought to be strengthened. This was a perfectly logical idea, but unfortunately international events, as Lord Baldwin has pointed out, do not always follow the straight course of logic.

The French Foreign Office made the suggestion to Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania that they should pledge themselves to defend each other's frontiers against all aggression. The proposal was considered at a meeting of Little Entente premiers. Dr. Hodza of Czechoslovakia urged the acceptance of the French suggestion. This was quite natural, as his country would have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the augmentation of the original pact. Tatarescu, premier of Rumania, did not definitely commit himself, but was not enthusiastic. Stoyadinovitch, Yugoslavia's premier, came out very definitely in opposition. He could see nothing that could be gained for Yugoslavia. In addition, his country has, during the past few months, adopted a more friendly tone towards Germany. Germany's endeavour to increase her economic penetration in south-eastern Europe has met with more success in Yugoslavia than in any other Danubian country. It is even suggested that interesting military conversations have occurred. Baron von Neurath and Colonel-General Goering visited Belgrade in the spring of 1937. It is known that seventeen Yugoslavian generals called on Goering at the German legation in Belgrade within an hour of his arrival.

Dr. Schacht made two trips into the Danubian countries endeavouring to further the interests of the Reich trade. In Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Greece he met with considerable success. In Rumania he did not do so well. The Rumanians have so many millions of blocked marks imprisoned in the Reich that they are not eager to ship in large quantities the grain, oil and pigs which Germany very much needs.

Mussolini also has decided that he should extend his influence in the Danubian countries, especially with the nations included with Italy in the Rome protocol, Austria and Hungary. Some months ago Count Ciano, together with the King and Queen of Italy, made a barn-storming trip to Vienna and Budapest and endeavoured to cement the earlier understanding. Il Duce's Milan speech on 1st November 1936 pleased Hungary immensely, but almost upset the Italian apple-cart so far as Yugoslavia was concerned. The Italian dictator suggested in his radio talk that the question of frontier revision should be reopened. When it was recognized that the Yugoslavs had been more than mildly irritated by this statement, Mussolini sent a group of trade experts to Belgrade and made an economic pact very much to the advantage of Stoyadinovitch's country.

The Rome-Berlin axis, announced in October 1936, seems to be growing somewhat firmer than was expected by many when the initial announcement was made at Berchtesgaden after the conference between Hitler and Count Ciano. It seems probable that Germany and Italy, seeking by various means at their disposal to gain economic domination of these south-eastern European countries, must before long come into such serious competition with each other that friction may readily be engendered. It is really like two rival commercial travellers trying to exploit the same territory.

Can the Little Entente survive?

It is difficult to answer this question. It seems fairly firm so long as it sticks to its minimum: an agreement refusing to recognize Hungarian revisionist aims. Each time it is suggested that the Little Entente may disintegrate, the foreign ministers or premiers of the three countries get together and issue a joint statement.

This year, during the last days of August and first days of September, the three Little Entente premiers met at Sinaia, summer capital of Rumania. Milan Hodza represented Czecho-

slovakia; Dr. Stoyadinovitch, Yugoslavia; and Victor Antonescu, the host country. Their discussions were the most important and most fruitful of any which have taken place during the last ten years of the Little Entente's existence. The three foreign ministers sat round a mahogany table in a suite of the Hotel Palace, each comfortably ensconced in a huge armchair sent specially from Bucharest for the occasion. Three portraits decorated the walls of the temporary council chamber: those of President Benes, King Peter and King Carol. On the table were boxes of cigars, each cigar having cost the Rumanian Government more than a dollar. They were part of a legacy from former Foreign Minister Nicholas Titulescu, who imported them in huge quantities from Cuba, although he himself is a non-smoker. (As the recipient of two of these cigars, provided at a luncheon given by Antonescu, I am in a position to vouch for their quality.) The Rumanian Secret Service, at the request of Stoyadinovitch, scrutinized with eagle eyes every visitor to Sinaia. The life of the Yugoslavian minister of foreign affairs has been constantly threatened by the activities of Croatian terrorists since the murder of King Alexander in Marseilles in 1934.

A year ago Europe was buzzing with rumours that the Little Entente was about to disintegrate. There were signs that there might be considerable truth behind the rumours. Yugoslavia had signed a pact with Italy, and this made Czechoslovakia and Rumania suspicious. Czechoslovakia had entered into a treaty with the U.S.S.R. This offended Rumania, consistently a foe of the Soviet Union. Germany and Italy had agreed to try to break up the Little Entente. Mussolini had agreed to do his part to wean away Yugoslavia from the triumvirate, and Hitler had agreed to separate Rumania from her firmest allies.

At the conclusion of this year's sessions, however, a firmer united front than had been known since the inception of the alliance was the result. Italy has lost some of her desire to coerce Yugoslavia since she has decided to concentrate on Medi-

terranean problems, where her interests meet those of Great Britain. She does not want an unfriendly Yugoslavia on her back. Stoyadinovitch put all his cards on the table and satisfied the other two foreign ministers that friendliness on his part towards Italy did not mean enmity towards his older friends. The Yugoslavian foreign minister indicated that his country's trading arrangements with Germany had not worked out to his satisfaction. They had shipped large quantities of products to Germany, but Dr. Schacht had blocked payments for them, and had refused to remit except in goods which Yugoslavia did not wish to take. German propaganda in Rumania, Antonescu reported, had made little headway. Time has demonstrated that Czechoslovakia's arrangement with the U.S.S.R. is an innocent and constructive one.

After these differences had been cleared away a spectacular move was agreed upon. The foreign ministers of the Little Entente met in secret conference Hungary's Minister to Rumania, Ladislav Bardossy. The result of the quartet's negotiations was announced:

1. The Little Entente agreed to recognize Hungary's right to rearm, which was forbidden her by the Treaty of Trianon.
2. Improved status and conditions for the Hungarian minorities in the Little Entente States will be arranged.

These two concessions hinge, however, on a pledge on Hungary's part that her increased armaments will not be used against her three neighbours and that she will not augment her offensive fortifications.

The proud Hungarians have not yet formally renounced their claims to the lost territories, and are not likely to do so in the near future. Such an agreement would bring down Regent Admiral Horthy's Government. The question of frontier revision probably will be left in abeyance and, if the minority clauses of the Peace Treaty are generously lived up to by the Little Entente nations, Europe's most acute territorial problem should become of secondary importance.

The agitation for Hungarian revision has been the most potent factor hampering the promotion of a Danubian federation. Hungarians have been aggressive although not successful in their revisionist propaganda during the past eighteen or nineteen years. They have been aided in Great Britain by the continual friendliness and often active support of the Rothermere press: the *Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, and *Sunday Dispatch*. They have subsidized many books and almost innumerable pamphlets advocating the revision of present Hungarian boundaries. The Hungarian Legation in London has had at one time as many as four press attachés. Four brilliant and personable Hungarian journalists have their offices in London—for propaganda purposes more than for the filing of despatches to their home papers.

The story of Hungarian propaganda is a long, intricate and colourful one. Nothing appears yet to have been accomplished, but these propagandists do not easily give up hope. One ingenious idea which they put over at the time of the Coronation was the insertion of a Hungarian scene right in the middle of an "all British" review. There was gossip that C. B. Cochran, well-known revue producer, had been persuaded by the Hungarians that they be allowed to underwrite a part of the production costs. Gitta Alpar, Jewish actress so popular in Germany before the Nazis came to power, was featured in this Hungarian scene.

They must have felt the shadow of Nicholas Titulescu in the Sinaia conference-room. Perhaps the conferees saw his Mongolian features in the smoke clouds as they blew rings from his cigars. For seventeen years in succession he had been the leading spirit, and often he had been delegated to act as the unofficial ambassador at Geneva and other world capitals of the Little Entente, when the three nations had problems in common.

Titulescu was such a power for so-long that it is still a puzzle to many why so brilliant a statesman was suddenly cast down from the height of his glory into almost complete oblivion.

There were rumours at the time that he had been poisoned while on one of his frequent holidays on the French Riviera. The simple fact is that Titulescu took six pills of a certain medicine which his doctor had prescribed instead of three. He always was impatient of people slower-witted or slower-acting than himself, and he carried this out, at least this once, with his medicine. If three pills would cure him in six weeks, why would not six pills cure him in three weeks? He had a nasty time of it, but finally was strong enough to go to St. Moritz, Switzerland, where he completed his recovery.

The facts leading up to Titulescu's fall may be itemized as follows:

1. Titulescu was an extravagant and expensive cabinet minister. He travelled with a suite of secretaries, crossed Europe in his own private railway carriage—paid for by the Rumanian Government—and carried with him one or two automobiles which he seldom used. He occupied entire floors in the luxury hotels of various European capitals.

2. He spent little time in Rumania and discharged his duties from Cap Martin in France, St. Moritz, or the Venice Lido. He carried round with him important state documents which thus were not available to the prime minister or the members of the cabinet at home.

3. He has almost unbearable mannerisms. His voice is high pitched and disagreeable. He refused to call on anyone—except occasionally King Ferdinand or King Carol—and forced others, even the various prime ministers of Rumania, to come to him. When angry he would shout and swear, and when things appeared to be going badly he would lock himself in his room and refuse to come out until his wishes had been granted.

Titulescu evidently has some glandular insufficiency. He is always cold and most of the time keeps his hat on and wears a heavy coat lined with fur, even inside his rooms. He is one of the few surviving diplomatic snuff-takers. He seldom goes to bed before five or six in the morning and consequently used

to run his staff ragged. Secretaries travelling with him, or trying to work with him in Bucharest, were kept up all night and then summoned again for duty shortly after noon.

In a way these may be considered trifles, because many Rumanians loved Titulescu and were proud of him. They thought his contacts abroad were so important that one could overlook his extraordinary mannerisms and extravagant way of living. However, as is so often the case, these trifles contributed to his downfall when added to an extra reason—political, and probably the most important.

4. Titulescu conceived for Rumania a foreign policy based on alliance with France and with Soviet Russia. Traditionally Rumania has been an ally and friend of France, but never could trust Czarist Russia, still less the U.S.S.R. When Titulescu tried to force the hand of King Carol, and coerce the cabinet, to sign alliances with Communist Russia, he unwittingly brought about his own downfall. He tried his customary methods of bullying, shouted threats of resignation. His resignation was not accepted at one critical time in the early summer of 1936 because it would have dragged down the entire cabinet.

The Prime Minister, Tatarescu, as soon as Titulescu left Bucharest for Cap Martin, decided that it would not be wise to leave the initiative any longer to his turbulent and expensive Foreign Minister. The whole cabinet resigned and, by prearrangement, Tatarescu was asked by Carol to form a new government. The next step was to reconstitute the cabinet with only one change. Titulescu was missing.

Rumania thus lost the principal services of a brilliant son, a great international lawyer, a clever statesman and, as far as his subject-matter went, an excellent orator—but with all these qualities he lacked just that ultimate sense which should have told him that in urging his country to play the game of the U.S.S.R. he was battling too strongly a natural force.

One experience in which Titulescu was involved has not, I

think, ever appeared in print. Early in the 1920's he visited Washington, D.C., to arrange for a settlement of the Rumanian War Debt. Titulescu and the late Andrew Mellon, with whom he had to deal mainly, were distinctly contrasting types. During the discussion Titulescu would shout and rant, emphasizing his points by pounding the table and pouring forth a torrent of words in his high-pitched voice, while Mellon would sit back with clasped hands and scarcely ever speak above a whisper.

A Rumanian diplomat who was present at this discussion told me that before it concluded Mellon was so upset and worn out that he really believes the American multi-millionaire Secretary to the Treasury would have preferred to pay the whole debt out of his own pocket—if he could only get rid of Titulescu! As the late Andrew Mellon once wrote off a £2,400,000 plant, possibly a mere matter of a £13,400,000 Rumanian debt would not have disturbed him unduly.

Titulescu visited London in May and June of this year. The newspapers were "tipped off" not to give him the usual publicity which his visits had previously stirred up. He accepted several invitations to speak before learned bodies and universities. He cancelled an engagement, however, to address the Cambridge Union owing to the fact that he discovered—strangely enough through the reading of a gossip paragraph in a daily paper—that Haile Selassie was to be a fellow-guest. Scotland Yard guarded the strident ex-foreign minister with exceptional care. Titulescu occupied his usual suite at Claridge's, but did not conduct his affairs on the pretentious scale to which he had been accustomed for seventeen years. Plain-clothes men questioned each of his visitors before they were allowed to go up to his suite. Another plain-clothes man patrolled up and down outside the door of Titulescu's room.

In early June he returned quietly to Rumania—where he will serve his country as a permanent senator: but probably never cease pulling wires in an endeavour to achieve a come-back.

The Hungarian desire for territorial revision is but one of

the two major problems with which the Little Entente has had to deal. The second concerns Austria and is of immediate interest to Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. These two nations have been unable to make up their minds whether a Hapsburg restoration would help to minimize the chances of a German *putsch*. On the whole, they have been opposed to Otto's return.

The chances for the return of Archduke Otto to the Hapsburg throne in Austria appear to be getting somewhat slimmer. The twenty-five-year-old representative of the Hapsburg dynasty figuratively flipped a coin this summer and decided against an early return to his native country. Prospects for an autumn *putsch* diminished, as 1937 seemed no time for action for excellent internal and external reasons. Austria has enough trouble now without adding thereto a Hapsburg complication.

Otto and his mother, ex-Empress Zita, have several problems to consider which are distinctly more domestic than national, but none the less perplexing. The Archduke and the ex-Empress, if they returned to Austria, would have their pick of any one or more of ten castles containing more than fifteen hundred rooms—but it is debatable whether this accommodation would be adequate to satisfy the demands of the hordes of big and little Hapsburgs and their retainers who would swarm back as soon as the milk and honey showed signs of flowing. Otto himself is but the eldest of eight children. Already more than sixty claimants to the "share the wealth" opportunity have put in requests. Property restored to Otto in 1935 has an estimated capital value of somewhat more than £100,000,000. The worrying problem facing Otto just now must be how to cut the cake.

When Otto's seven brothers and sisters grow up, will there be enough castles left to go round?

Zita's fight, against twin odds of politics and poverty, to educate Otto as befits a future emperor and to canvass national leaders for support, has been frequently told. The ex-Empress, however, is probably more highly regarded for her sterling

qualities in several European capitals than in Vienna. There, even yet, died-in-the-wool legitimists refer to her on occasions as "that pushing little Bourbon princess." They remind one that Zita is not of Austrian blood and that when she married Karl she was nothing but a minor princess. At the time of the marriage, shortly before the War, a Viennese paper called her "a peasant princess."

Many legitimists in Vienna undoubtedly would welcome Otto more ardently than they would greet his mother. But three things are fairly certain: Otto will not move without Zita; he will not return as a private citizen; and he will not lend himself willingly to a return involving the use of force.

Germany sees in the restoration of the Hapsburgs to Austria a barrier to the Austro-German *anschluss*. An endeavour has been made to soothe the Little Entente in the legitimists' new plan for the restoration of Otto by suggesting his return as "Archduke of a Duchy of Austria."

Premier Schuschnigg favours a Hapsburg restoration. His tactics consist of doing what is possible in this direction without arousing the antipathy of Berlin, Prague, or Belgrade.

The Austrian Government this summer gave facilities for the celebrations of the birthday of former Emperor Karl, who if living would have been fifty in August. Official radio stations were permitted to send out commemorative broadcasts. Dozens of Austrian demonstrators in Vienna, after a memorial mass for Emperor Karl, cried out, "We want Kaiser Otto" and "Justice for the Hapsburgs." The celebrants were not interfered with by the police. Schuschnigg has had more trouble with the Austrian Nazis than with the royalists. He has declared the Nazi party in his country illegal, but has not actually banned it. Austrian Nazis, who represent perhaps thirty per cent. of the population, are divided roughly into three groups: loyal Austrians, German Nazis, and terrorists.

Those who should know believe Schuschnigg has been doing a marvellous "balancing act."

Chapter VII

RUMANIAN ROYALTIES

IT is very difficult to keep a luncheon engagement with Queen Marie at one o'clock and then to be in time for a meeting with her son, Carol, at four the same day. The King's castle at Sinaia is forty miles away from his mother's castle at Bran, and the route between runs over a tortuous Carpathian mountain road. However, thanks to the wild driving of my friend Dimitri Dimancescu, most brilliant of younger Rumanian diplomatists, I just barely managed to do it.

Carol rules over the most populous and most important of the Danubian countries. Oil in tremendous and overflowing quantities is the backbone of Rumanian wealth and is the prize which half a dozen European countries are seeking to possess, or control, in the event of another World War. In 1917 millions of dollars' worth of oil wells were dismantled or destroyed by the Allies, in order that they might not fall into the possession of Mackensen's advancing army. If there is to be a next time Britain and France are determined that they will reach the oil fields in time to utilize them.

When I was shown into Carol's sumptuous study I soon discovered that he is not the dissolute waster and nonentity that many of the world headlines during the past twenty years have called him. He talks in straightforward fashion and discusses Rumanian and world affairs frankly. For seven years he has been a business-man king, working from ten to fourteen hours a day at his job. He told me how he had founded the Boy Scout movement in his country; how he had appreciably decreased Rumanian illiteracy; and about his struggles with vari-

ous forms of political corruption which are a heritage of the period three-quarters of a century back when Rumania was a Turkish vassal state.

I was encouraged to ask him a personal and probably impertinent question:

"Why did you, sir, leave Rumania in 1925?"

Carol gazed at me intently for a moment, and then replied:

"I renounced the throne twelve years ago and went into voluntary exile for political and domestic reasons. Doubtless you know the political ones. As for the domestic reasons, well, as a gentleman you can scarcely expect me to discuss those."

The political reasons I had learned were connected with a public statement which he had made shortly before his exile, in which he criticized very frankly the leading Rumanian political parties, and intimated what he would do when he became King. A furore of criticism from the politicians followed. Carol was disappointed that Ferdinand and Marie did not back him up.

The domestic reasons, contrary to the overwhelming impression abroad, were not primarily connected with his infatuation with Lupescu, but with his relationship with ex-Queen Helene. When he went to Neuilly Lupescu did not leave Rumania with Carol. She followed him later. She did not return to Rumania on 8th June 1930, when he made his dramatic flight by plane from Paris to Bucharest. She followed, although perhaps not without encouragement. Personally, she has been Carol's most faithful friend of his mature years. Politically, she has been, and now is, his greatest liability. Helene and Carol were divorced because of physical incompatibilities. Carol would like to have patched up a peace, and to have had Helene remain as official Queen of Rumania, living in a separate palace except on occasion of official functions. But this solution could not be arranged.

I asked His Majesty whether he planned to rule or to govern.

"What kind of a king do you intend to be, Your Majesty? Are you going to be a constitutional monarch?"

He replied:

"The difficulty confronting a constitutional monarch who intends to govern is that he must work with political parties. I am trying to do that, but I have my own plans and policies. As for the party plans, I shall encourage those I believe are good and discourage those I believe to be bad."

Carol left the direction of Rumanian foreign policy, until a year ago, pretty much in the hands of Nicholas Titulescu, who acted also as an unofficial foreign ambassador for the Little Entente. For the reasons outlined in the previous chapter Titulescu came a cropper. Victor Antonescu has the title of Minister of Foreign Affairs, but Carol is really handling the job himself.

Rumanian officials have been disturbed for the past decade by the unfavourable press their country has invariably received abroad. The liaison between Carol and Lupescu—now of thirteen years' duration—has been a standard story; almost nothing else comes to the mind of the average American reader when Rumania is mentioned. Rumanians do not realize that Danubian countries are not news, in the normal course of events; they only become news in the case of catastrophe, something freakish or picturesque, or a major government change or new alliance.

Far be it from me to pose as an apologist for Carol, for Rumania, or for the kind of news that is circulated about the king or his country. But I do hold that Rumania has got less than its deserts. Rumania itself is really to blame. I question whether anywhere else one can find people with as great a lack of publicity sense. Rumanians will protest about the stories in the world's press, but they neglect to do anything, or at least very much, about them.

The Hungarians put it all over the other nations in south-eastern Europe. A part of their campaign for revision is, of course, to wreck the Rumanian government, if possible. The vast proportion of news stories about Carol, true or false, have originated in Budapest. A propaganda mill there has been the chief factor in creating what might be called the "Carol myth."

King Carol II made a daring decision last July. He had been planning a visit to his sister Marie, widowed Queen-Mother of Yugoslavia. Suddenly he told his ministers that he was going to make a flying trip to Paris and London—and going incognito. They were aghast. "The newspapers will make a Roman holiday of your trip and incognito," he was warned. But Carol took a three weeks' trip—and received the best press he has had during his stormy career.

Carol wanted to visit London to do some window shopping, wander round some art galleries and museums, and attend some theatres. Probably in no other country than Great Britain would this have been possible, without ballyhoo and molestation. Britishers have those qualities that when you go about your own way, be you king or beggar, they let you alone.

After a visit to Paris, where he was officially entertained and had to drop his incognito, Carol crossed over to London. As King Carol II of Rumania he travelled from Paris to Calais in his private royal railway carriage. At Calais he bade adieu to most of his retinue, and crossed the Channel as Count Vrancea, accompanied only by three Rumanian officials and personal friends: Ernest Urdariano, marshal of his court; Major Ely Radu, equerry; and Dimitri Dimancescu, counsellor of the Rumanian Legation in London, who acted as his secretary.

When the quartet arrived in London in an ordinary Pullman car, Carol suddenly decided that instead of going to the smart Ritz Hotel they would put up at the Dorchester, because "he preferred better and modern plumbing."

Without posing as a mind reader, it is possible for me to say that one reason Carol had in this flying visit to London was to ascertain whether he would be received in a friendly fashion by the royal family. His previous visit to London (as will be shown a few pages later) was far from a success. It must then have been with considerable delight that Carol received an invitation from Queen Mary to pay her an informal visit at Marlborough House. This visit meant a great deal to the great-grandson of Queen Victoria. It has been known that Queen Mary disliked Carol for having parted with Princess Helene, for whom she had a weak spot. It is probable also that Queen Mary has not approved—to put it mildly—of the Lupescu liaison.

Carol called on Queen Mary at Marlborough House at six o'clock in the evening of the third day of his sojourn in London, and remained there for an hour and a quarter. No one seems to have expected such a long call. When his car dashed past the gates of the Queen's residence sentries and a small knot of the curious public observed that Carol was beaming with smiles.

There were at least three things that Carol wanted to do while in London in order to be assured of his rehabilitation in British eyes. After Queen Mary's invitation, two remained, Buckingham Palace and Downing Street.

King George VI sent an equerry to the Dorchester Hotel with a luncheon invitation for Carol. He passed through the front gate of the palace at 1.10 p.m. and departed through the park gate of the palace at 3.30. He appears to have been received cordially and informally by the King and Queen Elizabeth. Apparently he expected the luncheon to be a shorter affair, and perhaps more perfunctory than it was, because an important engagement which he had made at the Dorchester for 2.30 had to be cancelled.

The score, then, was two up and one to go. Downing Street remained. Carol must have been pleased at the attention

Downing Street accorded him. He had three visitors: the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Permanent Head of the Foreign Office. Neville Chamberlain in morning coat and top hat called on the Count of Vrancea and remained closeted with him about an hour. The next day, also in morning coat and top hat—although his was grey—Anthony Eden paid a courtesy visit, remaining somewhat more than an hour. The following day Sir Robert Vansittart, Permanent Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, dropped into the Dorchester almost unannounced. Instead of the formal morning coat he wore a lounge suit—unusual for the formal Vansittart—and remained with Rumania's king for two hours.

The newspapers published only a perfunctory two or three lines about each of these visits. The consensus in Whitehall seemed to be that Carol had made an excellent impression on these three statesmen, one of whom told a friend that he found the king "brilliant, well-informed and disarming."

Many Britishers who came into contact with Carol during this visit discovered, as one may find very often, that there is a vast difference between the impression one gains from headlines and those which are acquired by personal contact.

Carol and his three musketeers went to see five shows while in London: *Balalaika*, a melodramatic musical comedy; the Russian Ballet of Monte Carlo; *French Without Tears*, a rollicking English farce, with many topical hits at British foibles; *Paganini*, with Richard Tauber and Evelyn Laye; and finally, *Victoria Regina*. At this last Anthony Eden and his wife happened to be in the audience the same evening. Between acts they both dropped in for a chat with the king. At *Balalaika* a photographic reporter from a box across from that of Carol's took a picture with a camera which had an enormous lens. A Scotland Yard man thought it was an infernal machine and before the photographer had time to explain caused a mild sensation by having him thrown out.

Paganini was playing then at Golders Green. Carol accompanied only by Dimancescu dropped in at this outlying theatre for a Saturday matinee, when the man in the street can buy a ticket for half a crown. Rather to his surprise Carol was greeted with a round of applause as soon as he was recognized. Old women and children, as well as several good-looking young girls, stopped Carol at the theatre door on his way out and asked for autographs. He did not receive the mobbing, however, that Robert Taylor would have had. Good-naturedly he autographed quite a number of books and even gave one girl a snapshot of himself which Dimancescu happened to be carrying.

Carol had seven days of incognito life in London. It was not exactly incognito, however, except in the technical sense of the word, because whenever he went in the streets he was recognized. However, he avoided official functions. The London newspapers wrote chatty accounts of his theatre going, shopping, and supper visits. His favourite window shopping district included Regent Street, Piccadilly, Jermyn Street and St. James'. In one antique jeweller's shop he must have spent quite a lot of money buying antique jewellery by the famous French-Russian craftsman Faberge. They were mostly cigarette cases, old Chinese jade, silver boxes and candelabra. He purchased twenty-four nicely-chased silver cups which he plans to use as prizes for sports in Rumania. He also picked up some antique furniture, including various odd pieces for his new palace.

For his son, Michael, he bought a grand piano and an immense quantity of fudge and marshmallow, which he insisted should be American made.

A Bond Street tailor made four uniforms for Carol. Passing a shop in Hanover Street he took a fancy to a design he saw in a window and got this tailor to make a fifth uniform. In another shop he discovered a fitter of the late King George V and there he ordered a dinner suit—and a formal evening dress

suit, a midnight blue colour. Urdariano followed his king's selections carefully, and perhaps this is the reason that the king and the marshal are considered the two best-dressed men in Rumania.

The someliers, the men who take orders for wine in European restaurants, kept careful note of the royal preference in drinks. An enthusiastic young journalist gathered for me all details of this aspect of Carol's visit. Carol's meals and drinks were bought at the Dorchester, the Berkeley, Quaglino's and Scott's—that Piccadilly restaurant where sea food is such a speciality. The first day in London the Count of Vrancea and his friends selected South African white and red wine, half a bottle of each for the four. The bottles were not quite emptied. On succeeding days, invariably, a bottle of red wine was shared for lunch and one of white wine for dinner. At the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells charity affair at the Berkeley, Carol ordered champagne and paid for it, but the bottle was not even opened. No drinks were served in his private rooms. On the train from London to Dover and at a lunch at the Ford Factory, he ordered an American brand of ginger ale of which he is very fond.

Carol's previous visit to London had not been a conspicuous success owing to one of the most picturesque, annoying, and outlandish "fake" news stories ever published. The question of his drinking played an important part in the affair. Newspapers in near and remote parts of the world published the statement that King Carol of Rumania was suffering from a "hangover" the morning of the funeral of King George V—28th January 1936—and brought his masseur to the funeral procession in order to give him emergency treatment!

The story first appeared in the London Communist paper *The Daily Worker*. This and other Communist newspapers overlook no chance to attack capitalism, royalty and the various other features of to-day's civilization which are anathema to them. Without compunction a Communist

writer faked the story about Carol. He reported that the king had felt so "seedy" that he had called in a masseur from a Turkish bath to get His Majesty into shape to march in the long and tiring procession. When the time came to march Carol was reported still wobbly and dragged the attendant along in his car.

The sponsor of the news-story in *The Daily Worker* was Claude Cockburn, well-known London left-wing journalist, injured in August in the Spanish civil war fighting. Three other journalists were the more or less innocent instigators of the fake. It happened in this way:

Mr. Bone, of the *Manchester Guardian*, was intrigued by an oddly-dressed man whom he observed marching towards the tail-end of the funeral procession. In his London paragraphs next morning he described this man in detail: wearing a dark civilian coat, white trousers, hard felt hat—and with his shirt tail outside his trousers, instead of inside. He inquired about the man, and although he was unable to establish his identity, he learned that the bowler hat did not go with the costume, but had been borrowed because of the rain.

Next day several of the Fleet Street wits gathered at the *Temple Bar* chophouse, at the west end of Fleet Street on the Thames side. The subject of the strangely garbed man came up, and one member of the group read aloud Bone's description. A well-known author who was present offered to elucidate the mystery. He said he knew the man, and that he was employed at the Ritz as a masseur. As he elaborated his story others at the luncheon table laughed and thought it a great joke.

One of Claude Cockburn's associates on *The Daily Worker* overheard the conversation, apparently unaware of its imaginary character. He dashed away from the *Temple Bar*, repeated the tale to Cockburn, and so the story grew. Some one supplied the man with the name "Stoebs."

In its issues of 29th January and 30th January *The Daily*

Worker featured the alleged masseur. On the latter date, on the front page, the news-story, in part, ran as follows:

"It appears that King Carol of Rumania, who does not often get among the lights of London, and is not a one to let the lights go by without a good look, woke up on the morning of the Funeral feeling not too well. . . .

"Resourceful attachés, thinking and working fast, succeeded in securing the services of an able and energetic masseur, a gentleman, we understand, of Rumanian origin. The masseur worked hard on the King, and approximately at the last minute it was found possible to get the King dressed and into a car. Thinking that a last-minute workout might do good, the masseur accompanied the King in the car. . . .

"The masseur, bewildered by the marching troops and the columns of soldiers and police on every side, lost his head, and thinking escape impossible, lined up with the lesser diplomats . . . in ordinary civilian clothes hastily put on over his masseur's dress, and an ordinary felt hat on his head. . . ."

This was too good a story for the American papers to miss. The *International News Service* London office first got wind of the yarn and cabled it to the United States, crediting it, however, to the Communist daily. The *Associated Press* followed two or three days later, on 1st February, also crediting the story to the Communist *Daily Worker*, and said that the London popular morning papers had identified the mysterious figure in the procession variously as "an unknown diplomat, a Rumanian soldier, and a masseur." The *Associated Press* radioed to the United States a photograph ostensibly showing Carol and his "masseur" together in the procession. In British news-reel theatres a few hours later millions of newspaper readers who had chortled over the bizarre yarn, gaped at the apparent visual evidence in the funeral pictures, and King Carol came in for general booing.

The American public swallowed the story, hook, line, and sinker. From the Atlantic to the Pacific millions must have been amused by the affair. *Time* magazine picked up the I.N.S. despatch, embellished it ingeniously, and put it on the radio in *March of Time*. Time marches on! And so, presumably, although not too steadily, marched Carol and a Mr. "Stoebs." In *March of Time* conversation which was supposed to have taken place between the king and masseur was supplied. *March of Time* was informed, before the drama went on the air, that the whole yarn was faked in London, but thought it too good a story to miss, or perhaps the information reached the radio studio too late to stop the broadcast. What a story, to confirm America's democratic belief in its conception of royalty!

In the photographs and in the news-reel Carol and "Stoebs" apparently were marching within a few feet of each other separated by an officer in Captain's uniform. The facts are that Carol was marching in a forward part of the procession nearly half a mile away from "Stoebs."

The alleged masseur was (and is) in reality Rumania's number one war hero, Constantin Cotolan. He might be called the Sergeant Yorke of Rumania. He was sent to London with the Rumanian army delegation to represent the peasant-soldiers of his country. He holds the award "Order of Michael the Brave," equivalent to the Congressional Medal or the Victoria Cross.

The photographs published, both real and doctored, showed the shirt outside the trousers, projecting a few inches below the coat. This shirt-tail was said by newspapers to be a "masseur's apron." They were misled. Except for the hat it is the Sunday formal costume of peasants in the Rumanian district of Muscel, Transylvania, from which Cotolan comes. He is a country school teacher, speaks and reads no English, and when I visited Muscel this summer I learned how perplexed and distressed he was when he got back to Rumania

and was informed what capital had been made out of his English hard hat and Rumanian shirt-tail!

Cotolan lives in the prosperous mountain village of Drago-slavele, teaches in his own village school, and is regional supervisor for a number of neighbouring grammar schools. At the time I got his story, through an interpreter, he was directing the building of his new house, a two-storey structure which gave promise of being one of the most pretentious in the village.

The first intimation Cotolan had of his "masseur" rôle was when he received a cable from an American lecture bureau, offering him several thousand dollars to tour the United States. He was told that he would be expected to appear on the platform with masseur's apron prominently displayed; and that he would naturally be able to tell many yarns about helping Carol sober up after a wild night!

A few days later he received a letter from a New York lawyer who asked for his power of attorney and promised to make him rich by suing American papers for libel. He declined to make capital out of the hoax. As he has a keen sense of humour he would have hugely enjoyed the whole affair, if it had not been for the light in which it placed King Carol.

By the gate, as his visitor turned to leave, Cotolan called out a parting comment. Through my interpreter I learned that he was saying:

"Such an idea to make me rich through a libel suit! I do not want to be rich. I am satisfied with what I have. If you see that lawyer in New York tell him I am just building a fine house, with money that I have honestly earned!"

It must be admitted that regular press photographs of the procession readily lead to mild wonder about the "queerly-dressed" man. All the others round him are wearing military uniforms. The London *Morning Post* published a picture of the Rumanian group captioned "diplomats in yesterday's funeral procession," and also gave the order of the procession.

RUMANIAN ROYALTIES

Order of the Royal Funeral Procession

Gun carriage, with remains of
His late Majesty, George V

Royal Standard
borne by a Warrant Officer

His Majesty the
King

His Royal Highness
The Duke of Kent,
K.G.

His Royal Highness
The Duke of York,
K.G.

His Royal Highness
The Duke of Glou-
cester, K.G.

Field-officer-in-
brigade-waiting

Silver-stick-in-
waiting

The Earl of
Athlone, K.G.

H.R.H. The
Crown Prince
of Norway

His Majesty
the King of
Norway

The Earl of
Harewood,
K.G.

The President of the
French Republic

His Majesty the
King of Denmark
and Iceland

His Majesty the
King of Rumania

Then came 334 other British and foreign dignitaries and their
suites, ahead of the Rumanian delegation, which is listed as in-
cluding:

Monsieur E. Urdareanu.

Colonel F. Zwiedeneck.

Captain Fundatzianu.

Major M. Mihailescu.

Colonel Palangeanu.

Lt.-Colonel Tzenescu (in same uniform as Carol).

Monsieur Golovan (Constantin Cotolan, alias "Stoebs").

Major-General S. S. Butler.

"Golovan" is a misreading of the Rumanian name
"Cotolan." Second from Cotolan marched Colonel Tzenescu
—wearing a helmet and uniform almost identical with those

worn by Carol. Caption writers, in most cases innocently, called the figure of Tzenescu "King Carol."

Rumanian officials, especially in the United States, where the "story" got the biggest "play," were furious, and their efforts to right things illustrate how corrections never completely, often not even faintly, catch up with the original version. The Rumanian Minister in Washington, choleric with rage, called at the State Department to protest. He was given the customary answer: "The liberty of the American press cannot be infringed upon. We haven't the slightest control over the newspapers."

It was suggested that the Minister arrange for a denial and correction to be cabled from London. This was attempted, but all London cabled was, in effect, "Why bother to deny such a preposterous lie?"

Probably the most furious Rumanian in the United States, at this time, was the Rumanian Consul-General in San Francisco, Dimitri Dimancescu. He had both a national and personal interest in the fake. He had been engaged intimately with Carol some twenty years ago in Boy Scout activities. He and Carol started Baden-Powell's movement in Rumania. In addition, it happened that Dimancescu has a summer home in the Muscel district, knew Cotolan, and recognized immediately why he had been sent to London and that his costume was the dress of the district.

Dimancescu, who is now counsellor in the Rumanian Legation in London, managed to get corrections published in several Californian papers, including the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the Hearst papers. The latter group put a correction on the air one Sunday evening. Mrs. Dimancescu sent a letter of protest to *Time*, enclosing an amusing letter which she had received from Cotolan. *Time* regretted the original error and apologized.

Two other members of the Rumanian royal family have attracted headline interest: Carol's mother, the Dowager Queen

Marie, and his son Michael. One represents the Rumania that has passed into history; the other is looked upon as his country's hope for the future.

Since the death of her husband, Ferdinand, ten years ago, Queen Marie has occupied a charming little castle at Bran, about a hundred miles from Bucharest. It was built on the side of a Carpathian mountain about six hundred years ago by the Teutonic knights. Her influence in affairs of state has waned, almost vanished, since Carol returned to Rumania in his spectacular aeroplane flight from Paris to Bucharest on 8th June 1930. It has been very difficult for Marie to become accustomed to being a "has been."

I wanted to have a talk with Marie when I was in Rumania two years ago and a friend suggested that I wrote a note asking for an audience. "Make the note an informal one," I was advised. In my letter I mentioned that I had the honour of knowing quite well two of the queen's friends, one of whom unfortunately was in jail at the moment, Bert Hall, only surviving member of the original Lafayette escadrille. Hall got into financial trouble with the Chinese Government in 1933, and was sentenced to the federal prison at McNeil Island by a judge of an extra-territorial court. During the World War he had served in Rumania.

The note must have been sufficiently informal, as in a few days I found my way to Bran for luncheon. To reach the main living-rooms of the castle one climbs four or five tortuous flights of century-worn steps, and then there is discovered a comfortable living-room, with balcony opening off it. On this balcony luncheon was served for eight. Facing me was a magnificent view sweeping over the Carpathian ranges.

The queen's arrival in the living-room was announced by the dashing in of her coal-black puppy, "Smoot." The majordomo whispered: "That means the queen is just a few yards away." Marie swept in a few minutes later, dressed in an adaptation of a Rumanian peasant costume, and achieved the

difficult combination of being at the same time regal and informal. She radiated charm and magnetism and overflowed with quiet energy. After inquiring the particulars of Hall's sentence, and asking after the other mutual friend, James A. Mills, ace correspondent of the *Associated Press*, the queen surprised me by her frankness.

She said the reports about a quarrel between the king and herself were not correct. She went on:

"You know—Carol has been such a difficult boy in many ways. Sometimes he takes bad advice. Even when they think he's wrong his ministers won't oppose him and tell him the truth. At least one or two are sure to equivocate and thus hope to be selected as members of the next Government.

"I've learned so much in the last forty years. Carol and I talk things over occasionally, but he has never taken readily to parental advice. But I suppose that must be the way with all children. They insist on learning for themselves."

Many traditions have grown up around Queen Marie. She likes to quote a saying of Pilsudski's, "There is a time when we fight to create a legend; then a time when we must fight to dissipate it." But she enjoys all the anecdotes about herself that come to her ears, whether they are true or untrue. (I should perhaps make an exception: she keenly regrets the calumnies circulated during her American tour, especially as they related to Loie Fuller.)

"I heard a delightful story this week," the Queen began. "I stay occasionally overnight in a nuns' primitive hostelry in the mountains. They have rather rudimentary accommodation and I must admit there are little—companions—in the beds. Now this week one nun told me that a traveller had asked to sleep in the same bed in which I had slept. He told the nun, as he went to his cot, 'I shall probably never be fortunate enough to meet Her Majesty, but perhaps I can be bitten by the same flea which has bitten the Queen!' Isn't it amusing?"

Another story—of several she told—was about a German girl

who answered an advertisement placed in a paper by a man who wanted to get married, and asked interested girls to send in their photographs with their applications. One girl, rather homely, sent in a photo of Queen Marie, and when the man met her he sued her on account of the subterfuge.

As the luncheon concluded, Marie apologized for having such a cold, one which had hung on for a fortnight. "You know, I can't throw off a cold like I could when I was a girl of twenty-five!"

I next saw Her Majesty in July 1937. The flame of life had flickered low during the preceding weeks, but once again I got the impression of an indomitable character. I was received in a small study of the castle-palace of Pelisor in Sinaia, the Rumanian summer capital. Queen Marie looked so well that I took occasion to comment on what seemed to be a speedy convalescence. Only in the past few days had she been feeling like herself. That morning she had walked, unaided, in the garden for half an hour. I asked Her Majesty whether she had read any of the sensational stories circulating about the cause of her illness. One had it that her second son, Nicholas, had pulled out a revolver and shot her.

"No, I have read nothing about it," answered Her Majesty, "but I have heard them all, I think, because someone always comes and tells me. My illness started with a hæmorrhage, and now has narrowed down to two controllable ailments, phlebitis and anæmia. Thank God it isn't cancer!"

The queen talked about the Duke of Windsor and the ex-Mrs. Simpson for some minutes, and wondered what two such active persons could find worth while to do. She was sure that the life of wandering exiles would not last long. And what a task Mrs. Simpson would have to keep Edward convinced that she was worth the sacrifice of an Empire!

Evidently very close to Marie's heart and thoughts is her son, Carol. She talked about him in proud tones, and asked if I did not think the king "had been doing a

good job recently?" Before I could think of a reply, she went on:

"I do. He has many kingly qualities and he works very hard. He telephoned me last week, just before leaving for Paris. He said he had decided to go to France and England incognito. I gave my son just one bit of advice over the telephone. I said: 'Don't issue any statements. The issuing of statements is what gets so many statesmen into hot water.'"

Specialists swarmed round Marie during the early days of her illness. One, Dr. Eppinger, noted Viennese authority on diseases of the kidney, especially attracted the Queen's attention, because he had, shortly before coming to Sinaia, visited Moscow on a mysterious mission.

Marie remarked to Dr. Eppinger that she understood he had been in Moscow and had seen Stalin. He gave an equivocal reply. She wondered if he considered the question an unfair one to put to a doctor about a patient. But it was not that. Later he talked about his Moscow trip, and said:

"How can I be certain that I saw Stalin? I saw, and diagnosed for liver trouble, sixteen Russians. All were dressed plainly, virtually alike. All were approximately Stalin's age, and not far from his build. There was no attempt at facial make-up, and I *think* I know which one was Stalin. But, to put it mildly, it was an extraordinary experience. Somewhere in that group was Stalin. As one of the men took off his tunic, preparing for examination, it dropped to the floor with a clatter. In the tunic pockets I believe there were two revolvers. I wasn't permitted to ask any irrelevant questions. I turned in diagnoses for all, and flew back to Vienna without an explanation."

"A queer Slav or Oriental idea, wasn't it?" Queen Marie commented.

Madam Procopiu, lady-in-waiting, came in then, so I made my adieus.

As I strolled down the hill-side from Castle Pelisor into Sinaia I could not help thinking about the tragedies of Marie's

life. And what a stiff upper lip she has maintained, through blow after blow!

Carol, her first born, she knew was destined some day to be King of Rumania. As he grew into manhood she hoped, like many another mother, that he would make a happy marriage, and be the father of a large family. Instead of that, Carol experienced a brief morganatic marriage, a loveless "duty" marriage, and a flaming publicized liaison, any one of which might have "broken" a mother's heart.

Carol's young brother, Nicholas, might have had a throne of his own, but he turned it down. He and his family decided that it would be a come-down for Nicky to be King of Albania. Some visionaries have suggested from time to time that he might end the feud between the Rumanians and Magyars by becoming King of Hungary, but no responsible official has invited him.

Negotiations were initiated two or three years ago to interest Nicholas in Juliana of Holland. Rumanians claim that their prince turned down the proposition because he would not accept the rôle of Prince-Consort. The Dutch say that Juliana would not even consider it, when she heard about some of Nicky's habits and escapades.

Now Nicholas is not even a Royal Highness. In the spring of 1937 he married a commoner, and was stripped of his titles and status by King Carol, despite Dowager Queen Marie's pleading for less drastic treatment.

Marie's third son, Mircea, was an attractive little fellow, who died during the War while the Rumanian army was retreating before Mackensen's invading army. It was one of the great sorrows of the Queen's life that she had to leave the fresh grave of her baby in the hands of the enemy.

For her three daughters—Elizabeth, Marie and Ileana—the Queen-Mother had definite ambitions—a Balkan king for each. She very nearly succeeded. Elizabeth married George, King of Greece, but they were unsuited to each other and a divorce

followed not long after the marriage. Marie married Alexander, King of Yugoslavia. They were excellently matched, had three children and lived an ideal royal domestic life. In October 1934 an assassin put an end to their joint happiness, when Alexander and the French Foreign Minister Barthou were killed at Marseilles.

Ileana was intended to be the wife of Boris, King of Bulgaria. But Ileana had a real love marriage in prospect, and became the bride of Archduke Anton, Austria. . . . Some day he may become a king or an emperor somewhere in Europe. Although this marriage seems to be a permanent and happy one, yet Queen Marie cannot be completely satisfied, as Ileana is now a Hapsburg and so for "reasons of state" is seldom allowed to return to Rumania. An exception was made during her mother's serious illness this year.

The education which King Carol II is providing for his son Michael is in distinct contrast to that which he himself was given. At an early age Carol's education was taken out of the hands of Ferdinand and Marie by his grand uncle, King Carol I, who outlined a German-Spartan schooling for the high-spirited and self-willed lad who was destined some day to succeed him. Carol crammed into his early life the curricula of high school and university classes, combined with that of a West Point Military Academy. He was permitted almost no relaxation and was taught to depend on himself, permission being refused to "mix" with Rumanians whom he would have liked to claim as friends. His was a lonely schooling. He decided to provide the opposite type of education for his own son.

The word "unique" may correctly be used in connection with Michael's school—which is called "the class of H.H. Grand Voevod Michael, in the National College of St. Sava." It is a departure in royal education which might well be a pattern for plebeian experimentation. Together with thirteen other Rumanian boys of about his own age, drawn from divergent classes of society, he is being educated in practical

democracy. The school includes four sons of peasants or other modest citizens, one each from Bessarabia, Bukowina, Transylvania and Banat; one boy from each of the Saxon and Hungarian minorities; and seven youngsters from Bucharest, the sons of lawyers, a military officer, an engineer, and business man. Michael is the fourteenth. The school has been planned as a microcosm of youthful Rumania.

A teacher who had charge of Michael from his early grammar school days reported that the crown prince was a sociable and gregarious youngster, and that probably he would develop better if he could be educated in a class, with suitable companions, instead of by a tutor, in isolation. This suggestion met with Carol's approval and six years ago his companions were selected. Not one is from the upper aristocracy. In the selection of his fellows no important attention was paid to rank in grammar school. The teacher who had the responsibility of picking them out told me that he looked for healthy attractive youngsters. Except in Bucharest not more than one was selected from the same district.

Michael is an excellent mechanic and also excels at the piano. His preference is for classical music. During the past year he and his fellow-students assembled a motor car, complete. They also have tackled the building of an aeroplane. Michael already is fluent in English, French, German and, of course, Rumanian. His favourite academic subjects are geography and history.

History is taught in an engaging fashion. When, for example, the history of Europe in the mid-eighteenth century is the topic, the huge wall maps have painted on them, by one of Rumania's leading artists, the heads of the rulers of the various countries, superimposed on the respective capitals. A battle on Rumanian territory is discussed on the actual battlefield. Frequently the youngsters are taken to mines, factories, spots of historical interest, woods or gardens, where lectures are given on topics of pertinent interest. Vividly—and normally—Michael and his companions are being educated.

Each lunch, when the king's engagements permit, Michael and his father eat together, and the crown prince is invited to take along with him two school companions. There they all talk freely, man to man.

The present director of the crown prince's studies is Commander Preda Fundateanu. He is enthusiastic about Michael's character and ambitions. Occasionally he has to warn him not to read too persistently and omnivorously.

Like his father, Michael is an excellent piano player. Late in the evening in Bucharest—or in the summer days at Sinaia—people passing by either of the royal palaces may hear crashing renditions of various overtures. If Carol is not playing for his son, then Michael plays for his father.

On Carol's July incognito visit to London he bought a new piano for Michael, but one was not enough. Upon reaching Rumania he wired for a duplicate. Carol and Michael decided to play duets on two separate pianos.

Michael, who is just sixteen, represented Rumania at the Coronation of George VI and Queen Elizabeth. He is a chubby, cheery lad, tall and well-built for his age, and took exceedingly well with the Britons with whom he came into contact. He enjoys travel, and his father plans to send him to the United States in 1939, where he will visit the New York World's Fair and then spend some weeks travelling about the country. He especially wants to see Hollywood.

A favourite remark of Crown Prince Michael's to his father, semi-facetiously, but used when the boy believes that it is called for, is:

"Don't forget, father, I was king before you were."

And what with the Iron Guard, the Lupescu odium, and various intrigues, it is not impossible that he might again be king before he is much older.

One of the disturbing forces to be reckoned with in Rumania is the Iron Guard, led by Corneliu Zelea-Codreanu, who introduced politics by assassination into his country. This

organization is bitterly anti-Semitic. Although illegal, it has several hundred "nests" throughout Rumania and a claimed membership running into tens of thousands, with hundreds of thousands of adherents and sympathizers. In deference to Carol's orders, and the legal ban, members do not wear their green shirts and swastika-ed arm bands in public.

Codreanu comes naturally by his hatred of Semitism. He was born in 1899 and before he was graduated from high school he had formed a band of passionate Nationalists and anti-Semites, the precursor of the present Iron Guard. Two years before his birth his father, Ion Zelea-Codreanu, with half a dozen other professors and teachers, founded a Rumanian anti-Semitic organization. Young Corneliu grew up in an environment in which anti-Semitism was a creed. He spent his early school days in the small Moldavian town of Hushi and watched it invaded by Polish Jews just before and during the World War. All day and every day he became familiar with the ring in his ears of the Moldavian term for these incoming Jews: *lipitori*, or in English, leeches.

His group of twenty high school boys was organized in 1919 under the pretentious name: "The National Cultural Society of Michael Kogalniceanu." They appropriated the name of the great Rumanian patriot and statesman, and pledged themselves to fight Jews and Communism. In the autumn of the same year Codreanu went to the Univeristy of Jassy and attached himself to a workers' organization called "The Guard of the National Conscience," led by a plumber named Pancu. In 1920 the Codreanu and Pancu forces and ideologies were joined under the name of "National Social Christian Party." Until his graduation from the Law School in 1922 Codreanu was indefatigable in stirring up his fellow-students to protest against the teaching or any other manifestations of Communism. He was responsible for the organization of the "Rumanian Christian Students' Association."

It has been generally understood abroad that Codreanu and

his Iron Guard have been imitators trailing after Hitler and his Nazi ideology. The evidence shows the Rumanian organization, in embryo, was first in the field. It was not until October 1922 that Codreanu heard of Adolf Hitler. After graduation from Jassy he decided to take post-graduate work in Berlin. While there he struck up a curious friendship with a German worker named Strumpf who, in his dingy abode at No. 3 Saltzwedelerstrasse, was manufacturing swastika buttons and talking to anyone who would listen about a messiah in Munich called Hitler.

Strumpf told Codreanu that there was in Bavaria this Austrian painter who one day would save Germany, and perhaps Europe, from the Jews. In the same month came word of the Fascist achievement in Italy, and the world began to hear the name of a young Italian journalist who had "marched on Rome." The ideologies of Fascism and anti-Semitism appealed to Codreanu and he returned to Rumania determined to campaign for a nationalism that excluded, or at least put in a different proportion, Rumanian Jews.

In 1800 there were in what was then Rumania, Moldavia, and Wallachia, a few thousand Jews. In 1917 the old kingdom of Rumania had about a million. After the War and again in 1929 and 1930 Russian and Polish Jews to the number of approximately another million trekked into Rumania, seeking the protection of the minorities clauses of the peace treaties. Codreanu saw that they were inundating the universities and swamping the professions. He decided to examine the figures, in relation to Rumania's population of 18,000,000.

He discovered that in Bessarabia high school registration showed 6302 Jews and 1535 Rumanians. In the University of Cernantz the School of Philosophy figures were: Jews, 574; Rumanians, 174. In the Law School, Jews, 506; Rumanians, 237. In his own University of Jassy the School of Pharmacy showed a registration of 229 Jews, compared with 97 Rumanians; the School of Medicine, 831 Jews and 546 Rumanians.

He and his associates advocated a *numerous clausus* and so accentuated the years of turmoil. Cuza, Paulescu, Gavenescul—three distinguished professors who had been aligned with his father—joined forces with the son. The organization went through another experiment in nomenclature and emerged as the "League for National Christian Defence." A fillip was given to their drive for membership by a change in the Rumanian law, by which all Jews then—March 1923—in Rumania were granted full citizenship privileges. He and his comrades pledged themselves to "death or victory." They held illegal meetings, gathered a few arms, and Codreanu was locked up for a week, but then released. The remainder of the year was to witness several student strikes organized by the Codreanu group, and a plot was hatched to kill the sponsors of the change in the law, as well as several Jewish leaders.

On the evening of 8th October 1923 the plot was discovered, and thirteen were ring-leaders arrested, among them young Codreanu. One of the number, Vernichescu, had been the Judas. Shortly after the trial began in court one of the thirteen, a boy called Motza, pulled out a revolver and killed Vernichescu.

In jail the prisoners prayed to the Archangel Michael each day, as their patron saint, and on their release early in 1924 they decided to change the name of their party to "Legion of Archangel Michael." But Codreanu was not long out of prison when, on 25th October 1924, he shot and killed the unpopular police commissioner of Jassy. He was arrested, charged with murder, and found himself a national hero. The place of trial had to be changed from Jassy to Focsani, and finally to a town at the other end of Rumania, Turnu-Severin. So popular was he that nineteen thousand three hundred lawyers volunteered to defend him!

On 13th June 1935 Codreanu interrupted his political career long enough to get married, at Focsani. Thirty thousand outside guests arrived for the wedding, which was celebrated before a crowd of more than a hundred thousand hero-

worshippers. Codreanu, his bride, and his best man, Ion Motza, left for Grenoble, where the girl kept house for the two students while they took their doctorates. In 1927 they returned home with their degrees.

In 1926 and 1927 the Codreanu organization won representation in the Rumanian parliament, and in 1930, they finally arrived at the present name, Garda de Fer, or Iron Guard. The organization was banned, but—"shirtless" out of respect for the law—continued active. In May 1933, a "Death Squad" was appointed to tour the country and at any risk fight for the right of the Iron Guard to live.

During the latter part of 1933 the president of the Rumanian Liberal Party, the former premier, I. A. Duca, made a speech in Paris in which he accused the Iron Guard of being subsidized by Hitler. Whatever else they may or may not be, the Codreanu adherents are fervent, rabid nationalists. They resented Duca's charge, and members of the "Death Squad" shot and killed Duca, at the Sinaia railway station, on New Year's Eve. The assassins got the maximum sentence of life imprisonment with hard labour and the Iron Guard lost much popular sympathy.

Rumanians are sharply divided in their present attitudes toward the Iron Guard. The vast majority sympathize with and approve of their objectives: Rumania for the Rumanians, and ousting of most of the Jews from positions of influence. But only a minority approve of their method of achieving ends by assassination.

Undoubtedly the organization has had a great influence on Rumanian life. The old Rumanian Jews—those who immigrated before 1880—are mostly opposed to the influx of "new Jews" and the prominence they have achieved in business and the professions. The older ones have asked the Government to consider them Rumanians of Jewish Confession, and not of Jewish Race, or part of a Jewish minority.

The conception held largely abroad that the Iron Guard is at loggerheads with King Carol is not correct. They are

tremendously loyal to their King, but demand the removal of Jewish influences from Rumanian life. Contrary to the general impression, Lupescu is not their No. 1 objective. There have been reports that Magda Lupescu is about to be assassinated by the Iron Guard; and again that she is secretly financing it. Neither is correct. Lupescu, actually, is a Rumanian Christian. Her father was a Jew, named Wolf. She Latinized her name and added the Rumanian ending "cu." She herself was educated in a German Catholic School of Bucharest, of the Ordinul Diaconeselor or Order of the Sacred Heart.

The Nazis have their *Fuehrer*, the Fascists their *Duce* and the Iron Guards have a *Capitanul* in the person of Codreanu. The Guardists meet regularly in their hundreds, if not thousands, of "nests." In the little Rucar district village where I was invited to be the guest of a nest, I found six men and a priest gathered together. The meeting began with the Iron Guard oath, followed by a prayer and songs.

The Rumanian equivalent of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* is a 450-page book entitled *Pentru Legionari*, Codreanu's message to his men. It contains a history of the seventeen years' struggle and a discussion of the leader's theories and beliefs. It is feverishly nationalistic. After the meeting the men doffed their green shirts and marched through the village, in orderly fashion, singing patriotic songs.

I liked very much a bit of sentimental symbolism. Each member wears round his neck a small leather bag, hanging from a silk lace. The sack contains a few grains of soil from the various battlefields of Rumania, from Dacian times to the World War. Every member is sworn in by Codreanu himself, given his bag and made to take a solemn

Chapter VIII

SOVIET "NON-STOP" PURGE

THE roots of the trouble which culminated on 12th June 1937 in the deaths of Marshal Tukhachevsky and seven generals go back nineteen years, to the very earliest days of the Russian revolution, when Stalin and Voroshilov were critical of, and opposed to, certain of the actions of Trotsky and Tukhachevsky. Ideological and temperamental differences, already firmly established in 1918, intermittently died down and flared up through the succeeding phases of the Russian experiment, but never entirely disappeared. The cleavages were related to, and as fundamental as, their Marxian principles.

When the civil war was in its most desperate state in 1918 the Cossack Budienny founded his famous Partisan Army—composed largely of cavalry. He mounted his few machine guns on peasants' wagons pulled by horses, and by many ingenious devices handled his fragmentary resources with skill and success. Voroshilov was attached to Budienny as political commissar. Toward the end of the war Tukhachevsky—who, like many other old Bolsheviks, had fought with the Czarist forces—escaped from a concentration camp in Bavaria and made his way perilously to Leningrad. He was received by Trotsky, who was immediately impressed by his military knowledge. He was appointed by Lenin commander-in-chief.

Trotsky and Tukhachevsky centralized the fighting forces and organized the first real Red Army. They and their tatterdemalions first chased out the Germans and then made a push against the Whites in the North and routed them at Simbirsk. The Whites then turned south to the Volga region with

Tukhachevsky after them. Stalin, at the same time, was sent to his native Georgia, where he routed the Democratic Socialists.

After this victory, one of the most ruthless campaigns in the earlier stages of the revolution, Stalin took his band along with him and joined Budieny and Voroshilov. Against the menace of the oncoming Whites they occupied what is now Stalingrad, on the Volga. A part of this campaign was directly contrary to the orders given by Tukhachevsky from Leningrad, who had ordered them to evacuate Simbirk.

The campaign was then reoriented with the objective that Trotski and Tukhachevsky should advance on Warsaw from the North and North-east, while Budieny, Stalin and Voroshilov should attack Warsaw from the south. This plan went well for a while until the political commissars interfered and persuaded the southern army to turn off and invest Lemberg. They dallied there for five weeks but were not able to capture the city. Their aim was political as well as military. Lemberg had a large proletarian population, and the political commissars attached to the southern army thought the capture of Lemberg would be a simple matter and their welcome would be a warm one. In the meantime General Weygand and Pilsudski broke through on the southern flank of the Trotski-Tukhachevsky forces, and jeopardized both armies. By a near-miracle, aided by the expert counsel of Weygand and his French officers, Warsaw was saved by the Poles.

Tukhachevsky was bitter in his criticisms, and said that the foolish action of the southern army in wasting time round Lemberg had caused the failure of the whole campaign. Stalin replied in no less heated language that the campaign had been badly conceived from the start.

Zinoviev—he of the famous forged letter which brought down the first Socialist Government in Great Britain—now entered the picture and began to plot with Stalin as an ally to get Trotski out as Minister of War. He succeeded. A Bolshevik named Frunze was appointed. He lasted two months.

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He had been told that he would suffer increasing ill-health unless he underwent a somewhat dangerous operation for gall-stones. The Central Committee of the party decided he was inefficient so long as he was not in good health and ordered him to have the operation. He did not survive.

After Frunze's brief tenure of office a clash came between Stalin and Zinoviev concerning the appointment of his successor. Stalin won and appointed Voroshilov, whose qualifications were political rather than military. In the meantime Lenin died, Stalin took over and Trotski was on the way to ultimate exile.

Tukhachevsky had for the past two or three years been commander-in-chief of the Red Army. But as soon as Voroshilov was appointed Minister of War, he intrigued to get the brilliant military genius degraded. Backed by Stalin it was arranged that Tukhachevsky should be sent first to the minor Leningrad command, and later to the Minsk area.

A committee was appointed to draw up regulations for the Red Army. The usual split between the politicians (or ideologists) and the out-and-out militarists occurred. Yakir and several of the generals shot in June were members of the committee. They demanded that Tukhachevsky be chairman of the committee and refused to carry on without him. He was permitted to travel frequently from Minsk to Moscow to attend the committee sessions as presiding officer.

Trotski, early in the revolution, had attended military schools and qualified himself to be more than the army's titular head. He really learned something about his job. Trotski and Tukhachevsky persisted in favouring a Centralized Red Army, which could be used ultimately against capitalistic states, if, and when, such countries broke out in revolution and the Red Army could advance against their disintegrated forces. Their conception of the Red Army was that of a Bolshevik Brotherhood. During the days of their power officers ate in the same mess as the men. They were not allowed to wear

insignia of rank when off duty. They were permitted no orderlies, and they had to salute the men first if they approached to give orders or instructions. On parade officers first saluted the men and then proceeded with drills and reviews. The pay was to be no more than that allowed civilian workers. Top officers were to receive the same wages as the highest paid skilled civilians, the metal workers.

In a year or two, backed by Stalin, Voroshilov threw all this overboard. Rank and insignia were restored. Voroshilov and Tukhachevsky became marshals, and lived comparatively luxurious lives, still, of course, opposed to each other.

Tukhachevsky advocated a mechanized as well as a centralized army. He favoured Stalin's Five-Year-Plan but he believed that the Moscow authorities were moving too fast in industrialization and in collectivization of farms. He was not able to get tanks, airplanes and machine guns as rapidly as he desired. Blucher, who was in command of the Far Eastern armies, was the only major commander who was able successfully to oppose the drastic collectivization plans. The Chinese Eastern Railway row developed in July 1929, and, if there were to be a war, Blucher said he certainly could not afford to have a hostile peasantry at his back.

The threat of war brought Tukhachevsky back to Moscow, where he was once more hailed as a military genius and made commander-in-chief of the Red Army. Several officers, including Budieny, took refresher courses, some at the Dresden Military Academy in pre-Nazi days.

During the succeeding six or seven years the ideological cleavage and personal differences between those who wanted a Centralized Army and those who argued for a Partisan Army became more acute. By the end of 1936 the split between Tukhachevsky on one hand and Stalin and Voroshilov on the other took the following form:

1. The Red Army leaders felt that Stalin was getting the country into an economic mess, by pushing his current Five-

Year-Plan too fast, and thus hampering the army in getting the supplies it demanded.

2. The military regulations, such as titles and decorations, put into effect by the political Voroshilov were objected to.

3. Reinstatement of political commissars was announced although not actually enforced until after the 12th June and succeeding executions.

4. There were contacts between senior U.S.S.R. officers—as charged by Stalin—and officers of foreign armies, especially the German, but these were not of a kind which would seem to justify the accusations of espionage and treachery later made.

5. Tukhachevsky declined to say anything against Trotski, who, of course, has been Stalin's No. 1 bugaboo. He kept to Trotski's conception of a Red Army, strong for defence and offence, but ready to take advantage of capitalistic disruptions and revolutions whenever and wherever they might occur.

And so he was shot—but not on any quick impulse of Stalin's; and not because he was a traitor to his country, in the normal conception of the word. Blucher was rewarded by being given the title of commander-in-chief of the Moscow area.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of civilians have also been shot. There is probably no single answer to the inevitable "Why?" Some in all likelihood were guilty of crimes which would merit drastic punishment in any nation. Others no doubt kept contact with Trotski and plotted Stalin's overthrow. Many may have been shot as scapegoats: errors perhaps due to ignorance or carelessness. An incident which occurred in the U.S.S.R. in 1929 may be illuminating:

The Russian Government needed milch cattle. After inquiry the officials learned that the best breed are Holstein-Friesians. One thousand were brought from Germany. They had been pastured in a part of Germany where their fodder contained a large amount of moisture. They were taken to a Volga district where the fodder was exceptionally dry. The Germans

warned them against this, but to no effect. The diet was unsuitable and in a year the entire herd, "innards" shrivelled, died. Some person, or persons, had to be blamed.

This is the kind of thing the news reports call "economic sabotage." It may be considered typical of many incidents which have induced the U.S.S.R. to impose the penalty, "highest measure of social defence."

Within a fortnight of the shooting of Tukhachevsky and his seven generals every important chancellory in Europe was seeking an answer to two questions:

1. What effect will the mass removals, by death, degradation, or disgrace, of so many senior Soviet officers have upon the efficiency of the Red Army?

2. Will the execution of hundreds of civilians, many holding key industrial positions, seriously affect the momentum of the current Five-Year Plan?

Diplomats, consular officers, members of Intelligence Services, and out-and-out spies were instructed to report their findings and opinions. One of the keenest is a man working in the interest of a continental power—a Pole by nationality although he is not in Poland's employ. He spent two months travelling in the most important centres of the European districts of the U.S.S.R. As is the case with many Poles, he has no language difficulty. He is amused when it is suggested that he is a spy. I think it fair to call him an "economic spy." He terms himself an "industrial investigator." What follows is based on his report.

It is altogether likely that the Red Army will experience "arrested development" for at least one year, perhaps two. Remember, the executions still go on—ten weeks after the first eight were shot. The Soviet armies will not be used for offensive action, if Stalin and his diplomats can avoid it—no matter how annoying and offensive the Japanese may show themselves on the Amur, in Mongolia, or in Southern and Central

China; and no matter how much the German Rosenberg may rant about wanting the Ukraine.

Within Soviet borders the Red Army probably still is Europe's greatest military machine. Outside would be another tale entirely. There is no reason to believe that the average Soviet soldier or peasant is willing to fight except in defence of his own soil. France, after investigation, has come to the same conclusion, and now places less reliance, than before 12th June, on the Franco-Soviet pact.

There are two reasons for army deterioration. My informant—who denies that he is a military expert—refuses to state whether conditions may be expected to improve; and, if so, how quickly. He simply calls attention to these two points:

1. Consider the positions many of the senior officers held, some until within a few days of their deaths. Tukhachevsky was the second senior Soviet officer, outranked only by Voroshilov. He had been Assistant Commissar of Defence, and was the prime creator of the Soviet's mechanized forces. In the event of war he would have been the Red Army commander in the field. General Kork had been Chief of the Military Academy, the Soviet West Point. Yakir formerly led the armies in the Ukraine. The other five generals included in the first batch shot had held key positions. Since 12th June more than a hundred officers of the rank of captain or above have been shot. Replacement of these officers has taken place, but it will be some time before those who have stepped into the dead men's shoes will be "shaken down" into equal efficiency.

2. The U.S.S.R. has reverted to an earlier practice and in July appointed political commissars with authority in some respects co-equal with, and in others superior to, the officers. Militant Bolsheviks have been attached to all units of the Red Army, Navy, and Air Force. Officers who are first of all military men and secondarily politicians resent this practice. Who would not? Let me tell you some of the duties of these commissars: they must root out Trotski-ists, Liberals and Fascists;

they must defend the army against spies and wreckers; nothing that goes on in the unit must be concealed from them; they are responsible for drawing up political reports about officers and N.C.O.'s; jointly with the C.O., they handle promotions and transfers of officers; they are held responsible not only for the fighting efficiency of their units, but also for their political and moral stability; all officers and soldiers are expected to apply to the commissars for help and advice, and not to the C.O.; young Communist cells are to be formed in each army unit, and commissars are ordered to supervise these "cells."

Naturally, for a time at least, this is likely in many districts to create and maintain a politico-military nightmare!

The answer to the second query, dealing with the progress of the economic planning, is startling:

Initiative has largely ceased.

Who would show initiative, or take a chance, when the punishment for "guessing" wrong may be the "highest measure of social defence," in other words the firing squad? This may be overcome, as reckless youngsters are promoted into the vacated positions of responsibility and trust, but for some months many executives are showing just as little initiative as they can "get away with."

Why not? they say. Ponder the list of "crimes" which may lead to a quick death by lead-poisoning. Here are twelve, selected at random: (1) Spying for German and Japanese imperialists; (2) poisoning children's food; (3) wrecking trains; (4) sabotaging production; (5) setting fire to municipal buildings; (6) telling ghost stories to children; (7) "gravest crimes"—nothing more definite specified; (8) wrecking Leningrad's vegetable supplies; (9) not staging the right plays; (10) wrecking a Soviet ship; (11) being "Trotski-ists, terrorists, and wreckers"; (12) having military contact with Germany.

Several of these, if proven, would be grave crimes in any country. Note that 3, 4, 7, 8, 9 and 10, at least, may—and often

have—involved merely the display of initiative which went wrong. Let me illustrate:

3. A train was wrecked. Employees were attempting to achieve a record for their division, but speeded up too much; crash: seventy-two shot.

4. Sabotaging production. Employees of a factory took a chance and pushed through defective, or doubtful, machinery parts. Several shot.

8. Wrecking Leningrad's vegetable supplies. Seventeen farmers differed with the authorities over the inauguration of collectivized vegetable farms. On trial.

9. The National Theatre of Armenia staged *Macbeth* with a wrong political theme. No executions yet, but the directors have been warned. They will stick to Bolshevik play texts after this.

10. A ship is sent out at the earliest opportunity, in a northern port, as soon as the port director believes the ice has sufficiently cleared. He guessed wrong. The ship is crushed in the ice. Firing squad.

Standards have fallen and even the Soviet press is beginning to grasp what this may mean. "If we maintained standards of safety, the works would close to-morrow," a departmental chief of the Gorki Motor Car plant is quoted as saying to a Soviet journalist. Although hundreds of cars with defective parts have been passed, waste through spoiled parts was 9000 tons, by official admission, in the first six months of 1937.

Soviet planners are not unaware of these dangers and difficulties: the chief planner, Ivan Kraval, and fifteen of his assistants have been removed from office. They were accused of "wrecking the Soviet Union's economy." My informant could not tell me their fate. Neither did he know whether their "crime" was in putting out true statistics or false; for Kraval was the Chief of the Statistical Administration. But someone is still planning and, with the recent elimination of hundreds of managers and directors of enterprises, replacement problems

have become acute. Youth is being given unusual opportunities.

Yacob Yusim, a twenty-eight-year-old mechanic, was one of scores of foremen in the Kaganovich Ball Bearing plant in Moscow, where fifteen thousand workers are employed—in June. In July he was made chief director of what is said to be the largest plant of the kind in the world. Peter Krivonos, a young locomotive engineer, who gained prominence as a Stakhanovite, has been appointed director of the Soviet's largest railway repair shop at Slavianski, centre of the Ukraine's richest coal district. Hundreds of others have been selected for their party loyalty, youthful enthusiasm and support of their fellow-workers. Isaac Levin has been promoted from foreman to director of the Gorbunov aviation plant in Moscow. In the far-off Kazakh Republic, a young girl attracted attention by her fiery editing, on behalf of the party, of a small country weekly. This girl, Nagimla Arykova, has been elevated to the recently vacated post of Commissar of Public Welfare of the Kazakh Republic.

My informant believes that those managers, directors and executives who have had years of experience, especially those from forty on, will show no more initiative than necessary to keep their jobs and their heads. The youngsters who have recently been appointed, by the thousand, will doubtless show initiative; perhaps too much. It is expected that the errors they make will counterbalance gains which come from initiative.

Communist leaders admit that there was a drop in production during the few weeks preceding 1st September. They claim that the decrease is only temporary and that conditions after the purge are so much healthier that by the end of the year losses will be more than overtaken. My informant believes that the task of keeping the industrial and administrative machinery running smoothly, in high gear, is under-estimated, and that a considerable time must elapse before freedom from fear disappears, and competency catches up with enthusiasm.

Reasons 2 and 6 (p. 165) for being sentenced to death may require elucidation. I'll do what I can. Two women employed in a children's home near Leningrad were convicted of putting poisonous matter into the children's food and shot. This seems an instance where all is clear and the penalty fits the crime—until it is noted that the crime was committed “with counter-revolutionary terrorist aims.”

In 6, a school teacher and a priest are sentenced to death for frightening children with stories of ghosts and demons. Some might say that this, too, is an instance where the penalty fits the crime! The charge was “corrupting proletarian morals.” Perhaps the citizens of Darzhansky, in the Kirghiz Republic of the U.S.S.R., where the trial took place, are justified, by Gilbertian standards at least.

One day you may be a hero in the U.S.S.R. The next day you may be a coward, a reptile, a cur—with your former friends and the newspapers competing to show how low you are. Even strangers and organizations, which may not even have heard of you before, join in the diatribes. This is one of the sardonic aspects of the non-stop purge of the past few weeks.

Three months before their executions, biographical sketches of Tukhachevsky and several of his fellow-officers were circulated by the Commissar of Foreign Affairs to foreign correspondents in Moscow. The Red Marshal's sketch read in part: “Marshal Tukhachevsky; age 43, party member since 1918; during the civil war commanded the Eighth Army on the Southern front and on the Eastern front; brilliantly led the First and Fifth Red Armies against Koltchak.”

After the execution of the marshal and his colleagues the Soviet press, the Bolshevik poet laureate, Communist councils all over the U.S.S.R., and even Red Scouts, girls as well as boys, competed to sling mud at the dead men. Apparently not only would it have been dangerous to stick up for any one of these, but it would have been hazardous to remain silent. I suppose

silence might be construed as tacit approval of their crimes. Some samples of published invectives seem almost beyond belief:

Pravda.—"Gamarnik was a Trotski-ist degenerate who was engaged in espionage and selling the Motherland to German and Japanese Imperialists." (He escaped execution by committing suicide. He had been Chief Political Officer of the Red Army.)

Communist poet laureate, *Demian Diedny*: a poem declaring, "We are ashamed of the mothers of these dirty curs."

Deputy poet laureate, *Besimianski*.—"Their Excellencies the noblemen, murderers, liars, bred from bourgeois curs . . . our iron law is to shoot them, as two and two make four." (A few weeks later he was expelled from the party, but may still be alive.)

Red Scout, *Kolia Siliakoff*, in the *Pioneers' Pravda*.—"How very good it is that the traitors to the Fatherland were exposed and shot. When I read of the sentence I was overjoyed. Thank you, Commissariat for Home Affairs, and your Chief, Comrade Yezhoff, who is on guard."

Red Scout, *Nine Semina*, approves.—"With the greatest joy we all approve of the sentence against these curs. Such ruffians must not find any place on this earth."*

It rather disheartened me to note how quickly his fellow-professors turned on Prof. Pletniev, when he got into trouble, and was accused of the "gravest crimes." Apparently not waiting for more specific charges, and without even considering that he had not yet been tried, there was a general stampede of professors in the Medical Faculty of Moscow University to denounce Pletniev. The previous day he no doubt was one of them. The evening after his arrest—within a few hours—they met and passed a resolution denouncing him as "anti-moral, anti-social and anti-Soviet." They asked for a "show trial" for Pletniev so that they could aid in the prosecution. . . . There

* Translations are those published in the *Daily Telegraph*.

were signs at that time that a purge was coming in medical circles. No one could afford to be tardy in getting on the super-patriotic band-wagon, if he wished to escape the tumbril.

I could get no clear light on the astonishing "confession habit" that seems to have developed in the U.S.S.R. Stalin says that this readiness to confess cannot be understood by people who are ignorant of the workings of the Slav soul. "The Slav," he says, "takes as much satisfaction in being a martyr for an ideal as in helping it to triumph."

The *News Chronicle*, which has access to unusual foreign news sources, published during the summer of 1937 what purported to be a memorandum written by Stalin, to allay fears entertained in France that the value of the U.S.S.R. as an ally had been diminished by the much-publicized executions. I present the *News Chronicle* summary, without comment except to say that I am inclined to believe in its genuineness:

Stalin's conclusion is that the purge has increased Russia's value as an ally, strengthened the Soviet Régime and left the morale of the Red Army unshaken.

According to Stalin's memorandum, Tukhachevsky and the others were not charged with treason in any vulgar sense.

They did not betray secrets to the potential enemy for money, nor, apparently, did they betray military secrets, properly so-called, at all.

He insists, however, that they were in constant touch with German agents and military officers and were at pains not only to discuss conditions in Russia, but to criticise the policy of the Soviet Government.

They (the Generals) are accused of having had a desire to wreck the Russian alliances and of hostility towards a line of action which finds expression in Russia's membership of the League.

They wanted Germany to be embroiled in war with other capitalist States and Russia to remain outside the conflict.

Only when the capitalists were exhausted by such a war and

SOVIET "NON-STOP" PURGE

the workers in revolt everywhere, should the Red Army march—to establish a Communist state of society.

Stalin held that such a political conception would merely result in the downfall of Soviet Russia, and that the men holding it were traitors. "Therefore I struck," he says, in his memorandum.

Stalin declares that Tukhachevsky established contacts with the German Reichswehr at Rapallo, which, notwithstanding Hitler and his régime, continued almost to the eve of his execution.

Concerning Yagoda, the chief of the G.P.U., he explains he was shot for betrayal of trust, having accepted bribes from speculators whom he should have arrested.

The comparison made in some quarters abroad between the Moscow executions and the Nazi "purge" of 30th June 1934 seems to have touched the Russian dictator on the raw.

"There is no parallel," he writes. "What took place in Germany was a sheer blood bath. Communists, Socialists, Roman Catholics, dissident Nazis were shot down indiscriminately without trial.

"The Nazis never let the world know the facts of the slaughter. They said that only some 200 had been killed, whereas my information from Germany at the time was that more than 2000 were done to death.

"We did not tolerate any such indiscriminate executions. The trials in Moscow some time back were held in public, and at the trials of the Generals, although it was necessary to hold it behind closed doors, Soviet legal procedure was rigorously followed.

"The judges were perfectly free, and they gave their judgment well aware that should my enemies gain power in Russia they would be among the first to be put against the wall."

The above explanation caused a furore when published. A general denial was issued from Moscow, but the political correspondent of the *News Chronicle* assured me in September that he had no reason to doubt its authenticity.

The title of this chapter, "Soviet Non-stop Purge," was selected on 1st September 1937, when I wrote the first rough draft. I did not then realize quite what fearful implications there were in that word "Non-stop." Even in November there was no indication that this "constitutional" slaughter would slacken. Forty-six men and women were sentenced to death on 29th October for counter-revolutionary activities: specifically, "destruction of livestock and disruption of collective farming." Their activities were spread over seven districts, from the Krasnoyarsk region in Siberia to the Azov province on the Black Sea.

Chapter IX

BLACKSHIRT EMPIRE

BENITO MUSSOLINI learned to speak English after he became a dictator. Several mornings a month he spent on his self-imposed task, usually from six to seven. His English coach on occasions has been a press attaché, by the name of Mascia, who learned his English in an odd way. He reported for duty in Washington, D.C., shortly after the War, with only a few words of English. He went to a play the second night and was told that it was a London company with unusually fine diction. For the next seven weeks he attended the same play, sitting in the front row. At the end of that time, with some supplementary vocabulary study, he found he had a very fair command of English!

Il Duce's English is slow and precise, but exceedingly intelligible. It seems likely that he has granted more audiences and interviews to journalists, professors and other itinerants than has the head of any other State. Franklin D. Roosevelt's interviews are mainly of the "mass" kind. He may have talked to more newspapermen, but it is unlikely that he has chatted individually with anything like the number that Il Duce has.

The Minister-President of Italy is accessible to many, but he takes it upon himself, quite reasonably, to decide whether the meeting shall be an interview or a private conversation. The first time Mussolini granted me an audience I was counting on its being construed an interview. As we shook hands at its conclusion Il Duce said: "Remember, please, this is a *private* conversation."

I was disappointed. He had said many things well worth

quoting, and not seemingly confidential. So I suggested, albeit with some diffidence:

"Excellency, you must realize what a blow that is to a fellow-writer. May we leave it this way: I'll submit shortly what I have written, and then perhaps you will view it differently?" He acquiesced.

I sent along a copy of my "story" a few hours later, and he changed only one word: where I had written "niggers" he had scored it out, and written above "Ethiopians." According to my recollection, Il Duce had said: "Why is there any opinion in America favourable to the niggers?" I feel sure he used the word and I feel equally certain that he knew that he had used the word. When he read the news-story naturally he realized the erroneous impact the word would have and so changed it.

This "audience" which turned into an "interview" took place on the eve of the presentation of the Italian case at Geneva. Mussolini started right in by outlining his forthcoming line of action:

"I shall present Italy's case against Abyssinia at the Council of the League of Nations when it meets on 4th September. It is for the nations of the world to decide between us. I am for peace, but what I have started I shall finish. I want to stay in the League of Nations if possible. But, if the decision should be against Italy, I shall leave. Then, the League of Nations is—finished!"

Il Duce received me in his spacious and famous library-office in the Palazzo Venezia. He was dressed in a cool linen suit and wore a comfortable soft collar. When I entered the room he was standing close to his desk, shuffling some papers. I had expected the vast room to appal me, as it has many visitors, but I managed to cover the intervening space with equanimity, as Il Duce courteously paced slowly forward to greet me.

As is customary, I had presented in advance several questions in writing—ten in fact—and I had my opening gambit all ready. But I did not get a chance to use it. Nor did I receive

answers to most of the submitted questions. They were referred to only incidentally. The written questions had been prepared in the hope of drawing out Il Duce on some aspects of propaganda in peace and war. But apparently Mussolini believed it unwise to discuss any question but one—Abyssinia. He did not use the word "Ethiopia," but did refer to "Ethiopians."

Recognizing his feeling, after a perfunctory remark or two, I plunged in:

"American public opinion appears to be sympathetic towards Abyssinia, perhaps primarily, as is stated to-day in a despatch from Washington, because big Italy is bullying the poor little state of Abyssinia. . . ."

"Abyssinia is not a state," broke in Il Duce. "It is not a nation. It is an aggregation of tribes. I cannot comprehend why in making a judgment between Italy and such a backward part of the world as Abyssinia anyone can possibly decide in Abyssinia's favour."

"Will Italy present a detailed case before the League Council on 4th September?"

"I shall attend the League of Nations meeting on 4th September—that is, I shall be represented. I shall say in effect: here is our case: now decide."

"Will there be many specific charges, as for example references to the slave. . . ?"

"Charges! Slavery!" Il Duce broke in. "I shall present a whole—a whole—'*bibliothèque*'! Documents, photographs—so large." Mussolini then stretched out his arms to indicate a veritable encyclopædia in size.

"This should be of interest to public opinion in the United States," Il Duce went on. "I cannot understand why there is any opinion in America favourable to the Ethiopians. Why? The United States has fought large and small wars, against large and small foes. It has fought against Mexico. It has fought against the South. It has fought against Spain. It has fought, with us, against Germany. You in America must know what

causes lead to war. Why is it that the justice of our case is not clear?

"Public opinion in the United States will no doubt change when you are supplied with documented facts, of indisputable authenticity. I talk nothing but facts. Italy's case at Geneva will be nothing but facts. I expect two things to count—facts and action. I know many of your American leaders of public opinion already have the right point of view. I count on my additional facts to convert the others."

Then I suggested: "Perhaps the expression of public opinion in the United States is not as clear-cut as it is in Great Britain, and . . ."

"Ah, in England there are two definite opinions, one held by those who know the facts and are willing to face realities; by those whose real interest is in peace. Beaverbrook, Rothermere, Garvin—these are courageous, informed and intelligent men. They are realistic. They also want maximum peace."

For a few moments Mussolini discussed some of the aspects of propaganda in peace and in war. The keynote of sound propaganda, Il Duce asserted to be truth—facts—action. Each nation, however, must be approached with an understanding of the psychology of its citizens. In another great war propaganda will be a weapon of incalculable value.

There were indications that the time for our talk had just about elapsed. I endeavoured to prolong it a moment or two, and so asked him about his two sons, aged seventeen and nineteen, Bruno and Vittorio, who a short time before had volunteered for active service.

Both lads were in the Italian Air Force, Bruno a cadet, Vittorio a lieutenant. So I asked when the boys were due to leave for Abyssinia.

"They leave within the next three or four days."

"I suppose you'll go down to Naples to see them off?" I suggested.

"No," was the firm reply. "Why should I? They both are

so delighted to go." Then Il Duce, the father, reached under some papers on his desk, picked out a brochure and handed it to me. It was opened at a page on which was reproduced a photograph of Bruno and Vittorio, the former an exceptionally sturdy lad with his father's build.

"There they are," he said. He did not ask, as that would be supererogatory, but he looked at me as if to see if he could gauge what my reactions were as I studied the picture.

Vittorio married early in 1937 and went on the Air Force Reserve. In October he visited Hollywood under the ciceronage of Hal Roach, Hollywood producer, to study motion-picture production. Roach is said to have paid £1200 for Vittorio's expenses, and to have planned joint production on Italo-American films. The plan flopped, allegedly because of suggestions from Will Hays' office. Il Duce's oldest son was not received cordially in California. Leading film stars snubbed him. He returned, earlier than planned, to Italy. Before sailing from New York he paid a flying visit to Washington and had a chat with President Roosevelt.

The other grown-up son, Bruno, came into the limelight in the latter part of October. An unconfirmed despatch in the London *Daily Herald*, 1st November, reported that Bruno was personally responsible for the bombing and sinking of the British ship *Jean Weems*, which was attacked on 31st October sixteen miles off the Catalonian coast by an "unknown" aeroplane. Crew survivors claimed that they distinctly saw the skull and crossbones emblem, Bruno's identifying mark, on the attacking plane's wings.

Bruno received headline attention a few weeks before, 22nd August, when he and his fellow-officers arrived third in the Paris-to-Damascus-and-return air Derby.

During our talk Mussolini stood beside his desk, or behind it. Naturally I stood also. But there was no strain on my part, and no observable tension on the part of Il Duce. I felt more comfortable than when talking to Hitler, seated. His body was

in repose. His manner quickly put me at ease. I expected a taut individual with a prognathous jaw and never-smiling eyes. Once again, as happened when talking to King Carol of Rumania, the man and the myth were not one and the same.

Mussolini has the most mobile face I have ever seen. He uses his features—especially his eyes and jaw—to emphasize occasional points. His features alter almost to the point of distortion. His eyes have fire, magnetism and charm. I imagine he prefers to put on what might be called his news-reel face whenever he knows he is facing the camera. This is the stern face to which American audiences are accustomed. But, to my surprise, he has many other faces, a charming smile, a quiet chuckle and an evident sense of humour. When I asked him if he would sign one of several news-photos I laid on his desk, he quickly selected one showing his underslung jaw and flashing eyes.

"I like this one . . . ah, I recall now that I was told you come from Seattle. I know of your marvellous university and campus. . . . And also," he added sadly, "I know that it is in your city that Will Rogers' and Wiley Post's bodies temporarily rested on the way back from Alaska. Gallant gentlemen, both. When Wiley Post died a brave man was lost to aviation. The world can ill afford to lose men of courage. . . ." His eyes had a far-away look for a moment. Then, briskly: "Good-bye, and good luck!"

Almost exactly a year later, I talked with Count Galeazzo Ciano di Cortelazzo, son-in-law of Mussolini and Italian Foreign Minister. He received me in his roomy office in the Palazzo Chigi, where in the early days of Fascist government Mussolini had his official quarters. On this, my second meeting and chat with Ciano, I was more than ever impressed by his charm and strength of features. He has apparently developed none of the cynicism and sophistication, so much a part and parcel of professional diplomatists. He ranks high in Fascist circles because of intrinsic qualities, palpably recognized by Il Duce.

It is perhaps natural that a visitor should look for similarities between Mussolini and Ciano. They are not hard to find unless perhaps one is misled by expectation. Ciano is stockily built like his father-in-law. He is perhaps an inch or two taller. He has similar mental and physical resiliencies, and an equally firm and cordial handclasp. Woe be to an interviewer of either who is not prepared with a barrage of focused questions! Ciano answers in a terse, crisp fashion. When he has answered he stops and waits with at least outward patience for the next question.

A question which I encounter frequently in the United States is: "Who is there to succeed Il Duce?" Many times I have been asked if Ciano is the heir-apparent. It seems rather absurd to ponder on the succession, when the man in office has recently celebrated (or, rather, failed to "celebrate") the fifty-fourth anniversary of his birth.

Mussolini has surrounded himself with a scintillating group of youthful Fascists, the majority in their twenties and thirties. If and when Il Duce must drop the reins, they will quickly be taken up by some member or members of this group, their names perhaps now scarcely known abroad. Il Duce has survived, I have been told, seventeen attempts on his life, and he has told his senators that he is "predestined by God" to conclude his job.

Ciano is sincerely of the belief that public opinion, irradiating from the North American continent, is vastly important in the conduct of world affairs. As former Minister of Press and Propaganda he emphasized the importance of all means of impressing internal and external opinion. Understanding, through the media of newspapers, radio and the cinema, he believes to be a prerequisite of peace.

"We have plenty of work ahead of us, in development of our Empire," emphasized Ciano, "to occupy us for several decades. We want peace. We want the friendship of all nations."

"What is the greatest foe to peace?" I asked.

"Communism. I don't mean the U.S.S.R., but the Communistic ideology. Il Duce saved Italy from Communism.* Fascism has always been anti-Communistic. To-day I might phrase it even more strongly: we are bitterly anti-Communistic. What is happening in Spain at the present time is very—very—serious."

There may be an impression in the United States and some other countries that Italy has been perturbed at the almost universal diplomatic non-recognition of the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. It was pointed out to me, very clearly and convincingly, that this has no basis in fact. It may be that Italian pride and prestige would prefer recognition of the recent *fait accompli*. But there are tangible evidences that continued action on the part of the League and other nations will work to their detriment rather than to Italy's. Let me explain:

No nation can effectively protect its interests in a territory which it pretends does not exist. The Geneva pretence is that there is still an Empire called Ethiopia, and an Emperor by the name of Haile Selassie. These nations are held by the Italians to be acting amusingly like the traditional ostrich. Italy will permit no diplomatic representatives in Ethiopia. Nations which do not recognize the conquest will not be able to send consular representatives. So long as they maintain this attitude they will not be able to take care of their own interests there, or to participate in trade relations.

Germany, Japan, Austria, Hungary and one or two others have accepted the fact of conquest. They withdrew their legation staffs—two years ago. Germany has sent a consul and vice-consuls to look after German nationals and to participate in trading opportunities. It is expected in Italy that gradually other nations, even Great Britain, will "break down," and follow suit. No other overt act of recognition is really expected by Italy. The assigning of consular representatives to her Ethiopian empire would be tantamount to recognition.

* George Seldes and some others deny this.

It is not generally realized that shortly it will be feasible to develop Ethiopian resources ten or even twelve months in the year. Feverishly and determinedly road-building is going on. In the past few months astounding progress in this direction has been made. Roads will quickly circumvent the previous rainy season difficulties which enforced, at some periods, trips weeks long, say from Ogaden to Addis Ababa.

The extent to which public opinion in the United States had altered on the subject of the Italian conquest of Ethiopia was of very natural interest to Count Ciano. In one way at least he agreed that Italy and America are alike: "Nothing succeeds like success." However, Ciano is also a dyed-in-the-wool believer in the principle that "truth will prevail." He recalled a portion of the address which he made to the Italian senate, on 22nd May 1936, in his budget speech:

"People have gradually realized that we neither attempt to make proselytes by aggression, nor to interfere with the internal affairs of other countries. Our aim has been and is to cast a true light upon the activity of Fascism. . . . This is becoming more and more necessary as the ranks of foreigners who are drawing nearer and nearer to Fascism begin to swell, while barriers, raised by opponents to hinder the trend of new and highly successful ideas, require to be smashed. . . . Our policy may be expressed by a single word, 'Truth.'"

This creed, expressed as Minister of Press and Propaganda, is no less a part of Ciano's policy now that he has become Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In Great Britain it is frequently said that Anthony Eden, at forty, is too young for the important portfolio of Foreign Minister. In Italy it is accepted as natural that Galeazzo Ciano, not yet thirty-five, is mature enough for his post. Critics who suggest that he has the position because he is the son-in-law of Mussolini—he married Edda Mussolini a few years ago—have certainly not looked into his remarkable record, before his brilliant marriage as well as after it.

Like Mussolini, Eden and other European leaders (for eight years ago Eden was a member of the staff of the *Yorkshire Post*), Ciano was first of all a journalist. He toyed at play-writing. He was an enthusiastic follower of Il Duce even in the early tumultuous days. Eleven years ago he took civil service examinations and was successively employed in the diplomatic service in Brazil, as third secretary; in Argentina, as second secretary; in Pekin, I believe as first secretary; in Shanghai, as consul-general and *chargé d'affaires*; and in 1933 he was in London as a representative of Italy at the Economic Conference.

He found time, although it is difficult to see when, to gain an adequate knowledge of English, French, Spanish and Portuguese. In Pekin he studied Chinese. He probably would deny that he is a natural linguist, but he must be if his fluency in English is any criterion. Oh yes, I almost forgot to record that six years ago he learned to fly. He led the famed "*Disperata*" squadron in the Ethiopian affair, and was the first aviator to drop bombs on Adowa.

Among other leading Fascists whom I encountered, one of the most dynamic was Achille Starace, chief secretary of the Party. He is the black-shirted general who commanded the flying column which reached Lake Tsana in April 1936, during the final days of the Ethiopian campaign, in one of the most spectacular forced marches in history. For both these reasons I felt Starace would be an interesting man to know. When I entered his outer office I was very quickly reminded of Tammany Hall. Perhaps the similarity is only superficial, but literally hundreds were trying to see Starace, or one of his secretaries, to get something "fixed."

I would like to have asked Starace about the workings of his organization, but time was limited, so I plunged right in to ask him some of the high spots of the Lake Tsana expedition. This was the twelve-day forced march during which two battalions were provisioned entirely from the air. I have reason to believe that there were really two reasons for undertaking

the expedition. The first was to ascertain if it was feasible to provision and supply from aeroplanes a motorized command of infantry. This Starace admitted. The second I'll have to state without Starace's authority; the arrival on the shores of Lake Tsana, at the conclusion of the Ethiopian campaign, was intended to have a "nuisance value" in negotiating with the British. Great Britain has held for many years that she has vital interests in that region which must be protected, as this lake supplies the head waters of the Blue Nile, so important to irrigation projects in the Sudan.

Starace was one of three generals to whom the commander-in-chief, Badoglio, gave stiff assignments. Three armies were ordered to advance into eastern Ethiopia. One was given a left wing position to capture. Another, the centre, was given Lake Schiangani as its objective. Starace was told that by 1st April he must be in possession of the key city of Gondar. He captured Gondar on 1st April. Then perhaps he thought he would play an unusual April fool's joke on the British. On his own initiative he planned to set out for Lake Tsana, 300 miles away. He got there in twelve days.

Leaving two of his battalions to garrison Gondar, Starace took the other two, and twenty-three of his forty-five huge motor trucks. Into these he crowded his men. As a self-contained unit he also had command over two aeroplane squadrons; one, heavy bombers, the other, a scouting unit. There were no roads ahead. There was no way to take along a convoy of petrol, ammunition and food supplies. So he started off for Lake Tsana with little more than he and his men could hang round themselves. Starace and his officers knew, and the men were told, that retreat at any phase of the adventure was out of the question. They had to reach the lake, or perish.

The route took them through the valleys of the Goggeam region, roadless and virtually unsurveyed. After the first five hours the Starace column was never clear of danger from guerilla Ethiopians. They sniped at the daring invaders from

the surrounding hills. Only rarely did Starace permit his men to reply. They were too busy making roads—if they could be called roads—and pushing on. An advance party of a few hundred men made rude roads for the trucks. Then they climbed into the trucks, others took their places ahead, and the motorized cavalcade moved on. So inadequate were these roads that before the last truck had passed over the road-bed had crumpled away. Often the last few trucks had to be hauled, sometimes up from steep banks over which they had toppled. But the fifteen hundred went doggedly on.

The snipers did not bother them much. There were few casualties from the guerillas' ancient weapons. But a real menace loomed up—literally on the horizon—when a sizeable band under command of Ras Imeru threatened to attack. Starace refused to tarry to give battle. He managed, with his trucks, to keep ahead of the Ras. He had no time to waste in unnecessary fighting. The scouting planes gave him accurate news of Imeru's location. Several times tribesmen who had been ill-treated under Selassie's rule crept into camp at night and brought further valuable information. So Starace pushed on and one morning the Ras abandoned the chase.

Each day the bombers, loaded with food, petrol and ammunition, but mostly the first two, appeared. They dropped supplies, usually in parachutes. Sometimes bread came down in sacks without any parachute. The Starace column got its iron rations. I had heard a report that live mules and cows had been dropped in parachutes. I learned that this had been done in Ethiopia, but not on the road from Gondar. This occurred farther south. Imagine a cow dropping in for breakfast! But it proved necessary several times to drop "live" meat, as the other kind putrefied so soon after the killing.

The only four-footed animal on the Lake Tsana expedition was Starace's dog, a diminutive black spaniel. As I talked to him in his office, occasionally I heard a bell tinkle. At first I

thought it was a feeble telephone ring; then I saw that it was the spaniel, which its master leaned down to pat now and again to quiet it.

Occasionally the hard-bitten members of the Starace expedition had to stop and clear an emergency landing field. But mostly the bombers dropped their supplies and then flew back to the base at Gondar. Finally one of the reconnaissance machines reported that in another day the column should reach the western shore of Lake Tsana. In twenty-four hours, gaunt and haggard, they arrived, wondering whether they would encounter a British force.

Soon after reaching Lake Tsana the Starace forces were attacked by some artillery fire and a good many machine guns. I tried to get Starace to commit himself by asserting that these attacks were the result of British orders. He chose to evade this question, the only one of all that I put to him. He would not admit that he had knowledge of any British agents in that sector; nor that Italy and Britain at that point came perilously close to war.

But even yet Starace would not permit his machine-gunners to give more than sporadic and scattered volleys. On one of the trucks there had been carried a motor boat. This was launched on Lake Tsana. A seaplane showed up from somewhere in the rear, probably from Lake Schiangai. This scared the Tsana Ethiopians half out of their wits. A gigantic bird that could rise from the water and spray death from the air was new to them.

Once more Starace and his men conjured up Mussolini's famous life-motto: "If I advance, follow me: if I retreat, kill me." Starace now did something which has never before been made public. He and his men waded and stumbled down a part of the Blue Nile until they reached the south shore of Lake Tsana. Look at any large-scale map of Ethiopia and see what this means. They reached Bar Dar. There they were attacked again.

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After consolidating his position Starace turned over his two tattered battalions to his second-in-command and flew, by way of Gondar, to the outposts of Addis Ababa. He entered the capital with the victorious Badoglio advance guard. And then he returned to Rome to resume his job as secretary of the Fascist Party.

There is a human interest sidelight which I have been told, but cannot prove. Ambassador Count Dino Grandi was recalled from London to Rome in the spring of 1936, report said, to take Starace's post. Starace may have had wind of this when he reached Gondar. That may have been a third reason for undertaking the daring Lake Tsana expedition. He may have felt this do-or-die effort might consolidate his party position. . . . Anyway, Grandi still carries on as the very competent Italian representative in London and Starace holds the position of secretary-general of the Fascist Party. Photographs of the Sicilian manoeuvres in August 1937 show Ciano, Starace and Balbo basking in Il Duce's favour . . . but none can feel secure or certain.

Some days later, during the latter part of August, while rambling round Rome with some Fascist friends, I saw silhouetted against the horizon a gigantic "M," apparently at least forty feet high and fifty feet wide. It took no imagination to realize that the "M" stood for Mussolini. But, placed where it was, I felt that it must have some very special significance. So I inquired.

"That's Campo Mussolini. Like to see it? Then come along." Thus it was that, in the company of Ignazio Thaon di Revel, first organizer of Fascism abroad, I was introduced to a boys' camp unique in the world. The further I got acquainted with the aims and accomplishments of the camp, the more I decided that I had encountered one of the more pleasing and constructive aspects of Fascist government.

As we passed through the entrance a well-tanned youngster of about fourteen sprang to attention, and presented arms awk-

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wardly yet smartly. He was dressed in shirt, shorts and a service cap, and carried a dummy rifle.

"They cheat to be allowed to do that," remarked di Revel.

"What do you mean—cheat to do what?"

"There is so much competition to be allowed to 'stand guard' that many of the boys manage to place their names higher on the roster than they normally come, and thus they are able to wangle an extra turn or two of guard duty."

Campo Mussolini is a boys' camp which in the course of two summer months accommodates youngsters from thirty different countries. When I visited the camp, in September 1936, there were more than six thousand on the roster. Almost all were children of Italian residents abroad. Each year approximately fifteen thousand boys and girls are invited to spend a few weeks in Italy at government expense. They are distributed among five camps, three for boys, two for girls. In addition, some hundreds of girls are housed in school buildings.

I obtained a list of the thirty countries and was immediately struck with the fact that two-thirds of the nations or territories are situated around the Mediterranean basin. Many world leaders believe that in the near future Italy will seriously challenge Great Britain for domination of this area. Two of the largest groups had come from Egypt and Tunis.

The work done at Campo Mussolini indicated an intelligently-directed effort to maintain physical and cultural contact with children of Italian extraction living abroad. They were not subjected to lectures or to blatant propaganda as in Germany or Russia. They were sent first, as a rule, to seaside or mountain camps, and then selected older boys and girls were permitted to extend their stay, for a final period of twenty days, in Rome.

The boys camp out and the girls are taken care of in school buildings. The wind-up arrived when some six thousand boys and a thousand girls participated in simple gymnastic exercises

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and mass singing before Il Duce and a vast crowd of onlookers in the Piazza di Sienna open-air amphitheatre.

At Campo Mussolini there is the minimum of regimentation. Except for practice each day for the final drills and singing, their time is their own. The boys do not require passes in order to leave camp. They must return to camp not later than nine each night. If they want dinner they must get in by six. Very few are later than six!

Complications of citizenship laws and the increased expense which would be involved have decided the Italian government to bring children chiefly from countries in Europe and North Africa. The camp roster showed representation to be divided as follows: Aden, 14; Albania, 52; Algeria, 45; Austria, 104; Belgium, 141; Bulgaria, 73; Czechoslovakia, 97; Cyprus, 11; Corsica, 106; Danzig, 47; Egypt, 1160; France, 1607; Germany, 374; Great Britain, 247; Greece, 157; Yugoslavia, 129; Luxemburg, 139; Malta, 17; Morocco, 181; Monaco, 63; Holland, 96; Palestine, 24; Rumania, 49; Syria, 106; Switzerland, 450; Tunis, 875; Turkey, 47; Hungary, 10; Finland, 9; Lithuania, 2.

Each year guest groups, not of Italian origin, are invited. In the camp when I visited it were thirty-eight Hitler Youth, forty-five boys from Bulgaria, fifteen from Belgium and ten from Finland. During the summer there was also two hundred each from Austria and Hungary and a hundred from Albania. These groups are chosen by the various youth organizations of the countries from which they come.

Among all the thousands of children in Campo Mussolini last year there were five who attracted more attention than the others. These boys were veterans of the Ethiopian campaign, and their ages were sixteen, sixteen, sixteen, fourteen, and eleven. I was attracted first to the eleven-year-old, Enzo Fusco, who was allowed to get to Ethiopia, but was expected to remain far from the danger zones. However, near Harrar, his convoy was attacked by a band of guerilla tribesmen and he

came under fire. When he was sent back to his home in Italy he was the envy of all the other balilla, especially after Il Duce decorated him with a special silver campaign medal. As a result of his adventures, young Enzo was allowed to go to Campo Mussolini, and all day long he was surrounded by shifting groups eager to hear his experiences first-hand. Camp officials rigged up a rough map of Ethiopia, and on it he could be seen demonstrating the details of "his" campaign.

The four other lads, several years older but still well within the eight-eighteen age limit of these camps, were Oswald and Leandro Gibelli, sixteen and fourteen; Alfred Pacella, sixteen; and Sandro Sotgia, sixteen. These four lived outside Italy. The two brothers came from Brazil and the other two respectively from France and Morocco. They ran away from home by devious routes and suddenly showed up in Italy, asking to be sent to Ethiopia to fight for their fathers' land. Officials in the War Ministry were puzzled what to do with them. Finally they decided to wire their parents and ask permission for them to go to Africa. All three families consented. Oswald and Leandro, the brothers, are sons of Captain Guido Gibelli, who had volunteered for service from his expatriate's home in Brazil. The boys wanted to follow their father to war. They succeeded and went through most of the Ethiopian campaign. On their return to Italy all four were decorated for valour, and since then they have not seemed to want to settle down to an ordinary, unadventurous life.

At the 1936 ceremonial exercises the five boys were mounted in the centre of a special dais of prominence and honour. Enzo was in the centre, flanked by the four ex-runaways. Each was dressed in service uniform and wore his medal. They stood there like rocks throughout the whole spectacle, from four o'clock until after six.

Shortly before the camp dinner-hour I became conscious of the fact that there had been bugle calls, some of them rather uncertain and shaky, sounding in my ears ever since I had

entered the camp. I learned that this rending of the air had been going on since mid-morning. About five hundred youngsters were gathered round in a circle listening to the bugle tests. In a cramped centre space sat an Italian musician, presumably an expert in bugle calls. For nearly eight hours he had been patiently trying to judge good buglers from bad.

"In previous years the bugle calls have been given pretty badly," I was told, "and so this year an attempt is being made to achieve better bugling." After each contestant finished his "piece," there was sporadic cheering from the surrounding group. I watched for some time, but could not decide whether the cheering was done on a merit basis, or whether each group cheered its own country—"men."

A few yards from this circle the Hitler Youth had their tents. In front of the tents was a "Swastika" flag and flag-pole. At the time of the official sunset the German guests gathered to lower the flag. They did it with great dignity and seriousness while they sang a German Youth anthem. In the middle of their song, and while the flag was just half-way down the pole, they were interrupted by some terrible bugle blasts and raucous cheering. An Italian officer who saw the situation dashed over to see if he could suspend the bugle contest until the Hitler Youth finished their ceremonial. He could not quiet the enthusiastic tyro bugler or his cheering comrades. I thought for a moment there might be a minor international complication, but the Nazis went right on about their business, serious and outwardly unperturbed.

Then came the dinner-hour. Cooks and waiters with mounds of spaghetti, salad and cakes, took positions at the front of two score marked lanes. The campers lined up in the lanes, some of them nearly an hour early in order to be served first, each one carrying a mess tin, capacious cover and other "tools." Each boy was allowed to take as hearty a helping as he could pile into his containers, and then he walked off—most of them could not run without chancing losing some of the

food, so high was it heaped in each dish—to sit down in fraternal groups while they consumed their fare. I took several more photographs, and found that if I tarried too long, I would have to “snap” half the camp. It is a standing joke in Campo Mussolini that every youngster wants his picture taken at every conceivable opportunity.

There were some special thrills in the camp during the afternoon for a few of the English youngsters. Italian radio authorities had arranged to have eight or ten from Great Britain broadcast their impressions of the camp, over 2RO, Italian short-wave station. As this programme goes on the air at 11.15 p.m. it was thought inadvisable to keep the children up so late, so their views were recorded and put on the air later that night.

Each of the selected lads, without rehearsal, was asked to say in a sentence what had impressed him most. One chap caused spontaneous laughter when he shouted into the recording machine: “What I like most about Italy is the spaghetti!” His opinion and the laughter all went into the record. A Nottingham boy did not succeed in getting his first impulsive message across. He said:

“If Eden had been here in this camp he wouldn’t have treated the Italians like he did!”

Miss Liza Sergio, first news-caster in Italy on short-wave to foreign lands, was, however, equal to the situation. She quietly said:

“Perhaps we’d better leave politics out of this,” and asked the over-enthusiastic boy to think up his second best impression.

As I left Campo Mussolini the final bugle tests were echoing into space. Hundreds of pairs of eyes were scanning the slightly clouded sky, wondering whether the weather would “give them a break” for the Saturday ceremonial.

It did. I found my way into “Tribune A” early, expecting to get a special seat of vantage. But there were no seats. This

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seems to be an old Italian custom. The crowd of fifteen thousand to twenty thousand stood on sloping ground surrounding the amphitheatre. The girls and boys gathered in march order, outside the enclosure, waiting for their signals before entering.

By 5 o'clock the six thousand boys and one thousand girls were drawn up in groups, spaced so that they could perform their gymnastics. The boys were dressed in shirts and shorts. Over their bronzed necks and chests a black handkerchief, of Fascist significance, was tied, the knot in front falling over their chests. The girls wore white kerchiefs and black middy suits.

The ceremonies were announced to begin at 5.15. A few minutes earlier I noticed two blackamoors being conducted by a Fascist officer into the special box reserved for Italian dignitaries. The chunky one was easily spotted as Ras Haile Selassie Gugsa, the deposed Emperor's heir. He was dressed in an Italian white uniform. I wondered what attention he would attract from the others in the box. No one paid any attention either to Gugsa or to his aide. The Italians found Gugsa's desertion of Haile Selassie's cause useful, but perhaps they have no real regard for a turncoat; or maybe it was simply because of language difficulties that no one spoke to him.

Sharp at 5.15 Il Duce, accompanied by the Prince of Piedmont, heir to the Italian throne, entered. Mussolini was welcomed with frenzied cries from onlookers and youngsters. The drill ground was snapped to attention and saluted Il Duce. The boys carried small dummy rifles for exercise purposes. For forty minutes boys and girls put on their prepared calisthenics. The ceremonies concluded with a march past, at the double, of the boys. The leader of each squad gave the Fascist salute; others turned eyes right.

The "M" camps started eight years ago in casual and accidental fashion. One hundred Italian children, mainly the boys and girls of miners, were left homeless by floods in the

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Saar region. The Italian government offered them shelter and an opportunity to build up their stunted frames. It proved such a success that each year since the scope of the endeavour has grown. The burden of carrying it out on an extensive scale was handed over to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

A special department of the Ministry handles all matters dealing with Fascism abroad. The responsible secretary is Piero Parini and his under-secretary is Ignazio Thaon di Revel. The latter flew for several months with the famous d'Annunzio squadron and later founded Fascism in the United States. He disbanded it in 1929 when Washington authorities decided that it was in conflict with true Americanism.

Fascism abroad is still an important force. In almost every country in the world, except the United States and Canada, groups which keep continual contact with the homeland may be found. There are in all 570 groups. The membership includes 152,000 expatriate male Fascists over twenty-one; 42,000 women; and 40,000 boys and girls. It is stated that no attempt is made to make them other than good citizens of the lands in which they are living; the purpose is to keep them in touch with Fascist spirit and culture.

These summer camps for expatriated Italian youngsters are a settled part of Fascist policy. So far as I have been able to ascertain they have no military or proselytizing purpose. Fifteen thousand children were brought to Italy during the summer, and ten thousand more applied to come. Preference is given to children of maimed Italian veterans abroad; and next to children of any veteran. In the first four or five years nearly all the children came from the under-privileged classes. Thousands came from miners' families. They built up marvellously under the Italian camp conditions.

In addition to Campo Mussolini there are the four others. Campo Cattolica, on the Adriatic Sea, can take care of 2100 boys at a time. They go there in two groups, for a month each. Campo Tyrrenia, also on the seaside, can accommodate 1900

girls. The two mountain camps are at Erba, for boys, accommodation 1900; and Fiera di Premiero, for girls, accommodation 1000. There is one more camp, at Mondella. It is a medical centre to which come thousands of Italian children from abroad who suffer from trachoma. Most of them come from Mediterranean areas where there is no adequate treatment for this dread and prevalent disease. Without cost to their families, for almost all are very poor, Il Duce has arranged for expert Italian specialists to look after these children. The Mondella centre can take care of eight hundred boys and eight hundred girls at one time. Treatment may take as long as two years and the camp usually is full to overflowing.

I doubt whether I would make a good Fascist; probably Fascism does not suit the Anglo-Saxon make-up. I have been extremely critical during the past few years of various kinds of Fascism. For this reason it gives me extreme pleasure to be able whole-heartedly and honestly to write about a phase of Fascism which I can commend.

Perhaps "if Eden had visited Campo Mussolini," and if all Fascist efforts were as intelligently humanitarian and constructive, "he wouldn't have treated Italy like he did!" Mussolini has served notice on Eden and his colleagues that henceforth he will be satisfied with nothing less than equality in the Mediterranean. Il Duce declared in his Milan speech of 1st November 1936: "If for others the Mediterranean is a route, for us Italians it is life. . . . It is necessary that the thinking minds in the British Empire should realize the fact that the Italian Empire is accomplished and irrevocable."

Great Britain needs freedom of access to, and of manœuvre in, the Mediterranean not only that she may not have to revert to the longer Cape route to India and South Africa, but also that she may look after her interests in Egypt and Palestine. Italy has been a nation, in fact as well as in name, for not more than seventy years, and Britain has been loath to abandon her

position of "top dog" in this sea. The British have been accustomed for one hundred and thirty-nine years to regard themselves as the masters of the Mediterranean, but freedom of operation in this area has diminished since Nelson's day. Gibraltar no longer is immune from attack. It is not now the acme of impregnability, since it can be reached by gunfire from Ceuta and by enemy planes. It may prove to be untenable if Spain regains her strength, or if Italy and Germany profit considerably by a Franco success. Malta is a useful and safe base, unless the enemy should happen to be Italy. Cyprus, a recent acquisition, has been a "little Orphan Annie" in British foreign policy, and is far from adequately defended. The Suez could be blocked by the sinking of one well-placed barge.

Mussolini genuinely wants a term of peace in order that he may consolidate his recent winnings. He says that the interests of Italy and Great Britain in the Mediterranean are complementary. If the British can come to the same conclusion peace for a considerable term of years should be assured; and Mussolini might let it be known that the Rome-Berlin axis had then become of no more than academic interest to him.

Chapter X

BEHIND THE MAGINOT LINE

ONE million Frenchmen can live underground for three months in comparative comfort. That seems to me to be the most significant fact in France to-day. They can be sheltered in the amazing Maginot Line fortifications which are as close to impregnable as modern military science can devise. These have been constructed as the result of France's pathological fear of German invasion.

If it had not been for the French intransigent attitude toward Germany, since Versailles, the course of recent history might have taken a very different direction. Briand and Stresemann probably could have worked out a satisfactory *modus vivendi* for their two nations, but French public opinion lagged lamentably behind the visions of their statesman-premier of a decade ago.

German leaders, before and after Hitler, made many offers of amity. Preponderant French opinion either refused to believe in their honesty, or were afraid that they would be swamped in the resultant friendship. If France had not so stubbornly refused to accept the Austro-German *anschluss*, a thoroughly logical and probably inevitable development, other nations would have withdrawn or withheld their opposition. The result of this stubbornness—even though friends of France often assert that it is historically justified—was the success of the Nazi Party; the rearmament of the Reich; the reoccupation of the Rhineland; and the dwindling of French prestige throughout the world.

Nearly three hundred years ago a French military engineer

advocated a cordon of frontier fortifications as his country's best defence against invasion from the north or east. Vauban constructed several of these forts. They were the latest developments in military science of the seventeenth century, but they would seem primitive, indeed, if contrasted with France's twentieth-century Chinese Wall.

The Maginot Line, which is nearing completion, will guard all France's land frontiers with the exception of the natural barrier of the Pyrenees. When the treaty between France and Belgium was abrogated in 1936 French military authorities decided not to depend on the strength of Belgian fortifications on the Belgian-German frontier. Another factor influenced French military experts about the same time. It was learned that one theoretical military plan of Germany involved invasion of France through Switzerland. The Maginot Line has been, therefore, extended to include the Franco-Swiss frontier.

Already a hundred thousand men are in these underground forts in the neighbourhood of Verdun, Metz, Mulhouse, Strassburg and Thionville. The French Ministry of War emphasizes that this is not a mobilization. It is merely one measure in the development of frontier defence. The Maginot Line will permit calm French mobilization, experts say, in the event of a crisis. It may be noted, from a study of these forts on a map, that the chief point of French concentration is approximately opposite the reoccupied Rhine zone.

The Paris daily newspaper, *Le Soir*, says that no army can break down the Maginot Line; that no heavy artillery can smash in the forts. *Le Soir* recently published the most detailed article yet to appear in print describing these fortifications, and presumably this has been authorized by the highest military authorities in order that Germany may have a clear picture of the difficulties she would encounter in any aggression westward.

The line of forts is very much unlike a World War trench system. There are about fourteen thousand isolated, semi-

obscured pill-boxes of steel and concrete. Along all the 600-mile frontier they may be seen sticking up out of hedges, fields, ponds and underbrush. The obtruding pillboxes are of a rotating type. There is no above-ground entrance or exit. Each has two storeys—one above ground and the other sixty feet below. Above the lower chamber there is at least forty feet of concrete. Three men constitute the "garrison" of each miniature fortress and one of the three men is always on duty. In the lower chamber there are two folding beds, a radio receiver, a latrine, an air-cooled provision box, ammunition, tools and two spare guns. It is not necessary for a man to be in the upper chamber in order to fire the gun. It is possible for the gunners below to spiral the weapon up the sixty feet until it reaches the surface turret. By an ingenious periscopic device it then can be fired from below and the recoil starts the gun spiraling down again.

The fourteen thousand strong points are connected by an intricate series of subterranean passages, with major concentration points. In these larger places engineers have built assembly halls, mess halls, kitchens, dressing stations, hospitals, latrines, baths, gun chambers and huge barracks. The major concentration points are about 1100 yards back of the front line, but maintain constant contact with the individual frontier posts. Some of the barracks can accommodate as many as ten thousand soldiers at one time. Several concentration points have huge recreation chambers, store rooms which contain ample food, including thousands of tons of frozen meat, and even electric light plants, water systems and electric trains. One of the shops has machinery large enough to handle a locomotive. Five hundred million gallons of red and white wine have been stored in subterranean vaults. There is even defence against gas. The air pressure can be raised so that gas will not enter.

Work on the Maginot Line has been carried out under the supervision of technical experts by two hundred thousand loyal French workmen, sworn to secrecy.

From five to ten miles back may be found further vaults,

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subterranean chambers, and reserves of heavy artillery for defence and attack. All these are connected with the front lines by tunnels. In the rear chambers the French plan to store tanks, motorized equipment and hundreds of aeroplanes. These can be brought close to the surface by an elevator system and thence make their way to the open by way of ramps.

Even cemeteries are provided—but what cemeteries! Huge acid tanks, as large as an ordinary swimming pool, have been provided to dispose of the bodies. These will be carried on an endless conveyer system to the disposal tanks and in twenty minutes a corpse may be dissolved—boots and all.

The French believe that the Maginot Line will prevent any possibility of invasion. Military authorities admit that enemy aeroplanes may wreck French cities and other industrial centres, but they claim that no hostile force can occupy their territory until the Maginot Line is destroyed. They believe this line to be inviolable, but if they are perchance mistaken they still have another device which is expected to prevent their capture. About twenty miles back of the Maginot Line there is located, well underground, a secret chamber, the location of which is known to very few men in the country. If an enemy should capture and occupy considerable portions of the Maginot Line—inconceivable to the French—the pressing of a single button in this secret chamber will immediately blow up, with thousands of tons of dynamite and TNT, the entire 600 miles of fortifications.

During the years immediately following the signing of the Treaty of Versailles France depended primarily upon German reparations to restore her devastated regions and upon alliances to maintain the inviolability of her territory. The flow of cash and goods from Germany dwindled away in the course of ten years to a trickle and then dried up. Country after country fell away from the French orbit, and her leaders decided that she must revert to dependence primarily on the strength of her arms and fortifications. Thus the Maginot Line grew.

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France has "pursued in vain the phantom of security." Her early hope of dependence on support from the United States and Great Britain proved vain. The former country declined to take the Wilsonian point of view on world co-operation, and the latter recognized that the League of Nations without the United States could not function as the Utopians had expected.

For geographical reasons Great Britain and France must remain friends, no matter how much Germany and Britain may periodically philander. No other ally can now be counted as France's defender, and in certain contingencies the British may decline to follow the French lead. French politicians scuttled the League of Nations. They still assiduously attend Geneva sessions and give the League lip service, but since the sorry farce they made of sanctions against Italy, French realists concede that *this* League is past resuscitation.

An "iron ring" around Germany was one device employed by France to keep their ancient foes in their place. This failed. The Little Entente nations—Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania—admire the culture of France more than they depend upon her for military or economic support. Yugoslavia and Rumania have logically drifted within the last four years into the German sphere of influence. They are determined to maintain their political and economic independence, but since France's actions in the sanctions crisis and the Rhineland reoccupation they place little faith in the prospect of aid from their major ally. Czechoslovakia is still firmly pro-France, but for geographical reasons is a liability rather than an asset. Poland tired of an unequal partnership. France neglected the Poles so pointedly and so long that even the ballyhoo arranged for General Smydz-Rigly's Paris visit of September 1935 could not restore more than a perfunctory relationship. The non-aggression pact, signed in January 1933, between Pilsudski and Hitler, ameliorated for the time Poland's outstanding menace. Italian friendship was turned to a smouldering

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animosity during the sanctions tragi-comedy, and has been far from restored by the perplexities associated with the Spanish civil war.

France, under Laval, turned to the U.S.S.R. for friendship and support, but this arrangement is of doubtful value to either country, unless Maurice Thorez and his Communists gain supreme power.

The trouble that France has experienced during the past eighteen years has been political rather than economic. She has refused consistently to face facts, until too late. There have been eight premiers and eleven governments since Franklin Roosevelt was elected president of the United States. More than one hundred cabinets have passed into political limbo in less than seventy years. French political fluidity had been both her salvation and her damnation. The French peculiar form of democracy has permitted her to shuttle premiers back and forth, but often without signs of gain or progress. Fifteen political parties in the Chamber of Deputies prevent any except ephemeral coalition governments. Premiers and finance ministers do not last long enough to put through and follow through sound economic programmes. France's basic financial difficulties are three:

1. Too high interest rates on her indebtedness.
2. A swarm of minor bureaucrats holding to their jobs like leeches.
3. Widespread income tax evasion, which wrecks the plans of successive finance ministers.

Vaunted French logic seems to break down in the handling of her internal affairs. In foreign questions France may be stupid and stubborn, but she is at least consistent.

The Government of the Socialist, Leon Blum, lasted for a little more than a year. He surmounted crisis after crisis, but last June he had to give way to Premier Chautemps. Blum was supported by the Radical Socialists and also by the Communists, although the latter declined to enter the cabinet. He

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took office during a wave of stay-in strikes. He was able to surmount this difficulty because legions of public servants and petty officials were lukewarm in their sympathies with the strikers, and preferred security above everything else. Their attitude prevented an economic breakdown and widespread disaster.

Maurice Thorez, Communist leader with seventy-two party members in the Chamber of Deputies, could have prevented the Blum Government from functioning, but he and his party showed that French Communists are first Frenchmen and secondly Communists.

Shortly after Blum took office he was able to negotiate the Matignon Agreements, and thus arrange a programme of social and economic advance that placated the components of the *Front Populaire*. This French equivalent of the N.R.A. provided:

1. Immediate return to work.
2. Wage increases from seven to more than twelve per cent.
3. Collective bargaining.
4. Fortnight's holidays with pay.
5. A forty-hour week.

But the tempo of change was too fast. The C.G.T. and C.G.P. (organizations of workers and employers) encountered the rigidities of economic laws and ingrained French social prejudices. The workers' organizations gained tremendously in prestige and membership, but, lacking economic education, they found they had won reforms which they could not understand or apply. Employers and employed discovered that the rigid application of the forty-hour week sent costs up and production down.

Workers and their wives did not know what to do with their days off. France, after all, is a nation of small industries where the personal element and long-standing prejudices still hold sway.

Blum lasted a long time for a French premier. He sur-

mounted his difficulties for twelve months because he was able to implement four major pre-election promises:

1. Control of the Bank of France. He took this away from the "Two Hundred Families," partially democratized the institution, put a majority of government directors on the board—but did not hamstring it by too extreme measures.

2. Partial nationalization of the armament industry and the railways.

3. Restoration of official salaries. Government servants, by the drastic Decrees of 1935, were bitter because of severe salary slashes. Blum restored most of the cut, but not all.

4. Stabilization of the franc. He was not able to save it, but when it was devalued in September 1936 action was taken in co-operation with the United States and Great Britain. For some months, until prices rose, France gained by the action, and forgot possible prestige losses.

The collapse of French international prestige may be traced in the fall of the franc since 1918. Rather tardily, one doughty French premier, Poincaré, was able to stabilize it in 1928, but he should have taken his action eighteen months earlier. For nearly twenty years the franc has been wobbling, and its course has been mostly downward. Its deterioration was accelerated in the summer and early autumn of 1937, until on 1st October it was worth just about ten per cent. of its value at the time of the Armistice, as measured in Roosevelt dollars.

France is head-over-heels in debt and hovering on the brink of political disaster which must soon end in one of three ways, a National Government, Fascism, or Communism; and she feels keenly her international insecurity. To save herself I suggest that she must take speedy action, for the sands are fast running out, in several ways, of which I shall name four:

1. *Matignon Agreements*. Her social and economic reforms are moving too fast for French temperament and for French economics. These must be slowed up and introduced in sound and logical sequence.

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2. *Budgetary policy.* Interest rates on government indebtedness must be reduced; income tax evasions diminished; arrangements made for absorption in the regular budget of extraordinary expenditures (mainly on armaments); and the barnacles on the public payroll scraped off.

3. *Commercial policy.* The present complexity of duties and quotas must be unscrambled. France must decide whether she will maintain a free or a closed commercial policy. The former will permit her to remain aligned with the democratic nations. If she is tempted by the specious attractions of a closed commercial policy she will, perforce, find herself in the same boat with the authoritarian states.

4. *International relations.* France must recognize that Germany is improbably thinking in terms of a westward aggression. She must treat Germany as an equal, for a change, and make concessions which will permit Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy to inaugurate a modern and realistic Western Locarno. She should profit by this even if it meant the virtual lapsing of her illogical pact with the U.S.S.R.

France is a resilient country with a natural economic equilibrium which is the envy of other major nations. If she can conquer her pathological fear of the Germans, and enforce the primacy of economics over politics, it should not be long before she should regain much of her lost domestic insecurity and shattered international prestige.

Chapter XI

WHAT IS AN ENGLISHMAN?*

"Fee, fi, fo, fum;
I smell the blood of an English-mun."

A BRITISH sailor was jawing with several foreign sailors on shore leave. One of the foreigners asked him why it was that the British navy always won.

"That's easy to answer," replied the bluejacket. "We always pray before we start fighting."

"But so do we," retorted the foreigner.

"Yes," came the rejoinder, "but we pray in English."

The Britisher does not claim supremacy for his country and his race; he assumes it. He is genuinely surprised when he encounters sceptical aliens who doubt it. He may not be quite sure of the basis of his assumption. One celebrated sea-dog, however, was able to give a materialistic explanation:

Lord Fisher, a bluff and frequently profane salt who handled the British navy in the early part of the World War, once discussed this subject with King Edward VII. Fisher was accustomed to speak freely to his King.

"There is no doubt, Sir," he once said, "that we are God's Chosen People."

"A comforting thought," admitted His Majesty. "But on what is it based?"

"With the great harbour of Scapa Flow in the North, and the narrow straits of Dover in the South, there is no doubt, Sir, we are God's Chosen People."

* For a full answer to this question, I know no better book than Sir Philip Gibbs' *England Speaks*.

It is natural that residence on an island should give one that comfortable feeling of freedom that comes from isolation. Lord Baldwin's statement that "England's frontier is now the Rhine" startled the island's inhabitants, and gave a fillip to the growing demand for a defensive air force, but did not seriously disturb the complacency of the average Briton. In foreign eyes he stands accused of aloofness, smugness and hypocrisy. The French have a phrase for it: "perfidious Albion." The opprobrious words are often found in the Paris press and on the Gallic tongue. The Frenchman regards the Englishman as a two-faced individual. Consider this extract from a speech delivered in Paris in 1915:

"The English are, above all, creatures of instinct. They distrust ideas. They have a horror of logic. Show them by irrefutable reasoning that they ought to do this or that and they will revolt. . . . The great majority of Englishmen are always inconsistent."

No, the speaker is not a Frenchman. He is an Englishman, Wickham Steed, endeavouring to "explain" his countrymen to a French audience. Steed was for several years editor of the *London Times*, and one of his war-time tasks was to elucidate British policy for the sympathetic understanding of "poor, benighted foreigners." Owing to the fact that he had spent many years abroad, Steed had an understanding of foreign psychologies, and he was sent hither and thither, on politely propagandistic missions, to explain "that thoroughly illogical phenomenon, the English character." Steed met with considerable success in his missionary work. He denied that it is fair to accuse the Englishman of hypocrisy, and on several occasions made the following defence and explanation, quoted in his autobiography, *Through Thirty Years*.

"The first time an Englishman hears his country accused of perfidy or hypocrisy his astonishment is equalled only by

his conviction that those who accuse her are either ignorant or insincere. What is the truth? My own conclusion is that the great majority of my fellow-countrymen are never, or very seldom, perfidious or hypocritical, but are almost always inconsistent.

"Now inconsistency is not hypocrisy unless people are conscious of their inconsistency. But between the two sections of the English mind, the section that holds views or ideas and the section from which fundamental impulses proceed, there is a kind of watertight bulkhead. What an Englishman may say at moments of normal quiet gives no clue to what he will do at a moment of individual or national crisis."

It may be a moot question whether the English are to blame for not explaining themselves to the world; or whether most of the world is to blame for failing to comprehend. The fact that the mind of an English statesman and the temper of the British people perpetually puzzle continental Europe is a factor too seldom considered in any appraisal of European stresses and perplexities.

The term "English" is used by most foreigners as an approximate synonym for "British." They do not recognize the yeoman assistance rendered by minds located within the skulls of Scotch, Irish and Welsh; and, increasingly since the turn of the century, by "overseas" mentalities.

In Paris, Berlin, Rome and half a dozen other major capitals the foreign policies and domestic actions of the masterminds in Whitehall and 10 Downing Street seem to be a mass of contradictions and procrastinations. Often, even allied foreign chancellories are dangerously exasperated by their inability to fit this policy to any logical test or rule of thumb.

The eminent British military critic, Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, writing in the *Yale Review*, does his bit to explain the English to the Americans. He contends that foreigners fail to realize that "underneath its opportunistic surface" English

policy is not a plan but a principle, or rather, an instinctive pattern formed by tradition. This may work out to Britain's disadvantage or advantage; but it "is always detrimental to Continental plans," and harasses Hitler, Mussolini and whoever may be the current French premier.

Captain Hart does a useful job of explaining the English mind to the American mind, but, for sheer keenness of analysis and delightful humour, I recommend the elucidation of a Chinese scholar, in an article in the *Mid-Pacific Magazine*, entitled: "John Bull Through Chinese Eyes." The author is Dr. Lin Yutang, who wrote the recent "best-seller," *My Country, My People*.

Dr. Lin believes that English and Chinese minds have much in common. He feels that Confucius would have felt very much at home with Dr. Johnson and Ramsay MacDonald. He admires the English, lauds their inconsistency, and claims that "the English have no logic, but have wisdom in the Chinese sense." Human history, this oriental philosopher asserts, "is the result of the conflict of our ideals and realities." He goes on:

"The U.S.S.R. is the result of the Russian capacity for dreaming; the French republic is the result of the French passion for abstract ideas; the British Empire is the result of the wonderfully robust English common sense and their entire lack of logical reasoning; and the German Fascist régime is the result of the German love for a common front and mass action." (He does not attempt to explain Il Duce!) "I would at any time," writes Dr. Lin, "twist the lion's tail rather than pinch the whiskers of a Japanese marine. The British lion has a better sense of humour." The greatness of the "amazing" British Empire, a "thoroughly illogical structure," the writer believes is due to "English sportsmanship, English endurance, English guts, the incorruptibility of English judges . . . and the English lack of cerebration."

The complexities of British internal politics bewilder the foreigner as much as her vagaries in the field of international

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relations. With rare exceptions, Britain seems to be governed by very ordinary men. But this may be a political asset. The British distrust Winston Churchill, and the result is that this brilliant, protean statesman has been almost everything except prime minister. The German historian Wilhelm Dibelius believes that "England can live without great men comparatively longer than any other country."

If I were asked to select two typical Englishmen of the post-war period my choice would rest upon Lord Baldwin—and the late King George. Baldwin may have possessed brilliancies, but if so he was wise enough to conceal them. To the majority of the electorate he was a successful manufacturer and a rather phlegmatic country squire who smoked a bulldog pipe and bred pigs.

The Silver Jubilee of King George V showed British temper and temperament at their best. George was dead against the whole show. He said he was a sick man anyway, and he thought 1935 was no time for gold coaches and display, poverty and unemployment being what they were. Events proved him wrong, however, at least so far as the majority of the people was concerned.

The King said to a friend who was dining with him:

"It is unbelievable what has happened. I was never so moved in my life. I cried. So did the Queen." Then he added: "I *still* don't understand it. Times are so hard for the people—and I am such a very ordinary man."

It was for that "ordinary man" the millions showed their affection.

One reason why the abdication of King Edward VIII passed off without disrupting the Empire may have been that the British did not consider the man whom they had known so long as the Prince of Wales as an "ordinary man." They gave him their affection and spoke of him with pride, but he was a product of the post-war period, and no one would have called him a solid, phlegmatic individual. Edward's evident intention

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to take an active part in national and international affairs, even to the point of showing initiative on occasions, met with a mixed reception. The miners in the distressed areas loved him for his desire to better their lot, but many other Britons felt that any action should follow the customary channels of procedure. There were three occasions when Edward stepped in, one in the national arena and two in the international field, with an apparent intention of shaping policy. Such initiatory action does not fit in with the basic British conception of a constitutional monarchy. George V took an active part in the "gold standard" crisis of 1931, but not until his advice was requested and even urged.

While King Edward VIII was still the Prince of Wales, over a period of at least ten years, there were many reports bandied about that he was not eager to be a monarch. Some suggested that he preferred the lesser responsibilities of a prince, and that he would be glad to turn over, if he were permitted, the major task to his eldest brother. Others asserted that Edward's conception of the senior job did not fit in very well with a constitutional monarchy, as the cabinet, parliament and people seemed to regard it; that he wished to rule as well as to reign. However this may have been, a day came in December 1936 when Edward was explaining on the wireless to a throbbing and sympathetic world why he must abdicate.

The year 1936 will go down in British history as the amazing, incredible year of three monarchs. The way the British Empire reacted to the successive jolts exemplifies the fundamental sanity of Britons as a whole, when confronted with crises, and their capacity for rising to the occasion. The preparations for the Coronation, the ceremonies themselves, and the accompanying crop of anecdotes served to answer the question: What is an Englishman? A nation may be judged by its humour and pageantry as well as by its politicians and pacts.

Great Britain's chief political safety-valves are to be found in the House of Commons and in Hyde Park. Two or three

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years ago a Communist agitator—one among many, each spouting his special nostrum—finally worked himself up to a climax and shouted to the several hundred composing the crowd surrounding his soap-box:

“Come on, comrades, let’s march on Buckingham Palace!”

There were murmurs of assent and dissent in the crowd for a moment or two and then a lone policeman standing by took command:

“‘Ere you are, mates; all that’s for Buckingham Palace line up on the left!”

If ever there had been any menace in the crowd it disappeared at this sally.

There will be no “march on London” as long as Buckingham Palace is occupied by an “ordinary man.” Britons have taken George VI, Elizabeth his Queen, and the two princesses to their hearts, and accepted them as *of* themselves. They feel—and rightly—that George could drop into the local pub without embarrassment to the other solid citizens there, or to himself. It would not be long before they would be in a hot argument as to what’s wrong with the British Empire or the British climate; or the prospects for England winning the next Test match against Australia.

Chapter XII

ARMAMENT ROAD TO PEACE

TWO of the most remarkable and significant phenomena observable in Great Britain during the past few years are the death of the party system and the growth of what has been called "Tory Socialism." These are not unrelated.

The party system thrived from the time of Queen Anne until 1931, when the second Socialist Government experiment was terminated. From the point of view of Arthur Henderson and a few other Labour leaders Ramsay MacDonald was a traitor to his class and to his country when, with the consent if not urging of King George V, he formed a National Government. From the point of view of Conservatives, Liberals and many independents he became a heroic and patriotic, even if somewhat tragic, statesman.

It is true that there are two other "parties" in the present Parliament, but they are hard put to find a major cleavage of opinion with the Government. Liberals, under Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Lloyd George, have dwindled in numbers until it has been said that they could "caucus in a telephone booth." They attack, as individuals, Government actions from time to time, but without important effect. The Socialists, or Labour Party, under Mr. Attlee, have been desperately trying for the past year to find a major issue in which they can believe, and on which they might hope successfully to go to the country.

The power of Socialism is not that the people believe in a political philosophy, but that they are willing, even eager, to accept the "little by little" accretions of Socialism which have been achieved since the turn of the century. The sum total of

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benefits is very large. "Tory Socialism" is an apt description. The two Socialist Governments had comparatively short tenures of power and what they achieved in socialist legislation is only a drop in the bucket compared with the social enactments of the non-socialist governments.

The British have acquired probably greater economic security than the people of any other major nation. This has not been done without paying a penalty. Physically, as many doctors and scientists have pointed out, the Briton is a "C₃" individual, under-paid and under-fed. Increased wages and robust health have been sacrificed in order to obtain the major boons of economic and social security. Rheumatism and bad teeth are looked upon in England as "acts of God." A woman from New Zealand recently went to an English doctor and asked him what he could do to relieve her arthritis. She had spent a few months in England and expected to remain another year or two. The trouble had not had its roots in New Zealand, she felt sure.

"May I ask, madam, how old you are?" the physician inquired.

"Forty-eight."

"Well, then," he replied, "I'm afraid you'll have to resign yourself to your fate. Don't you know that every one is likely to suffer from arthritis on reaching middle life?"

There are two results of these *ad hoc* socialistic developments:

1. The British have a security and contentment almost unknown abroad, with their unemployment insurance, sickness insurance, old age pensions and minimum wage guarantees, so far as they apply.

2. There is an almost complete absence of class warfare. The average Briton is not interested in social revolution when he has gained so much security, and has perhaps £300 in savings. The risk of starvation has receded into the distance.

Working-class savings roll up an enormous total. They are tucked safely away in Trade Union funds, Building and Loan

Associations, the Co-operatives, savings bank and postal savings certificates. Glasgow alone has £100,000,000 in savings banks, with an average deposit of about £160. Eight hundred million pounds is the huge sum invested in postal savings certificates in the British Isles. With substantial savings and a stake in the country the Britisher cannot easily be induced to look to Moscow for salvation; or even to Fascist inspiration. Sir Oswald Mosley, British Blackshirt leader, has lost ground in the last five years and is accepted as a mildly amusing political gadfly. The House of Commons has one Communist member and no representative of the Fascist Party.

Britain has been increasingly prosperous since 1932, when the Mother Country and Australia were the first national units of importance to climb out of the depression. There is grave question, however, whether this prosperity and reasonable contentment can be permanent. There are several danger signals, some of them not so very far over the horizon:

1. The physical condition of the people. Much is talked about improving the nation's health, but not a great deal is done. Housing schemes, slum clearances, better medical centres and hospitals, and other similar endeavours must wait, so long as lavish expenditures are made on armaments. The cost of armaments has caused the cessation of many socially-desirable projects. The Englishman is paying for it in more ways than money.

2. The complacency with which many British industrial leaders accept obsolete conditions may sometimes be an asset, but in emergencies is a distinct liability. British business men are, by and large, wise steersmen, but poor administrators.

3. Initiative in the average British is under-developed. By American standards the employees of many offices put in not more than half a working day each twenty-four hours, owing to undeveloped initiative and hampering precedent and red-tape. There is a confidence on the part of the majority of British business men—and often of the Government—that

trumps will turn up at the end. It is reasonably true that in a war "the British win only one battle—the last one"—but this is an incredibly wasteful process.

4. Until a year ago the conditions of world trade were in favour of Britain. The world's goods were still on the bargain counter. Conditions in the past twelve months have begun to reverse themselves. Rising world costs are already seriously affecting Great Britain. Lord Nuffield, motor car magnate, accuses the iron and steel producers of profiteering. They reply that they are in the grip of a rising economic world cycle. The cause, of course, is the competition between peace and war industries for essential raw materials. With *at least* £3,000,000,000 as the probable cost of world armaments in 1937 nothing else than an insensate competition can be expected. The Britisher is facing conditions where he may have to buy everything dear.

5. How far can the "little by little" socialization policy be effective? Many projects have been, and are being, initiated which prove to be socially desirable but economically suicidal. By way of illustration:

The Government has guaranteed £33,000,000 to improve rail transportation into London. Alternative methods of carrying goods and passengers, and changing tastes, may make some of the improvements obsolete—long before they are paid for. Can the country stand the cost of this and other possible "write-offs"?

Shifts of population may leave almost no one to pay local or national taxes. The community of Poplar, I note, is spending a very large sum for social betterment, planning to amortize the cost at a rate which *assumes* that the population will increase at the rate of one per cent. a year when recession of population in Poplar already has set in. How, then, can the dwindling number of Poplar citizens expect to carry the augmented tax burden?

There are three aspects of the population question: declining

population, shifting population and the certain increase of the percentage of population beyond working age. Already there are regions of old men largely unemployable, in the South Wales, Tyneside and similar areas.

There are two Englands, the prosperous (roughly the southern half) and the depressed (in parts of Wales and in the North). For the past eighteen months the northern depressed areas have been experiencing a temporary and probably fictitious prosperity which will collapse when—if ever—armament expenditures drop or cease.

A distinguished economist, in concluding a discussion of some of these problems, described England as a country with "serious ulcers on an otherwise fairly healthy body." There are peace-time threats to improved national health which call for the exercise of super-statesmanship; but war is by all odds the greatest menace to the personal and national security of the Briton.

The British have a kind of democracy which reasonably satisfies. They believe it is infinitely better to build on the present foundation rather than tear down in order that they may start anew. But to retain the kind of government and brand of freedom they cherish, aggressive action in world affairs seemed to be called for. Fatuous faith in disarmament conferences had led the nation down a blind alley at the end of which was impotence. Gradually, but with increasing momentum, there came a return of the belief in Nelson's dictum, that a British battleship is the best peacemaker in the world.

Until September 1937 Great Britain had permitted herself to be "pushed around" in the international arena in a way that brought the blushes to many a British cheek. At the Nyon anti-piracy conference nine powers, led by Britain and France, reversed the policy which for several years had been followed of retreating before German and Italian bluffs, threats and boycotts. This may well prove to have been a turning point in the

struggle between democratic and authoritarian régimes. Mussolini must have blinked when he observed how fast the western European democracies could act. They met on a Friday and were "all set to go" by Monday. Il Duce, in whose *mare nostrum* the anti-piracy fleets were planning to operate, had refused to confer because the U.S.S.R. had insulted him. The meeting went on without him, and he was told that he could look for pirates in the Tyrrhenian Sea, if he cared to co-operate. That was like offering him £1 worth of stock in a £2000 corporation. A week later Mussolini was permitted the parity he asked for, in patrolling the Mediterranean, but it came as a grant rather than as a right. Il Duce is a smart statesman and when he saw that he had been outmanœuvred he wasted no time in withdrawing to a tenable position. Whether or not the Nyon Agreement actually was a turning point is yet too early to determine. But the reason that Britain took such a firm line at this juncture is clear: her rearmament had reached a point where she could no longer be "pushed around" with impunity, where the issues were grave.

The most important international event of 1936 was not German re-occupation of the Rhine Zone, Italian conquest of Ethiopia, the signing of the Franco-Soviet pact, the outbreak of civil war in Spain, or even the abdication of Edward VIII. By all odds, the most significant happening in 1936 was the decision of Great Britain to rearm in a big way; at an estimated cost of £1,500,000,000 to £2,000,000,000, to be spread over a five-year period.

Great Britain had permitted her armaments to get to a catastrophically low level. With the rest of the world furiously arming the British felt that they had no alternative except—somewhat tardily—to get into the race. If one believes in the lessons of history it is axiomatic that no armament race ever has led to anything but war. But there is abundant evidence that Britain's new-found strength will be a stabilizing factor. There is nothing she wants—except peace. There is much she may

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concede. But first she must be convinced of the good faith of those to whom concessions may be made.

Even (one might almost say especially) the Socialists, Trade Unionists, and many responsible Church leaders in Britain felt the menace of Fascism and/or Communism to be so imminent that they declined to oppose the Government's armament vote. In 1935 left wing and Liberal groups in Britain favoured a passive or militant pacifism. The lessons of Ethiopia, Spain and China quickly sank in, and led in September 1937 to an overwhelming endorsement of the Government's defence programme at the annual session of the Trades Union Congress. This was followed in October by similar action on the part of the Labour Party, which voted ten-to-one to back the Government's defence programme.

Britain's reserve of ammunition had been seriously depleted, and for a curious reason. In the early summer of 1936 it was actually less than in August 1914. A few years before a Socialist Minister of War was told that he must cut his budget by £1,000,000. He did it by letting the guns fire their year's practice ammunition and then postponing replacement. This happened a second year, possibly a third, I am not sure. Naturally there came a time when this method of saving could not be carried any farther. Replacement began, in 1936, at a furious pace.

Since the middle of last year British industry has been going "all out" on the defence programme. Two departments of the Government have done yeoman service in preventing competition between the services for essential materials; the Committee for Imperial Defence, an advisory group; and the Ministry for Co-ordination of Defence. Navy, army, and air force expect to be in first-class shape by 1941, and ready to take a forceful part in international affairs by the end of 1938.

Comparative statistics in armaments are woefully misleading. This is especially true when navy and air force figures are discussed. I can take the naval figures for the world's leading

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powers and prove almost anything, so long as no one is permitted to delve behind the statistics. Take the navy, first, as it is Britain's historical first line of defence. Such questions as these must be considered:

What is the aggregate tonnage?

How many warships are included?

How is the navy divided between battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines?

What is their speed?

What calibre battle guns are carried?

How many ships are ageing, or obsolescent?

The aggregate tonnage of the British navy is 1,216,398; she has 285 warships, including 15 battleships, 6 aircraft-carriers, 55 heavy and light cruisers, 156 destroyers, and 53 submarines; her battleships without exception are equipped with fifteen- and sixteen-inch guns; not a single one of her Battle Fleet of 20 ships (1941) will be obsolescent; and speed will vary from twenty-three knots to thirty-two.

Before the World War Britain's policy was to maintain a fleet equal to the fleets of any other two nations. This policy has been abandoned since 1918. It has been considered for at least the past decade that there can be no naval race between Britain and the United States. Each country can see the other grow strong on the sea without envy or jealousy. It is almost an axiom of international relations that the two major Anglo-Saxon nations will never be lined up against each other.

Omitting the United States, the British navy of 1937 is maintaining approximately the two-power standard. In 1941, when four capital ships of 35,000 tons each are ready for service, and an undetermined number of lesser craft, the two-power test probably can still be applied, even though the growth of other European and Asiatic navies may be phenomenal.

The Royal Navy is supreme in European waters. The only foreign fleets of consequence are those of France and Italy. Germany and the U.S.S.R. are no longer—and not yet—

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considered first-class sea powers. In 1941 Britain's supremacy, should be even more pronounced. Compared with the Royal Battle Fleet of twenty capital ships, Italy will have not more than six,* with four obsolescent; and France will have possibly ten, six of which will be obsolescent. However, the tasks that a fleet is expected to undertake must be considered. The far-flung Empire is no figure of speech to the British tar.

When the air forces of the world are compared, discussions and figures are no more exact and illuminating than when the navies are under consideration. As the Channel has ceased to be an adequate defence, Great Britain has had to learn to think in another medium. Water isolated and protected the English for nine hundred years. Their immunity period was foreshadowed when Wright took his first hop at Kittyhawk a third of a century ago.

There are so many ways in which air forces can be compared, and most of them misleading. A nation may have 10,000 machines and B nation 1000, but if A's machines fly not more than 150 miles an hour and B's can do 300, the disparity in sheer numbers may be more than neutralized. There are also such other considerations as number and quality of flying personnel; quality of respective armaments; petrol-carrying capacity; and weight of bombs that can be taken along. Two years ago Britain lagged sadly in quality and quantity of aeroplanes. In June 1937 she ranked probably second of the European powers. The comparative figures for first-line machines—that is, planes immediately ready for the fray and organized as war service squadrons—were:

U.S.S.R.	. 3500	(Round numbers)
Great Britain	. 1900	(Not including Dominions)
Germany	. 1800	(1st November figures probably 2600)
Italy	. 1400-1500	
France	. 1200	

* Italy's recent announcement of a new building programme alters these figures.

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Great Britain came late into the air race. In 1934 she had not more than 700; in May 1935, 1015. The problem of obsolescence has not yet become an important one. Britain has, however, the problem of a dispersed air force. The only other major European country faced with a similar problem is the U.S.S.R. The British air strength is divided roughly into three main categories:

Metropolitan Force (for Home Defence) 113 squadrons, 1410 machines.

Overseas Air Force (Palestine, Singapore, etc.) 26 squadrons, 270 machines.

Fleet Air Arm (not shore-based) 20 squadrons, 220 machines.

Air forces of the Dominions would bring the total figure comfortably over 2100.

An extreme example may illustrate far better than statistics how absurd figures, without elucidation, may be. . . . In 1929 I visited the Boy War Lord of Manchuria, the "Young Marshal," Chang Hsueh-liang, in his Mukden fortress-home. Commenting on his air force, Chang said: "I have forty machines—but unfortunately only three can safely leave the ground!"

A year ago Britain was tremendously upset over the possibility of being visited by devastating air raids. The Government quieted fears somewhat by announcing that 40,000,000 gas masks would be provided. Twelve months later 9,000,000 actually had been manufactured.

There was much talk in England and Scotland of the air raid menace, but it was not very long before the populace became aware that the Air Raid Precaution Department had the problem well in hand. The very name of the department emphasizes its attitude to the air defence question. It is intended to imply that action taken shall be considered a form of insurance, rather than measures adopted to cope with an inevitable occurrence. The A.R.P.D. is the "last ditch" department, which will proceed to function after enemies have made their way through or over coast defences. Protective theories at

present uppermost in the minds of British officials contrast sharply with those held in France. Paris is building huge underground shelters and adapting subway stations, so that, in time of peril, tens of thousands may be concentrated in these safety chambers. London and other large British cities are being trained in dispersion of population, in the belief that this will minimize the danger. One million persons could be evacuated from London within a twenty-four hour period.

There are four kinds of menace from the air: gas, incendiary bombs, high explosives, and disease germs. British officials freely discuss defence measures against the first three, and scout the possibility of the fourth form of attack. From information received in continental countries I do not, however, consider the fourth entirely out of the question.

Quietly and gradually, so as not to start a panic, air precaution education has been proceeding in Britain, for a period which synchronizes with the term of the armament programme. The country has been divided into small units of responsibility. Every hamlet, every street in a town or city, has its "captain" who will take charge should the emergency develop. Many of the captains are women. Thinking probably of the menace to their children they have shown a greater keenness in mastering the technique of air defence than their menfolk. During a daylight raid the major responsibility would fall on the women.

There is a feeling in London that shortly the gas menace will have been pretty well countered. Precautions against possible devastation, which might be wreaked by incendiary bombs, are not so far advanced. One plane can carry hundreds of two-pound thermite bombs, and these present a graver problem than gas. It is impossible to put out such a fire, so present plans call for isolation of the blaze. Fortunately, the fire spreads slowly. Picked up quickly, these bombs can be thrown into the street or on a lawn where they will be comparatively harmless. The standard equipment of every British household

shortly will include a 1s. 6d. scoop-shovel, with which flame bombs may be thrown out!

Britain is constantly conscious of the air raid menace, but not nearly as apprehensive as twelve months ago. The fear of war has been so dinned into the citizens by the popular press that they have become inured to menace and threats. Defence measures are constantly being brought to the Briton's attention. He has been told that if war should break out all main roads would be closed to civilian traffic. He sees fleets of from thirty to fifty bombers drone overhead. Within one period of forty-eight hours a practice smoke bomb dropped in a garden in the Isle of Wight; a defence balloon dragging a dangerous cable drifted from its moorings and was not caught for half a day; and a vacationing family had the questionable thrill of seeing a dummy torpedo come within a few yards of their rowboat. It takes a surprisingly short time for these affairs to become commonplace.

Recruiting for the small professional army, as well as for the Territorials (militia) is considerably below expectations and perturbing Minister of War Leslie Hore-Belisha. Various innovations are being tried to make soldiering more attractive. A young man may enlist for six months to see if he likes the army life. He may now sleep out of barracks if he is married or of age. Pay and allowances have been increased and the opportunity to learn trades while soldiering has been expanded.

Many of these reforms are long overdue. The previous Minister of War, Duff Cooper, in his major speech in the House of Commons early in 1937, drew attention to some much-needed changes which he planned to inaugurate in the regular army. These included ending "nuisance" deductions from soldiers' pay, such as making each man pay for his soap and his gym suit. Duff Cooper blandly commented that these reforms had been urged by the Cardwell Commission, about 1868. Let no one say that the British do not encourage change—sooner or later!

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Nor is the navy neglecting the amenities, it should be pointed out. In some of the older ships the sailors have had to bathe in wooden buckets placed on the deck. During the War, in smaller ships, only the captain of a ship usually had the luxury of complete immersion. This summer the Admiralty decided gradually to introduce full-length baths for all!

Duff Cooper, who in May was switched over to the Admiralty, almost caused a naval upheaval on his first inspection visit. He turned out in lounge suit, yachting cap and brown shoes. An admiral and eighteen captains verged on apoplexy!

The facts about Britain's defence forces are more readily procurable and understandable than about her foreign policy. She still gives lip-service to the League of Nations, but in the last five years many important international questions have been handled outside the League. Britain probably has only one major international alliance, that with France. There may be no alliance, in the legal sense, but there is certainly an understanding of major importance. Britain and France may deny such an alliance, and especially assert that there is no military agreement. Sceptics will recall that from 1906 to 1914 there was a secret understanding, the terms of which former premier Asquith says rested heavily on his heart. Even the members of his cabinet, with one or two exceptions, were not in his confidence. It was a well-kept secret.

The characteristics of British foreign policy may be included under five headings:

1. Keep the Lowlands, that is Holland and Belgium, out of the grip of a strong power.
2. Maintain an understanding or alliance with France. For more than a century British statesmen have understood that the mere fact of geography makes it necessary not to align with enemies of France, no matter how exasperated Downing Street may be with Quai d'Orsay policies.
3. A very real lack of faith in specific international commit-

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ments; distrust of a too clever premier or foreign minister except in acute crises; a pride in "muddling through."

4. Great Britain has abandoned its pre-war two-power naval standard, and has accepted parity with the United States. As Sisley Huddleston phrases it: "Great Britain now depends on faith, hope and parity."

5. The partial disintegration of the British Empire—the change from colonial to dominion status, and the equality laid down by the Statute of Westminster—has forced reorientation of the previous policy based on the unanimity of Empire components. Each of the dominions has at one time or another dared to differ with the Mother Country, or even oppose her, at Geneva. Canada voted against the other dominions in opposing the re-election of Republican Spain to a League Council seat.

The major units of the British Empire no longer look to London for advice, or for solutions to their diverse perplexities, except in increasingly rare instances. The so-called "disintegration" of the Empire has been welcomed by the statesmen of Great Britain. Chamberlain, Eden, and their colleagues are faced with such a diversity of serious and menacing problems that their cups of grief certainly would have overflowed long ere this if they also had had to cope with Aberhart's Social Credit absurdities in Canada; with alien immigration problems in Australia and New Zealand; and with South Africa's race difficulties.

Of course the Mother Country is by no means dissociated from some of these embarrassments, but at least the whole or a considerable proportion of the responsibility has been delegated. Non-Empire problems are enough these days to drive even super-statesmen to plucking their hair out by the roots. International events have so speeded up, and have become of such incredible complexity, that it is no wonder that Baldwin, to save his health and sanity, quit the premiership at sixty-nine, while Gladstone could remain an active political force

until his mid-eighties. Chamberlain at sixty-nine realizes his tenure of the premiership must be brief. He has only three or four years to fix his position in history. And there is some doubt whether the statesmen of democratic countries are of the "super" calibre that events, both at home and abroad, seem to demand. It is, at any rate, easier for the leaders of totalitarian nations to appear as super-beings before their own nationals, and even to be accepted as such occasionally by the public opinion of other lands.

It was possible to have a good deal of sympathy with the Whitehall point of view that the trouble in China might well largely be left to settle itself—even when a British ambassador got shot. It is reliably reported that Cordell Hull, United States Secretary of State, late in July 1937, approached the British ambassador in Washington informally—very informally and quietly, as he would not want to risk the rebuff that his predecessor Stimson received in 1931—and suggested that Britain and the United States might issue a stiff joint warning to Japan. The British ambassador asked for instructions from home. The immediate reaction in Whitehall, as reported by one observer, was a somewhat abrupt "Dam'-your-eyes-haven't-we-got-enough-on-our-hands-already?" Hull at this time failed to obtain support for his suggestion, on the grounds that Britain could not involve herself any further, and that the affair was "local" in any case.

In September, Japanese penetration in the five northern provinces of China and the "free-for-all" bombing in the neighbourhood of Shanghai and Nanking led to a reconsideration of the "local" aspects by Britain. After much fevered telephoning and cabling between London, Paris, Geneva and Washington, the decision was reached to invoke the Nine-Power Pact, by which the integrity of Chinese territory was guaranteed.

President Roosevelt, speaking at Chicago on 5th October, made his famous "quarantine" speech. This was followed a few hours later by action at Geneva. The Aga Khan, who had

been elected president of the League of Nations Assembly, invited seventeen League members, who had signed or adhered to the Nine-Power Pact, to initiate "consultations," authorized by article 7 of the treaty. Germany and Japan, although not pact signatories, also were invited, but declined. The U.S.S.R., a non-signatory but a League member, accepted an invitation.

Shortly after the Roosevelt speech, Neville Chamberlain publicly and privately expressed his thanks to the president of the United States for the latter's forthright action; and privately informed Washington that "Britain was not ready for punitive action" against Japan.

On 1st November Anthony Eden addressed the House of Commons and made it clear that Britain expected the United States to take the lead in initiating whatever action might be decided upon. He said:

"Britain is prepared to go as far as the United States, in full agreement with them—not rushing in front, but not being left behind."

This was not a tactful way to express it. The phraseology, no matter what the intent, provided an opportunity for isolationists in the United States to claim that Britain wished the United States to lead the way in pulling the chestnuts out of the fire. Expressing the situation in the vernacular of the man in the street, neither Britain nor the United States wanted to get caught "sticking its neck out too far."

As I write these lines the Nine-Power Pact Conference is holding its opening session at Brussels. Unquestionably President Franklin D. Roosevelt genuinely and fervently wishes the Conference to succeed. Apart from other considerations, it would be a tremendous personal and political triumph. Is it unfair to suggest that Franklin may recall the triumph of peace achieved thirty-two years ago by his predecessor and distant cousin, Theodore? It has almost been forgotten that the terms of peace ending the Russo-Japanese war were drawn up and signed on American soil, at Portsmouth, N.H. For his

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part in this accomplishment Roosevelt the First was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize of £8000.

Will Roosevelt the Second be the Nobel peace winner of 1938?

If one can get behind the official façade in London it is sometimes possible to find the sternest realism and an almost Gallic logic. Shortly after the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, I asked a leading British cabinet minister this question:

"Why does not Britain, in co-operation with the League of Nations, intervene in Manchuria under the terms of the Covenant?" He replied

"Because it is too far away—and we can't."

In the immediate post-Coronation days the affairs of the Empire occupied most of the time and energy of the British Government—with brief interludes spent in rapping German and Italian knuckles.

Neville Chamberlain took part in the early sessions as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but during the last fortnight he participated as Premier. He took special pains to let the Empire's outlying representatives see that they were being treated as equal partners. He spoke frankly, and early in the Conference outlined his views on foreign policy. They may be summarized somewhat as follows:

Great Britain is at present faced by a threefold potential menace—Germany in Central Europe, Italy in the Mediterranean, and Japan in the Pacific. It is of prime and urgent importance that the number of these danger zones be reduced. It should be possible to come to an arrangement with Japan, and not impossible so far as Germany is concerned. Italy is likely to prove the most irreconcilable, because in her case the clash is more direct and fundamental.

If Britain could reach an understanding with the first two there would be no need to worry about Italy. Owing to the recent expansions of the navy and the air force, a crisis con-

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fined to the Mediterranean could be taken care of, without necessarily breaking out into a general conflagration.

With this point of view, as expressed by the Premier, it appeared obvious that Eden was not, at first at least, in agreement. He stressed the German menace as of greater importance and imminence than the Italian. He rather surprised some of those present by his insistence on the possibility, if not the necessity, of reaching an early understanding with Japan. He considered that Japan was ready to be reasonable, owing to the fact that financially and economically she was in a bad way, owing to the economic failure of her Asiatic mainland campaign and the excessive cost of her rearmament programme. He said he had reason to believe that the great bulk of the Japanese people looked with concern at the deterioration of Anglo-Japanese and American-Japanese relations. The pact Japan had made with Germany was not popular in enlightened Japanese circles. The recent visit to England of Prince Chichibu had disclosed a desire to get into closer relationship with the Anglo-Saxon democracies.

The Dominions' delegates were not impressed or convinced. Most of them were sceptical of Japan's good faith. As events developed, they were right. Some of the British Dominions still retained faith in the League, and believed that China had been badly let down. One taking this point of view was New Zealand.

During an interval in the Imperial Conference sessions a meeting of the League Council was held at Geneva. New Zealand was represented by her High Commissioner in London, W. J. Jordan, formerly a police officer in the British capital. He planned to make a strong pro-League speech. Eden and others in the Foreign Office asked if they could look over the speech before it was delivered. Without definitely refusing, Jordan and New Zealand Premier M. J. Savage avoided showing the contemplated speech to anyone outside their own group.

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At the council session, a few moments before Jordan was due to read his address, Eden obtained a copy of the paper, quickly blue-pencilled certain passages which he decided were not sufficiently innocuous, and then returned it to the bewildered Jordan. When his time came on the programme the New Zealand High Commissioner got up, mumbled a few perfunctory sentences, and sat down. Apparently Eden's action took the heart out of the speaker and the "guts" out of the speech.

There was a sequel later in London. At subsequent sessions Savage attacked Eden in no honeyed tones; astonishing language coming from one of the smaller cubs to its Downing Street mother. It was not found possible to patch up peace between the two. Except on strictly necessary and official occasions, Savage "cut" Eden during succeeding weeks of the Conference.

A difference of opinion developed in connection with the Pacific Pact suggestion made by Mr. Lyons of Australia. The fear was expressed that it would develop into an agreement directed *against* Japan; and that was the last thing anyone wanted. After days of discussion, and some pretty frank talk, it was agreed in principle that the British Government would be justified in seeking an understanding with Japan, for both Britain and the Empire generally; and that the delegates' blessing would be given to the Lyons' proposal, but without much expectation of fructification. The Chamberlain Government let the plan die at birth. They had little alternative.

The Dominions appeared still to adhere to the Stimson policy of non-recognition of territories taken by force. They placed themselves on record as opposed to the recognition of Manchoukuo and Ethiopia. Britain paid lip service to this principle, but seemed desirous to find some way out of the tangle, as it complicated approaches both to Japan and to Italy. There was a feeling that Britain was prepared to recognize Ethiopia as the price for Italy's withdrawal from Spain.

It was heartily agreed that, whatever the prospects for and outcome of negotiations, the naval and air base at Singapore should be rushed to completion.

Barely six weeks elapsed after the conclusion of the Conference before Japanese aggression in Shanghai and the exchange of personal letters between Mussolini and Chamberlain had appreciably altered conditions.

Among those nations customarily opposed to British policies and Empire growth two important questions are raised: is Great Britain drifting slowly to a second-rate financial and economic position? And will the Empire fight as a unit in the event of a Second World War?

Answering the first, Great Britain has in the neighbourhood of £4,000,000,000 invested abroad. It is fairly well distributed and not as heavily weighted with railway stocks as was the case in 1914. This sum may be expected in the long run to give a four per cent. return. Britain should receive from the rest of the world in interest tribute about £160,000,000 each year. Add to this the income from Britain's carrying trade and no one can doubt that the inhabitants of the Mother Country may for a long time yet "live off their own fat" should they be forced to.

It is my opinion that the answer to the question regarding the unity of the Empire in the event of a war depends upon the methods used to "sell" the war to the Dominions. I don't mean this to sound as cynical as it reads. If (1) Britain consults the Empire units in advance; (2) there seems to be a genuine threat to democracy; (3) it is palpable that the war was forced on her, without any escape, unless Britons had sawdust in their veins; and (4) there are a few new and fervent slogans, as useful as "Scrap of paper" and "Rape of Belgium" were in 1914—*then* I believe the Empire will act as a unit. Probably the first to queue up will be New Zealand and Ulster. At the other end of the line, but still there, one may expect to see de Valera and his gang.

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In 1914 Germany was badly advised regarding prospects of help from dominions and colonies. To-day she is talking of Empire disintegration. Probably she is just as ill-advised.

I opened the chapter on "What is an Englishman?" with a quotation of some significance. I should like to close discussions of the British Empire with another quotation:

"England quietly grows, waving its flag as seldom as possible. . . . When it does hoist its flag, the place generally happens to be some sterile promontory or cape which represents no great loss to the Power that yields it up, but gives a most powerful position into the hands of a naval nation. . . . Britain is the solitary Great Power which has never injured the vital interest of another European people by annexation, and this is a fact of immeasurable moral effect."

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"England is the single country in the world that, looking after its own interest with meticulous care, has at the same time something to give to others, the single country where patriotism does not represent a threat or challenge to the rest of the world; the single country that invariably summons the most progressive, idealistic and efficient forces in other nations to co-operate with. . . . Britain is the single country which promises to the world as a whole something which the world passionately desires—order, progress and eternal peace."

Is this from the pen of a fervent Englishman? No; the writer is Dr. Dibelius, the German historian who published his critical study *England* three years after Versailles. He shows in other pages that he is a thorough German, with no intense love for England, but I believe these passages are a vivid lesson in superb historical objectivity.

I endorse them to this extent: I believe that we shall see, in the case of Great Britain, an historical anomaly; immensely-augmented armaments that will lead to peace.

Chapter XIII

ESPIONAGE PLAGUE

IN the halcyon days before 1929 those secret and subtle individuals who directed espionage activities in Europe observed certain conventions. Fiction writers in their weavings of spy dramas followed these conventions. An international spy might be a dashing man-about-town, a commercial traveller, an agent for champagne, a typist, a porter, a domestic, a governess, or a beauteous and chaste siren with her own Park Lane flat: but he (or she) seldom claimed diplomatic immunity.

Times have changed. This spy business is all mixed up. Other times, other manners. Diplomatic conventions have been added to the long list of customs which have crashed. To-day spies may include ambassadors, ministers, consuls, intelligence officers, press attachés, military, naval and air attachés, and cultural propagandists. They carry on their activities under the shelter of diplomatic immunity. Not only that: in some instances that have come to light they do it openly and blatantly. Thus are the customs flouted.

It is not a new technique, this sheltering of spies under the cloak of diplomatic immunity. It is centuries old. The Spanish ambassador at the court of Queen Elizabeth sent back elaborate reports gleaned by his espionage service, but it was not until long after his death that his activities became publicly known. At least he was not caught. What is new to-day is that diplomatic representatives are openly accused of espionage activities, yet are not asked to withdraw from the capitals in which they have been caught.

There is the case of Mr. Shigemitsu, who is the Japanese

ambassador in Moscow. On 19th August, last year, he was furiously attacked by *Pravda*, official Communist Party organ, for abusing his privileges and position by spreading "secret anti-Soviet propaganda." The paper reminded the ambassador that a member of his staff had been implicated, with other Japanese and German spies, in the sensational trial of Radek, Sokolnikoff, and other Soviet wreckers.

Before the World War, perhaps even as late as a decade ago, this attack would have resulted in stern action being taken. Either Japan and her ambassador would have demanded an apology, and got it; or the U.S.S.R. would have proved the *Pravda* charges, and Stalin would then have asked for Shigemitsu's recall. But to-day the world is cracking in so many places that Great Britain and the United States are almost the only major nations adhering to the tenets of international law and the niceties of diplomatic usage. Eden's note to the Japanese Government, after the shooting of the British ambassador in China, is an instance in point.

It stands to reason that the best—the most useful and effective—spies are the ones who do not get caught, and about whom one never hears. It is not possible to gauge the importance or extent of any nation's espionage service by measuring the noise it makes or the publicity it gets. Two examples occur to me:

In 1916 a German agent in Holland reported that "the British apparently have no secret agents or spies in this country." The German counter-spy based his statement on the fact that "we have caught seventy-two Belgian spies recently and nearly twenty French spies, but no British."

Some years ago, while travelling from Japan to Chosen, I encountered a Japanese who asked me to fill in a long form, and asked me questions for an hour or so. The following morning when the boat docked he visited me again. Nothing unpleasant about the chap, but he was very curious. Probably he took every free opportunity to practice his English. For the third or

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fourth time, just before the train pulled out for Keijo, he asked me what I did for a living. I told him.

"I am a professor of journalism. Now, may I ask what you do?"

The little fellow stood up, bowed low from the waist, and said:

"SSSSSSFFUH—Pliss sir, I am ssspy!"

Many nations are menaced by their own amateur and volunteer spies. Probably Japan and Germany suffer most in this way. Their citizens believe they ought to do something for their respective Fatherlands, and so flood their embassies, consulates and home offices with almost entirely useless comments, reports and sketch maps. Japanese fishermen spent weeks in making soundings in a certain part of the Philippines, and sending their labours to Tokyo. The U.S. hydrographic survey sells much better charted maps for less than a dollar.

Spy fever has attacked several European nations during the summer months. Germany and the U.S.S.R. appear to be the most jittery. The Soviet Union has issued a warning to loyal Red children, showing them how to detect foreign spies, and relating what happens to Soviet citizens abroad. An article in the *Pioneers' Pravda* has this paragraph: "When Soviet citizens pass our frontier they are forthwith surrounded by various spies and agents of secret police, who, following their every step, offer them drinks and smokes, threaten them, and play the *agent provocateur* against them."

The Nazis became so disturbed at the presence of spies within the Reich, and persistent temptations allegedly offered by foreigners to Germans to turn traitor, that the official German news agency issued, in August, an urgent warning, headed, "Spies at Work!" The article stated that there were two well-known ways in which foreigners obtained their spies:

1. "An old method of foreign espionage services is to get into touch, through pseudo-credit institutes, with Germans

who are in monetary distress, to recruit them for foreign intelligence service."

2. "Agents employing this method insert notices in the German press asking for correspondents in Germany for a Press Agency ostensibly founded abroad."

The official notice gave the locations of some of the alleged foreign agents. Any citizens already in touch with these addresses would be forgiven if they communicated at once with the police. "If the victim falls into the net, he will be ruthlessly blackmailed, and forced to commit high treason repeatedly," Germans were told.

There was a "scare ending" to the notice, which read: "The end of this is as a rule demonstrated by the well-known red posters of the People's Court in Berlin, which announce the execution of a traitor."

The lesson was further driven home, after loyal Nazis had read this official notice over their breakfast tables, for they might then start for their offices, and *en route* be confronted with three "case histories"! Pink posters on every advertising pillar in Berlin announced the execution of Erich John, Hermann John, and Wilhelm Firl—for high treason.

The two John cousins, twenty-four and twenty-five years old, illustrated the warning given above. These young men from Neunkirchen had run up debts as a result of their loose lives, had fallen into the clutches of a foreign intelligence service, and betrayed secrets relating to Germany's new army and frontier defences. Firl, once previously punished for high treason, had acted as an agent of the Comintern for the purpose of establishing an illegal organization in Germany.

"It is the usual diplomatic practice for any Government, to whom the facts of irregular activities on the part of its nationals in a foreign country have been made known, fully to endorse their removal, and even on occasions to apologize for their activities. Only a few years ago it was the custom

for the German Government, just as for any other. But *autres temps, autres mœurs.*"

This comment was made by the London *Times*, after three German journalists had been expelled from Great Britain. So far from apologizing for the actions of their nationals, Germany took umbrage and retaliated by expelling Norman Ebbutt, *Times* correspondent in Berlin.

The German journalists, whose "permits to remain in Great Britain were not renewed by the Home Office," were von Crome, chief London correspondent of the Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger*; Wrede, his assistant; and von Langen, representative of the *Graf Reichschach* syndicate.

It was announced: "The Home Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, has taken this action on grounds which he considers in the public interest." It was officially asserted by the British Government that the expulsion order had nothing whatever to do with their activities *as journalists*. This raises the question: "What was their crime?" The answer is: Espionage, in its broader and more modern sense. The British concerned themselves not at all with these correspondents' despatches; and very little with their propagandist activities. Their non-journalistic inquiries got them put out of the country. These were defined by the *Manchester Guardian* diplomatic correspondent in the following paragraphs:

"A large number of Germans (and not only journalists) resident here are engaged in very assiduous inquiries into the opinions, movements and private lives of Englishmen who are regarded as hostile by the German authorities. A number of Englishmen—including journalists—are shadowed (though irregularly and amateurishly) by Nazis who report either to their organization in London or to Berlin. (There is a dossier in the headquarters of the Gestapo in Berlin where detailed records of persons regarded as unfriendly to Germany or to National Socialism are kept up to date).

"In a sense every member of the National Socialist party in Great Britain is a potential agent."

Other duties of Nazi agents in Great Britain, whether disguised as journalists or not, included close supervision of all Nazis living in London, with reports on their loyalty to the régime; reports on *émigré* Germans, Jews, and others, who have fled from the wrath of the Third Reich; and encouragement, with some small financial support, for British Fascists.

Since the appointment to London of Ambassador von Ribbentrop in the autumn of 1936, the forces maintained in Great Britain by the Foreign Organization of the National-Socialist Party, the Gestapo and the German General Staff have doubled, and their activities increased out of all proportion to this addition to their strength. Even a year before von Ribbentrop's arrival British military and police authorities had several groups of Nazi expatriates under observation. Von Ribbentrop was far more of a Nazi enthusiast and propagandist by conviction, than his predecessor, von Hoesch.

Von Crome and Wrede are primarily journalists. The British Home Office probably would have preferred to get rid of more serious offenders, but these two provided adequate evidence, and some others seem to have slipped through the net. Von Langen is in a class by himself. He had previously been similarly employed in Italy. He arrived in England about two months before his expulsion and contended that he had left Italy of his own accord. The syndicate he represented in Italy and England serves a number of fervid party papers. It was his syndicate that circulated the canard that "thousands of members of the French Foreign Legion" had landed in Spain to fight against Franco.

The London newspapers did not "cover" this journalistic espionage news-story thoroughly, probably for two reasons:

1. They were not well-informed by the Home Office on the details of German skullduggeries; and

2. There was a very definite "feeling in the air" that the Home Office and the Foreign Office would prefer that the subject of German espionage should not be exploited at that time.

Newspapers in Great Britain are not censored, or controlled, by the Government, but they are loyal and usually open to suggestions about matters which "are not in the country's public interest." As the daily and Sunday newspapers in England, Scotland, and Wales are clustered in nine ownership groups—except for seven important independents—it is an easy matter for the Government to establish contact with them.

The more serious British newspapers discussed the possible repercussions of the expulsions; the lighter newspapers referred frivolously to the activities of Nazi spies. Berlin did not enjoy either kind of treatment.

The light treatment by the British popular press seems to have stung the Germans' pride. One paper said the spies were mainly Austro-German maidservants who were advised to get positions in the families of naval and military officers. Another yarn told about servant girls who were trained to get information from members of the air force. "These girls have been encouraged to pass on any scraps of information they may pick up or overhear" to their Nazi superiors, according to an *Express* writer.

This cut to the quick, among others, Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, leader of the Organization of Germans Abroad. At their annual gathering he said: "It is amusing to read that all German women servants abroad are trained spies . . . since there are people abroad who believe such things, I should like to emphasize that we do not train women servants as spies . . ."

Goebbels, Nazi Propaganda Minister, made one of his worst blunders when he counselled the German Foreign Office to expel Ebbutt, of the *Times*, as a reprisal measure. The *News-Chronicle*, in an editorial headed "Nazi Blunder," lists three: (1) The Germans expel a correspondent who has been

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critical of the Nazis. The cases are obviously dissimilar. The most violent abuse can be written from London with impunity; (2) in expelling a correspondent of the *Times* it almost amounts to a diplomatic incident; (3) the London *Times* represented an opinion in Great Britain almost as favourable to an understanding with Germany as any that could be found; now such opinion is alienated.

I would suggest a fourth—if not a blunder, at least an illustration of crass ignorance. Among all those who handle German foreign policy apparently there was no one who recognized that British newspapers are not government-controlled. The German decision was announced in these words:

“The British Government has been officially requested to cause the *Times* to withdraw its correspondent in Berlin, Norman Ebbutt, within fourteen days. . . . Ebbutt has for years been reporting Germany solely in an anti-German sense, thus abusing his right of hospitality.”

The *Times* did not “withdraw” Ebbutt; so the Nazis ordered him to leave. He did, and will not be replaced, the *Times* announces.

The German Government blundered in still another way. Their action against Ebbutt led to the withdrawal of a series of six articles written for the *Times* by Lord Lothian, discussing the possibility of an Anglo-German *rapprochement*. These articles had been planned some weeks earlier, had been written, and several sets even had been sent abroad to newspapers which occasionally make use of the *Times* service. All publication was stopped owing to the quickly-altered circumstances.

Norman Ebbutt was the seventeenth, and up to 15th October the latest, foreign correspondent ordered out of Germany, since the Nazis came to power on 30th January 1933. In addition, twenty other resident correspondents left “voluntarily,” to avoid an expulsion order; left because they were threatened; or withdrew because as Jews they were unwelcome and found their positions untenable. The list given below does not include

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the name of Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis), who was a travelling journalist, and was ordered out of the country in September 1935; or the names of others who cannot be classed as resident correspondents.

Journalists who were ordered to leave Germany
(30th January 1933 to 15th October 1937)

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Representing.</i>	<i>Home Office.</i>
1. Andreas Hemberger	<i>Central European Radio</i>	Praha
2. Jacob Lestchinsky	<i>Daily Forward</i>	New York
3. Andreas Rosinger	<i>Tass Agency</i>	Moscow
4. Philip Pembroke Stephens	<i>Daily Express</i>	London
5. Bertil Svahnstroem	<i>Tidningarnas Telegram- bureau</i>	Stockholm
6. Erwin Wasserbaeck	<i>Ämtliche Nachrichten- stelle</i>	Vienna
7. Patrick Murphy	<i>Daily Express</i>	London
8. Edmund Behrens	<i>Nationalzeitung</i>	Basle
9. Mario de Silva	<i>Lavoro Fascista</i>	Rome
10. Ernst Klein	<i>Basler Nachrichten</i>	Basle
11. Theodor Steinthal	<i>Politiken</i>	Copenhagen
12. Ernst Popper	<i>Prager Tagblatt</i>	Praha
13. Jan Kolarz	<i>Prager Presse</i>	Praha
14. G. Baron van der Schueren	<i>Maasbode</i>	Rotterdam
15. Karl Robson	<i>Morning Post</i>	London
16. Ber Smolar	<i>Jewish Telegraphic Agency</i>	New York
17. Norman Ebbutt	<i>The Times</i>	London

Journalists who were given to understand that if they left
voluntarily, there would be no expulsion order

1. Edward L. Deuss	<i>International News Service</i>	New York
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2. Arnold Gahlberg	<i>P. A. T.</i>	Warsaw.
3. Miles Bouton	<i>Baltimore Sun</i>	Baltimore
4. Oskar Joergensen	<i>Sozialdemokraten</i>	Copenhagen
5. Grete Neubeiser	<i>Staatszeitung</i>	New York

Journalists who left amid threats

1. Frederick Kuh	<i>United Press</i>	New York
2. Edgar A. Mowrer	<i>Daily News</i>	Chicago

Journalists who left because as Jews they felt they were unwelcome

1. Abram Gartmann	<i>Pravda</i>	Moscow
2. Bruno Heilig	<i>Die Stunde</i>	Vienna
3. Andreas Hecht	<i>United Press</i>	New York
4. Tadeusz Heller	<i>Olustrowany Kuryer</i> <i>Codzienny</i>	Cracow
5. Lili Keith	<i>Izvestia</i>	Moscow
6. Isai Klimow	<i>Jewish Morning Journal</i>	New York
7. Erwin Kondor	<i>Neue Freie Presse</i>	Vienna
8. Marek Kriger	<i>Robotnik</i>	Warsaw
9. Paul Olberg	<i>Sozialdemokraten</i>	Stockholm
10. Ernst H. Rogens- burger	<i>Neue Zuercher Zeitung</i> <i>Financial Section</i>	Zurich
11. Herman Swet	<i>Moment</i> <i>Jewish Times</i>	Warsaw London
12. Daniel Tscharny	<i>The Day</i>	New York
13. Ilja Tschernjak	<i>Pravda</i>	Moscow

Under the Hitler régime a new conception of citizenship has been introduced which extends far beyond the frontiers. It implies positive obligations to the Fatherland. It assumes that all good Germans abroad will become Nazis. It expects *Kultur* to be propagated by the faithful. It is the quality and the intensity of these responsibilities abroad that cause clashes with other countries. The German abroad

is put in the position of a man with a mission. He carries a chip on his shoulder.

Ernst Wilhelm Bohle is the founder and leader of the Organization of Germans abroad. In August their fifth annual congress was held, at Stuttgart. More than twenty thousand German men and women attended from all parts of the world. Bohle quickly laid down what he considers the main plank in the organization's platform :

"We recognize only the German who, as citizen of his land, is always and everywhere German and nothing but German, and so National Socialist. . . . There are still some Germans who are living abroad whom we do not want to be National Socialists, and who wrongly persist in calling themselves Germans. . . . We have only one word to these so-called Germans who keep on speaking of their German national feelings, and are at the same time helping the enemies of Germany: 'traitors!'"

At the Stuttgart congress Baron von Neurath, Foreign Minister, Rudolph Hess, Deputy-Leader of the Party, and Bohle protested at the "discrimination" shown in many foreign countries against Germans who "naturally wanted to express their accord with the aims of present-day Germany by uniting with other Germans with the same feelings."

Germans abroad are divided into eight regional groupings. These in turn are subdivided into forty-five district groups, and re-subdivided into five hundred and forty-eight local groups. Bohle's organization, which began a little more than six years ago in Hamburg, and is now located in Berlin, has a staff of nearly seven hundred to look after expatriated Teutons. An astonishing fact which has just been disclosed is that most of the German consular service is now under the supervision of Herr Bohle's executives.

During his main address to the delegates Bohle waxed indig-

nant at some of the foreign press charges made against his organization. I would like to touch on several points:

Bohle said: "Attempts have been made to show that National Socialists abroad are exclusively spies or political agents." No such charges have been made, at least in Great Britain, the nation of which he was evidently speaking. There has merely been the charge that "some" are spies or political agents, not all, as Bohle would imply.

Bohle said: "It is charged in the foreign press that Nazi officials have been given the task of transforming the foreign country into a Hitler colony." This may be Teutonic hyperbole; but Great Britain certainly made no such charge, and has no fears of the kind.

Bohle said (later on): "No Nazis have been sent to conquer foreign countries." He is denying a charge never made (unless it should apply to Czechoslovakia and Austria). Bohle and other Nazis have mastered the typical demagogue's trick of sticking up a straw man to knock him down. (Americans can recall Mayor Thompson's famous political battle, during which he "prevented" King George from controlling Chicago!)

In his concluding peroration Bohle said: "We trouble ourselves only with our citizens abroad—and we *take care* that they remain good Germans!"

I know something about this "care." In a city which I can name, but for obvious reasons will not, an expatriated German professor was announced to make a public address. He was visited by the local German consul and told that he must bring in several facts in laudation of the National Socialists. In addition, he was reminded that a stenographer would be present to take down every word, and that if there were any criticisms of the Hitler government he should recall that he still had relatives and property in Germany!

This is not an isolated example. The consul was merely carrying out what are "standing orders" for every German consular officer abroad; as well as for many other agents.

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At the Stuttgart meeting—as the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent phrases it—"a revealing light was cast on the vast network of Nazi activities carried on in foreign countries under the control of the Nazi home organization." There was a tone that amounted to an assumption that "the (National-Socialist) Germans are God's chosen people," and that it is their obligation to spread their message with a "Religious"—(perhaps "pagan" would be the better word)—fervour.

Some of the methods used were revealed at Stuttgart, with a naïve arrogance which is at the same time amusing and disturbing. For example:

Four years' growth of Nazi cells abroad was emphasized in huge coloured charts.

A map of the former German colonies showed where some of these cells are located, and marked with swastika flags.

For the purpose of maintaining cultural ties with the Fatherland, thirty-seven weekly papers are published in foreign countries, including the United States and several parts of the British Empire.

A news agency for Germans abroad works in close touch with Dr. Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda.

Schools are maintained abroad, subsidized by Germany, where foreign Nazis can enrol "for a special course in National-Socialist political and racial ideology."

A correspondence course, centred in Germany, has been organized, with thousands of subscribers among German employed abroad as teachers and nursery governesses.

A new section, Bohle told delegates, was being started—which will be devoted exclusively to carrying on anti-Semitic propaganda abroad.

It seems to me, after perusing some of the evidence, that it is no wonder that there is a growing confusion about whether a Nazi abroad is a peaceful resident, a propagandist, a cultural agent, or a spy.

And, finally—

Germany is planning to appoint in various world capitals "Cultural Attachés," to be assigned to its embassies, legations and consulates. This announcement was made in August by Herr Hans Johst, president of the Reich Chamber of Literature—one of Goebbels' seven senior minions. (Several days later Goebbels suggested Johst's announcement was not accurate.)

These attachés could serve an excellent purpose, if the Nazi ideology and practice would not pervert their purpose. They will have two duties: (1) To study the culture of the country to which they are accredited and to make its most valuable aspects available for German students; (2) to arouse interest in German culture in the lands in which they are stationed.

Herr Johst said, rather plaintively: "Despite all his unhappy experiences, the German still inclines too much to the idyllic and the romantic. To rebuild our nation requires clear-sighted and constructive minds." He pays a tribute to the British: "The future class of leaders in Germany must possess the wide outlook which the Britons have had for centuries. This has always been of great benefit to the Empire."

One London newspaper takes for granted that these "cultural attachés" will have only private status. (Johst says the first appointment will be made to London.) This is a mistaken idea. They probably will be appointed as counsellors of embassy, or legations; or as vice-consuls. This London paper refers to press attachés, who have become an integral part of leading embassies and legations within the past few years, and says these men have no more than a private status. This is not in accordance with fact. They serve also in another capacity, so that they may have diplomatic immunity. Hungary has four such attachés in London. Even the south-eastern European countries have counsellors whose main, or sole, work is that of contact with the London press. France has a most capable press attaché, on the embassy staff, in London. Even conservative Britain has diplomatic press attachés in several capitals, including Paris, Berlin, and Rome.

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Hitler, Goering, and other Nazi leaders talk and write a great deal about the "isolation" of Germany. They make the charge that France and Great Britain, working in recent years with the U.S.S.R., have tried to force an "iron ring" round Germany, politically and economically. They have considerable grounds for the suspicion. They do not talk, however, about another "ring" round the Reich: one which is composed of former Germans who have emigrated, voluntarily or compulsorily, and have set up headquarters in half a dozen European metropolises, from which they carry on a campaign against the Hitler government which is as vicious and vigorous as their beliefs and their funds will permit.

Prague is the centre of espionage activity for several nations and parties. Czechoslovakia has been lenient with political *émigrés*. Two seasoned anti-Nazis sat in my room on 7th July 1937, in the Hotel Alcron, Prague, and told me something of their adventures. One man was Otto Strasser, No. 1 anti-Nazi, and brother of Gregor Strasser, who was assassinated in Hitler's "blood bath" of 30th June 1934. The other was a co-worker, known as Heinrich Grunov, who escaped the previous Sunday, by a fortunate "miracle," from assassination and kidnapping.

I had known Strasser for some years, but it was the first time I had met the man known as Grunov. His head was swathed in bandages, the result of a murderous attack five days before. I had expected a rendezvous with him on the Sunday afternoon, and I was eager to learn about the events which prevented his keeping the appointment.

As I was flying over the German-Czech frontier, from Dresden to Prague, Grunov had been attacked almost directly below me. My plane crossed the frontier at a height of about 800 feet. The woods of Zinnwald looked as peaceful as usual. But on a road where the woods straddle the frontier Grunov narrowly escaped kidnapping. He had met by appointment, for the second time, a Nazi S.S. leader, Hans Nestler. Grunov

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was expecting to get some important information passed to him. Suddenly Nestler turned on Grunov, knocked him down with a heavy stick, and beat him unconscious with seven blows on the head. The road at this point runs along a bank, on the Czech side, but thirty yards away at the bottom of the slope is Germany. It was Nestler's plan to roll Grunov into Germany! A young Czech came along at that moment, decided to investigate the cause of the row, and Nestler took flight. An international incident thus was avoided by a freak of chance. Friends were sent for and took Grunov to a Prague hospital.

Kidnapping of political *émigrés* who are "wanted" in Germany has been a not uncommon practice. The case of the journalist Jacob, who was kidnapped by Nazi agents from Switzerland, caused an international furore and forced a non-partisan trial. A former German naval officer, now at odds with Hitler and working against the Nazi régime from Paris, has several times been approached by agents who endeavour to trick him into making appointments "to his advantage" in some town near the Swiss-German frontier. Many other cases have been reported in the press during the past four or five years.

There is a price of £1600 on Otto Strasser's head. He is the publisher and editor of the weekly newspaper, *Die Deutsch Revolution*, and chief organizer of the anti-Nazi *Die Schwarze Front* (the *Black Front*). I asked Strasser if he ever kept appointments "near the frontier." "Never," he replied. I was eager to know why any of the counter-revolutionaries made such rendezvous, and put this question to Grunov. He explained:

"Those of our agents who have passports come to Prague to meet the organization workers in the capital, and to make their reports. Those who are not able to get passports, or visas, may often have vital information, and so someone must confer with them in a deserted frontier spot. It is getting more

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and more difficult, however, to evade Nazi and Gestapo frontier guards."

Germany is encircled by counter-revolutionaries whose aim is to bring down the Nazi régime. Their importance at the present time is probably not very great, but their continual pin-pricking methods annoy the *Fuehrer*, to put it mildly. I have had contact with seven different organizations, mostly composed of the fragments of anti-Nazi parties which had to escape from Germany, just before or since Hitler came to power. There is no secrecy about many of their activities. They have known headquarters, for these seven groups alone, in Prague, Stockholm, Vienna, Zurich, and London. Other counter-Nazi activities may be observed in Paris.

This work includes the spreading of information about unfavourable developments within Germany which Goebbels tries to keep secret; sending into Germany, by smuggling across the frontier, usually at night, bitter anti-Nazi propaganda newspapers and pamphlets; keeping contact with those within Germany whom Hitler would count as traitors or malcontents; and laying the skeleton work for an organization to take over should Hitler's downfall be brought about.

Until this summer I had not been in Prague since 1934, when I saw Strasser a few days after the "Bloody Saturday" purge in which his brother Gregor was one of the victims. I recall that, as I sat in Otto Strasser's office, he had on his desk a letter from Gregor. He showed me the letter. One sentence read something like this:

"There is talk of a party 'purge,' but I have no personal fears. The *Fuehrer*, for old time's sake, will always protect me, no matter how much we disagree."

A few hours later Gregor Strasser and at least seven hundred and twenty-two others were dead. The Nazi published figures of seventy-seven killed in the purge are, of course, absurd.

In 1934 Otto Strasser was, quite naturally, exceedingly bitter,

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and perhaps let this sway his judgment. He prophesied that Hitler was due to destruction by a counter-revolution, probably in February 1935. To-day Strasser is more realistic. He admits that a successful revolt against Hitler is probably impossible, unless it should come during a war, or as the aftermath. Undue importance must not be given to the Nazi *émigrés* who are working against Hitler. They have courage, and are capable of incredible personal sacrifices, but are very short of funds and materials. If there should be a war, and then a revolution, many of these men would return, probably into positions of authority. They are in the main ardent Socialists, of the kind that Hitler appeared to be until 1930, when he broke with that wing of his party.

In July 1934 I had several long talks with an ardent young worker of Strasser's who gave me the *nom de guerre*, "Dr. Adam." I did not learn until three years later that I had been talking to one of the most astute Nazi spies and *agents provocateurs*. Adam had been acting as that comparatively rare bird, a double-spy. He is now one of the Gestapo's smartest agents!

Three years ago Adam, an attractive man of about twenty-eight, told me that he had been working in Germany for Strasser, and gave me a dramatic account of his activities and narrow escape from capture by the German Secret Police! After working with the Strasser group in Czechoslovakia for more than a year, all the time sending secret reports of the *émigrés'* activities to his chief in Germany, Adam became suspect, but he escaped back into Germany before the charges against him could be clinched. It must be a merry life, if you like that sort of work.

Several anti-Nazis working in bordering countries have been assassinated by agents sent across the borders for the purpose. Three, it is publicly known, have been killed in Czechoslovakia. Professor Lessing was killed nearly four years ago by Nazi thugs. It gave me quite a jolt to meet his daughter in

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Berlin, by merest chance, in the summer of 1937, and hear from her lips fragments of the story. A second case, the killing of the radio engineer Herr Formis, in January 1935, received minor newspaper attention at the time.

Formis was killed by a group of three agents from Germany. During the early autumn of 1934 Formis frequented an international café in Prague, patronized largely by German *émigrés*. He talked a good deal, but said very little about himself. Later in the autumn and through the first few weeks of the winter, an "outlaw" radio station, hidden somewhere in the wilds of Czechoslovakia, sent a stream of anti-Hitler messages across the frontier. It caused the Nazis much perturbation. The Secret Police were ordered to locate it and stop it.

The lone engineer and broadcaster running this "outlaw" station was Formis. He had erected his little plant in a Czech village called Schers, not many miles from Prague, but in a spot difficult of access, far from the main roads.

One day three young Germans, one a girl, showed up at a Prague hotel. They carried skis, and attracted attention first when one of the young men gave the Nazi salute. He was reminded that this "wasn't done" in Czechoslovakia. The party said they were going to wander round looking for unusual skiing slopes. They reached the district of Schers a few days later, decided they liked the village and its environs, and told the proprietor they would stay a while. At first Formis was surly and suspicious. In two or three days he ~~appears~~ to have given way to the desire for company and he may have found the girl attractive. Then one night they had a party, the four of them. Formis was killed after what must have been a terrific struggle, because the room was liberally spattered with blood, and there was a great deal of gore on the upholstery of the car in which the two men and the girl escaped across the frontier. . . . The "outlaw" radio station ceased. The trio had got their quarry.

If I were an E. Phillips Oppenheim or a Valentine Williams

I could write some absorbing novels about various cases of spy activity which have crossed my path. Not that I know very much about some of the cases—and nothing, often, from personal contact—but they are talked about in various continental cafés and bars; and occasionally get into print, perhaps in an obscure newspaper in Latvia, a favourite spy centre. Most of these stories have come to me indirectly. So far as I can tell, I have known only five full-time espionage agents. Two have been “bumped off” since 1932, and another, “Dr. Adam,” has disappeared so far as I am concerned.

A listing of some recent cases may give an inkling of the feverish activities of Europe's espionage underworld.

Vicomte Henri de Monricher was arrested in August, with four others, at Marseilles. One was a girl, Jeanne Jourdan. They had been stealing telegrams sent by Valencia government agents, reporting movements of Spanish shipping in the Mediterranean. They had sent these by radio, from a yacht off the French coast, to an insurgent base at Palma, Majorca.

A young blonde—just eighteen years old—who married Bekir Sidky, dictator of Iraq, has been disclosed at Bagdad as a Nazi spy. She is an Austrian girl who married Sidky last autumn after a whirlwind romance in Vienna. The Iraq dictator was murdered in August and as this is written his widow is being held *incommunicado* by the Iraq authorities. The recent animosity of Sidky against Great Britain is thus, perhaps, explained.

The French press reports the arrest of an electrician named Soyer, who is accused of sending to the Germans valuable information about the Maginot Line. French Secret Police discovered a hidden wireless transmitter.

Alexander Kerensky, head of the first revolutionary government in Russia, was one of the witnesses against two Russians, Alexeieff and Lubie, alleged to have been officers in the Tsarist navy, charged with selling French military secrets to Germany. The ex-navy officers were acquitted in July, after

trial on charges of espionage, at the Cherche Midi prison, before a secret military tribunal.

A Soviet plane crashed, killing four passengers and the pilot, near Eystritz, in Rumania, in July. A Prague newspaper accuses the German Secret Service of causing an explosion in the aeroplane, in order to destroy secret documents of a compromising character which fell into the hands of a German spy from Moscow. It was asserted that there was a British counter-spy in the same plane, trying to steal the papers!

Hilda Rost, girl telephonist in the German Pavilion at the Paris Exposition, almost became a victim of current Gestapo spy-fever. She had an indiscreet flirtation with Jon Bobb, expatriated Swiss and a political refugee. German agents warned Hilda and ordered her to leave the same evening for Berlin, where she would be disciplined. She escaped and was quickly wed to Herr Bobb, who says he and his wife will find shelter in Luxemburg.

A diplomat with important secret papers travelled last year from Turkey to Paris, on the Rapide. In the next compartment was an attractive "young woman," and "she" led him into a flirtation. The second night he discovered that "she" was a young man masquerading in feminine attire. He was knocked out, and reached Paris with a headache and minus his documents.

The leading counter-spy in the U.S.S.R. is a former Bulgarian aristocrat, thirty-eight-year-old Lydia Voronzova. She ~~was~~ an important factor in gathering the evidence against Marshal Tukhachevsky and the seven generals shot on 12th June. She has been promoted to the position of department head of the division which has jurisdiction over U.S.S.R. counter-espionage.

For every spy case that comes to light I am told that there are at least a hundred buried in the secret archives of some European power.

Chapter XIV

PRESS, PROPAGANDA AND FRICTION

I

IT may be considered the right, or the obligation, of a newspaper to report facts, to quote the opinions of responsible and informed citizens and organizations, and let the chips of friction fall where they may. If truth and accuracy lead to international ill-feeling and misunderstanding, is that any reason to hold the newspapers responsible?

To this question some may answer "Yes." They may contend that a newspaper with a social conscience, with a sense of national responsibility, should exercise a self-censorship which would lead it to suppress, or tone down, news which might tend to disturb friendly relations with other nations. This might be the case in a Utopian world. It does not fit in with the kind of world we have to-day or are likely to see.

For one reason—there are many others—such action would imply a competency on the part of newspaper owners, publishers, editors and reporters which does not and cannot exist. It is difficult to arrive at a quick, almost instantaneous, evaluation of news. It is impossible, even for the statesmen and journalists whose whole-time task it is to watch and weigh international happenings, to have any assurance of being right in their long-range judgments.

The criteria which decide what is news and what is not, even in the countries where the press is politically uncontrolled, are socially unsound. Without ranking them, I suggest that they emphasize news of conflict, sensationalism, human interest and a craze to be first with the news, rather than im-

portance. This lags, a sad last, in all except certain conspicuous exceptions.

Newspapers should not be blamed for this socially-false basis of emphasis and appraisal. There are thousands of examples to demonstrate that such judgment is financially justifiable. Newspapers in democratic states are seldom endowed. They are an integral part of the competitive system. If the public wants comics instead of foreign cables, magazine features instead of news, it will have most of its desires granted. One American editor, whose name I do not recall, has said that "An editor's first duty is to his stomach; his second, to his wife and children; his third, to his employees."

News is competitive. A news-story which would get a top head on page one in an ordinary day may be tucked away among the want-ads if an ocean liner sinks, a war breaks out, a coronation takes place, or Robert Taylor arrives in town. Presidential and state elections naturally crowd the Spanish civil war into an inside page. The "play" of news is often in indirect proportion to the distance that it travels before it reaches a place of publication.

In June of this year a homicidal maniac walked into a Chicago newspaper office and, for \$5000, offered to "tell all" about the killing of a trio in New York. A correspondent of that paper in a European capital queried to ask how many words were wanted about a religious crisis of major importance. He received the answer: "Totally uninterested Europe this evening."

Captain M. D. Kennedy, for some years representative of British newspapers in Japan, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, tells of two similar instances. He was asked to cut down on the number of words he was filing on the Admiral Togo funeral. The explanation cabled him was: "Evenings monopolized Derby sweep." At the height of the 1931 Manchurian crisis he was ordered: "Curtail drastically interest absorbed test match."

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There are certain world headliners who have built up—or had built up for them—such a commanding interest that they throw news values out of focus. Even a first-rate Japanese earthquake and tidal wave cannot compete for long against George Bernard Shaw. A Tokyo correspondent who cabled that “Shaw Escapes Injury”—even though G. B. was 600 miles away from the nearest contact with disaster—received a congratulatory message from his home office. As Captain Kennedy points out, and many other foreign correspondents have discovered to their chagrin and dismay, “the craze for sensationalism in reporting foreign news” has passed all reasonable bounds. The necessity to be first has jeopardized proportion and accuracy. This affects even the first-class press services, serving thousands of newspapers. Three actual cables sent by their home offices to correspondents abroad read: “Why were you thirteen seconds behind in race result?” “Congratulations; we were on the street four minutes ahead of opposition.” “Opposition beaten by thirty minutes, ataboy.”

Occasions when correspondents have been asked by their papers to “play up” frictions and tensions may not be frequent, but they are certainly not unknown. One man in the Far East was ordered: “Play up Jap-Soviet tension.” He answered that conditions were more tranquil than they had been for months. “Better find some tension, or we’ll send out a man who can,” was the substance of the home office ultimatum.

In peace times American and British newspapers and press services seldom can be charged with the conscious spreadings of “germs of hate.” But speed, sensationalism and over-emphasis on personalities work directly against a sense of proportion and adequate international understanding.

Referring once more to the Kennedy article, I want to quote what I consider an excellent and suggestive paragraph:

“The pity is that no law of libel and slander exists to protect nations from malicious and mendacious press reports,

such as exist for the protection of the individual. Yet slanderous attacks on or by other countries are a greater menace to world peace than are slanders and libels directed against private individuals. If non-aggression pacts were made to apply to press attacks and press misrepresentations, as well as armed attacks, the prospects of world peace might be improved very considerably."

A sentiment and a proposal which I heartily endorse.

The difficulties inherent in proportioned international reporting, as touched upon above, are those which seemingly must exist in a politically untrammelled, intensely competitive press. Some of these problems are accentuated, some diminished, in a regimented press. In authoritarian states new perplexities are encountered as the press and all other media for dissemination of opinion have become a part of government. Theoretically, under regimented conditions, there should be no problems that could not readily be solved. But this would only be true if the rulers were infallible and omniscient. The propaganda "build-up" in one or two dictatorships would seem to imply this assumption. The "*Me-und-Gott*" myth has been resuscitated.

All nations to-day may be divided roughly into three groups:

1. Those which do not come within the orbit of competitive and ideological clashes, and leave their publicity problems mainly to the informalities of chance.
2. Those with press liaison officers who endeavour, though ~~sometimes~~ sometimes themselves biased, to distribute news, facts and truth.
3. Those with organized Propaganda Ministries.

In the first group may be included countries such as Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland and Canada. They have no political nostrums which they wish to disseminate; and they are not in the direct firing line of any proselytizing nation or system. They are fortunate. They advertise their attractions to the tourist; and supply visiting inquiring journalists with unexciting information if they go there and ask for it.

The second division would include Great Britain, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, the United States and some of the South American republics. The United States, perhaps, should be put in a class by itself. It is trying to "sell" the world nothing, officially. Washington, D.C., keeps its public relations counsels, propagandists and pressure groups occupied primarily with national problems.

Press liaison officials are seen at their artistic best in Great Britain and France. They are a post-war growth and exist for two purposes:

1. To disseminate news and supply a guiding "line" to their own newspapers.
2. To explain their domestic and, especially, foreign policies to resident foreign correspondents, and to authenticated inquirers from abroad.

In Great Britain the relationship which exists to-day between the various branches of the Government and the British and foreign press is a sharp contrast with conditions before the War, or even ten years ago. Before 1914 a select few journalists were able to approach a government official, or even occasionally a cabinet minister, and extract the news they sought. They were men of the calibre of Lucien Wolf, of the old *Daily Graphic*; Braim, of the *Times*; or Valentine Williams, at twenty-eight the precocious foreign editor of the *Daily Mail*. Most of the others would not get past the factotum at the door. Those who got any farther would be so nerve-shattered after being fixed by a monocled stare that they would slink away. Irvin Cobb, when he got through to Kitchener in the first few months of the War and obtained the famous interview in which K. of K. said the War would last for at least three years, accomplished a near-miracle.

The World War discovered the uses of propagandists and press liaison officers, good, bad and indifferent. The Versailles Conference was a paradise for many propagandists and special pleaders; a hell for others.

The first major governmental department in Great Britain to have a special press office was the Royal Air Force. It was the upstart among the services and had not built up traditions of silence and unapproachability. About ten years ago several other branches of the Government, including even the sacred precincts of 10 Downing Street and the Foreign Office across the way in Whitehall, recognized the value of an informal and continuous contact with the press. Now every major branch has from one to three officials who explain their departments to the press, and the press to their department chiefs. These officials are seldom—almost never—quoted. They talk freely to journalists and other writers whom they know and trust. As civil servants—which many of them are—they work unostentatiously and effectively. As journalists—which most of them have been—they know how to meet the press and whom to trust.

British cabinet ministers do not hold "mass interviews," as is the custom in many offices in Washington. An exception in 1937 was the occasion when Minister of War Leslie Hore-Belisha called in the press to announce important changes in the army's re-enlistment policy. Ministers do not give individual interviews. Occasionally they may chat with a journalist and supply him with "background," but usually this material is furnished by the department's press officer.

Press liaison officials in London stress their objectivity. They may not tell all the truth, but what they say can be relied upon. If they show a British bias on certain questions that is natural and inescapable. Their office staffs are small. In one major governmental department Great Britain has, including stenographers and filing clerks, a staff of seventeen. The equivalent ministry in Czechoslovakia has fifty-five. Germany has six hundred and fifty in *one division* of the ministry.

The British, in my opinion as well as in the judgment of many others to whom I have talked, are the smartest propagandists in the world. (I use "propaganda" here in its real

sense, the spreading of information whether it be true or false, good or bad—literally “spreading of the faith”—and not in its meretricious connotation. The word fell into ill-repute during the World War, and has never fully recovered. It has not the unsavoury implication in Europe, however, that it has in the United States.)

Why are the British so smart? In talking to other democracies they have a good story to tell. They do not exaggerate and—in peace times—seldom lie. They admit that there is another side to almost every question. They have had centuries of experience studying the psychologies of other nations and in estimating what they can be induced to accept—and what they won't. They are often inchoate, but invariably intelligent. They make a game of it rather than a science. Frequently they have to explain policies which are not quite clear to themselves, or to any one in the government, so there is a tendency to be sympathetic with them when they try to put a “muddling through” policy into precise words. You want to help them out.

Until 1934 Sir Arthur Willert, formerly London *Times* correspondent in Washington, was press liaison officer at the Foreign Office. He has been succeeded by Rex Leeper. As for the others I shall respect their desire for anonymity. (They put *that* point of view over on me!)

The more important press officers in France are, naturally, in the Foreign Office. Pierre Comert, formerly at Geneva, is in charge of press contacts at the Quai d'Orsay, and he is so thoroughly internationalized that he conducts his activities with a flair that amounts to an art. He leans to the British pattern of informality and accessibility. The one consistent aspect of French politics is to be found in its conduct of foreign affairs. France clings firmly to Great Britain, as closely as possible to the Little Entente and Poland, takes a big brotherly attitude towards Belgium, adheres grimly but dubiously to the U.S.S.R., and the rest of the world is of minor importance.

M. Comert places journalists in three classes:

1. The French. They meet him in mass conference twice a day, once for the evening papers and once for the morning.
2. The non-Anglo-Saxon foreign press. With them he has weekly conferences, but neither he nor they consider them of great importance.
3. The United States and Great Britain. The Paris correspondents of American and British newspapers and press agencies see him whenever they express a desire to. For news or background he talks to them informally at any time.

In the final category I place those countries with avowed Press and Propaganda Ministries. There are five in this group: Germany, Italy, Mexico, Portugal and Spain. (Spain, for the nonce, has of course two.) I shall discuss only Germany and Italy.

German public opinion control is under Dr. Joseph Paul Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment. He has organized his responsibilities so that, except for jurisdiction over the Council of Advertising, all are included in what he calls the Cultural Chamber. In it are seven sub-chambers: Film, Art, Theatre, Radio, Press, Music and Literature.

It is the opinion of many within Germany, including Nazis loyal to the *Fuehrer*, that Goebbels has done a much better job of propaganda than he has of public enlightenment. Goebbels' successes have been within Germany—and with Germans. His contacts with the foreign correspondents have been neither ~~felicitous~~ nor propitious. German propaganda abroad has come more directly under Alfred Rosenberg, whose agents permeate south-eastern European countries and the lands of the Mediterranean littoral; Herr Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, who is responsible for keeping Nazis abroad (apart from Rosenberg's special preserves) informed and stimulated; Foreign Minister von Neurath, who in a gentlemanly fashion mixes diplomacy and propaganda; and Ambassador von Ribbentrop, whose task it is to inoculate the British with teutonic *Kultur*.

Chapter V gives examples of Goebbels' activities in the film industry. So far as the newspapers are concerned he has thoroughly Nazified them. He can hire or fire any editor or reporter at will. He tells them what to print and what not to print, and the only editor permitted a mind of his own on occasions is Alfred Rosenberg, of the *Voelkischer Beobachter*. Every worker in the editorial department of a German newspaper must be a member of the Reich Press Chamber. Each member of the chamber must be able to prove that both his grandparents were Aryan. About one-third of the two thousand five hundred daily newspapers that were published in Germany in January 1933 have stopped publication.

Goebbels schedules press conferences twice daily with German journalists. This duty is usually delegated. Severe penalties are imposed on any journalist who discloses what is said at these conferences. One man "tipped off" a British correspondent about an interesting news-story, and received a five years' jail sentence.

The contacts with the foreign press are infrequent, stiff and formal. Often it is necessary to ask for an appointment well in advance. Junior press attachés are so afraid of the red tape that binds them, and of making a mistake, that they talk mainly in monosyllables. I have yet to meet a foreign correspondent who does not admire Goebbels' genius. I do not know any one among the Anglo-Saxon group who likes Goebbels. It is improbable that he cares.

Goebbels and most of his co-workers have not the slightest idea how to measure the emotional and intellectual receptivity capacities of foreign nations. They try a lot of out-and-out lies. One unusually bare-faced lie I recall was told in my presence to two foreign correspondents on 19th August 1934. A senior official of the Ministry of Propaganda was asked how many prisoners were then in concentration camps throughout Germany. He replied: "Not more than two thousand." On 21st August Nazi newspapers published an inconspicuous item,

in reporting the election plebiscite results, to the effect that in Dachau concentration camp, in Bavaria, one thousand five hundred and seventy-two inmates had voted "Ja." Dachau was only one of at least a dozen concentration camps in the Reich. The kindest thing to believe is that in telling such falsehoods the propaganda officials are ignorant of the actual facts.

There is another odd Teutonic quirk. On occasions officials will adhere to the truth, and if *they* believe it they cannot understand why any one in the world can be sceptical.

Many of Goebbels' underlings work in a groove. For example, in the summer of 1934 it was decided to conduct a campaign to "inform" Austrians about conditions in Germany. This was the period when the Nazis were preparing for the *putsch* which ended so disastrously with the assassination of Doctor Dollfuss. Letters purporting to come from anonymous Austrian residents in Germany, but actually written by Germans, began to flood the Austrian post offices. Everything in the letters was, of course, favourable to the Nazi régime. Schoolboys' services as letter-writers were enlisted. Each schoolboy was supplied with a specimen letter, beginning "Dear Fellow-Austrian," with the amusingly naïve accompanying note:

"This letter is meant to be a model only. It should not be slavishly imitated, still less should it be copied out."!!

Goebbels is at his superb best in organizing exhibitions, spectacles and parties. He has given two parties that must have cost the Reich at least £20,000 each. The first was during the Olympic games in 1936. The second was given last summer for delegates to the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce. Both were held on an island off the Wannsee shore, the Berlin suburban swimming beach.

After crossing to the island guests made their way to the receiving line through a lane of attractive girls dressed in pages' white costumes. One report said these hundreds of girls were members of the Propaganda Minister's own *corps de ballet*, but

this is incorrect. They were students at various training and physical culture schools.

Guests walked through this lovely lane and at its end were received by Dr. Goebbels. He was sedulously watched over by four husky Blackshirts. The two thousand or more present shortly were seated at open-air tables and served a delicious supper. There were several courses, the *pièce de résistance* being venison. A small herd must have been slaughtered to feed us. Champagne and various wines flowed freely. A *corps de ballet* performed on an open-air stage. Fireworks, said to have cost £5000, were set off at midnight. The last guests staggered home well after daybreak. At my table there were several nationalities. One, a Frenchman, bumbled in admiration of our host and the spread. A few drops of rain at 9 o'clock threatened to mar the affair.

"Ah, does Goebbels allow that?" demanded the Frenchman, as the first drops spattered on the table. In a minute or so the rain stopped.

"See," said the Frenchman, "Goebbels wouldn't permit rain!"

Some of Goebbels' best exhibitions have been during the past summer. Two at Munich were entitled "German Art" and "Degenerate Art." The latter attracted equal attention, but Hitler and Goebbels permitted it to remain open saying it was natural that the Germans should want to see the Semitic-influenced art in order to be able to appreciate real Aryan art.

In August two colonial propaganda exhibitions were opened, also in Munich: one sponsored by the German Colonial League urged the return of mandated colonies; the other portrayed Germany's one hundred years of achievement in colonizing eastern Europe, with the slogan: "Germany in the East—a Bulwark of Europe against Chaos."

The Colonial Leaguers showed a fleet of miniature *Bremens* and *Deutschlands* floating on a lake. Palm trees in the background stimulated an African landscape. A toy torpedo boat

was anchored by a miniature island. Loud-speakers from time to time blared forth: "We are going to build a gigantic fleet in order to keep our connections with our possessions abroad and to develop them. We are going to get our colonies back, for no great nation can go for any length of time without colonies."

Goebbels is a marvel of a showman. I wonder if he would like to be popular? He may take a sheer ironic delight in the fact that he is not, either with leading fellow-Nazis or with the populace. Audiences crowd to hear him and are swayed by his superb demagoguery, but they do not have affection for him, as they have for Hitler and Goering. The former they worship, spellbound. The latter they chuckle with, and at. There is bitter hatred between Goebbels and other cabinet ministers, especially Schacht, Goering, Frick and Rosenberg. One of these told me that he had many impulses to knock Goebbels down, and might have done it except that he could not bring himself to hit a cripple. It is possible that street-naming may be a clue to popularity. I have seen literally dozens of Adolf Hitler streets and squares; many a Hermann Goering *strasse*; but I have never seen, or heard of, a street or a square named after Paul Joseph Goebbels.

The German Ministry of Propaganda has done its share to contribute to international mud-slinging which has been so common during the past year. Within the period of a few weeks during the spring and summer it was possible to find, in the press of democratic countries as well as in that of the dictatorship states, plenty of examples of news items which led to international irritation. Some were objectively reported. Others deliberately showed a subjectivity in their handling. In some instances the friction seems to have been consciously whipped up by the newspapers.

The *LaGuardia* and *Mundelein causes célèbres* are fresh in the minds of millions of Americans because of their picturesqueness, the importance of the individuals, and the ensuing violent reaction on the part of Germany.

THROUGH TURBULENT YEARS

Mayor LaGuardia, of New York, who is racially a half-Jew and married to a Jewess, suggested to an audience largely composed of women that Hitler might be an attraction for a "chamber of horrors" at the New York 1939 Exposition. This naturally was cabled, without any loss of flavour, to Germany. The Nazi reaction was immediate. Dr. Hans Luther, then German Ambassador in Washington, was ordered to call on Secretary of State Cordell Hull and demand an apology. The best the Department of State could do was to "express regrets." It was reiterated that neither the Mayor of New York nor the newspapers reporting the incident came within the jurisdiction of the federal government. The Nazi newspapers retaliated for the "insult" to the *Fuehrer*, in some instances in unreportable phrases. The two leading Nazi newspapers are the *Voelkischer Beobachter* and the *Angriff*. The former is published and edited by Alfred Rosenberg, who is responsible for the Nazi party's foreign policy and whose pet project is acquisition of the Ukraine. The *Angriff* is a splenetic and lively Berlin daily, founded and controlled by Goebbels. These two papers set the pace when an incident of this kind occurs and provide the more "juicy" extracts for cabled quotes.

A *Voelkischer Beobachter* headline and two extracts from *Angriff* articles, selected from several score, will give a vivid picture of Nazi reaction to LaGuardia's jibe:

Voelkischer Beobachter, 5th March 1937

A DIRTY TALMUD JEW GETS FRESH—THE MAYOR OF
NEW YORK AS INCITATORY SPEAKER

Angriff, 4th March 1937

NEW YORK'S CHIEF JEW LAGUARDIA FILTHILY INSULTS
THE FUEHRER—IMPUDENT JEWISH LOUT DARES TO
DOUBT THE FUEHRER'S LOVE OF PEACE

... his administration characterized by the fact that the
gangsters, if they can bribe him sufficiently, can plunder and

PRESS, PROPAGANDA AND FRICTION: I

kidnap even more impudently than before. . . . His Jewish Communistic comrades of his gangster times . . . the land of freedom . . . the orgy of contumely before the Jewish whores whom he fetched off the streets. . . . One might assume that the White House possesses enough power to prohibit pimps who have clambered up (from the depths) from telling their vulgarities to a thousand women instead of one. . . . We could take an interest in American events which might not be agreeable. . . . His racial comrades should look out. . . . LaGuardia the sexual blackmailer swamp-flower. . . .

Angriff, 5th March 1937

JEW LOUT LA GUARDIA UNDERTAKES NEW IMPUDENCES— LAME TREATMENT OF PROTEST BY HULL

. . . the lame treatment of the case by the Washington Foreign Office which prods LaGuardia to ever new impudence, however, brands that state (the U.S.) in which 12 million people enjoy as sole freedom that of silently perishing of hunger in the gutter, in truly American style . . . this kind of civilization, by God, is not worth defending, and Germany would not accept it as a gift. . . .

In the Nazi press, especially in the *Angriff* and the *Beobachter*, almost from the very day that Hitler came into power, scores of other similar examples, some quite as extreme, may be discovered. Typical examples occurred in connection with the Gustloff case (the Nazi agent shot in Davos, Switzerland, on 6th February 1936) and the trial at Chur on 9th to 15th December 1936.

The address made by Cardinal Mundelein in Chicago, in which he criticized the Nazi régime and referred to Hitler as a "paper hanger and not a very good one at that," caused repercussions and rumblings that are not likely to die down for a long time. American and British newspapers picked up the Cardinal's comments and reproduced them with great glee, occasionally with jocular or biting jibes.

The Mundelein address was delivered when the drive against the Catholic church in Germany had been whipped up to fever heat. It was the subject of a protest to the Vatican. Some weeks after Mundelein had made his speech, when the Pope referred with approval to the Chicago Cardinal's general statements, official Germany was surprised and annoyed. Dr. Goebbels' paper, the *Angriff*, accused the Pope of "making propaganda against Germany in his addresses to groups of pilgrims from the Reich." Goebbels' paper complained bitterly about the Pope's "impulsive, improvised, and incalculable extemporaneous speeches," and lamented that "the anti-German world seizes with delight on the Pope's speeches against Germany and makes use of them in its political fight."

As a result a number of pilgrimages planned to Rome by German Catholics were forbidden during July and August.

Vehement attacks on the British Empire occurred in the German press during the present summer—attacks which seem to have been initiated by the Germans and do not come in the category of counter-attacks. One of the most conspicuous was that made by General Ludendorff in an article entitled *The Pomp of England's Decay*. That grim, hen-pecked and almost solitary survivor of Germany's World War generals characterized the British Empire as a "Jewish-Freemason Abortion." Throughout the Nazi press campaigns it may be noted that the newspapers are obsessed with the "Jewishness" of any individual or organization opposed to their policies. General Ludendorff is one of the most conspicuous leaders of the German Faith Movement, which is a euphemism for paganism.

Ludendorff traces what he terms the "disintegration" of the British Empire during the period when it became "an association of free states." He instances Ireland leaving the United Kingdom, the loss of Egypt, the failure of British policy in Palestine, the struggle for independence of the Arabian states, India's ferment, Britain's "loss of face" in the Ethiopian affair

and, finally, the British impotence in the Mediterranean and in the Iberian peninsula. In one place he has this bit of history to record:

"The British Empire was built up at the expense of the Roman Catholic Empire. It arose after the alleged discovery of America by the Jew Columbus . . . the Commonwealth of Nations is a Jewish-Freemason abortion . . . the decay of England as a world power, which is now beginning, is the work of the Jew, the Freemason, and the English clergy, in league with the unholy machinations of the Roman Church."

It would be interesting if one could compile a list of the past and present figures in the world's history who have been incorrectly characterized as Jews by various German writers. One amusing error of this kind occurs to me here. Some two or three years ago an item appeared in a German newspaper, the editor of which was temporarily exasperated by the London *Daily Express*, in which it was stated that Lord Beaverbrook, proprietor of the *Express*; "is a Jew whose real name is Bloomfield." This has its ridiculous aspect because, as is well known, Beaverbrook's name was Max Aitken. He comes from a long line of Canadian-Scotch-Calvinists. The name of the man who, for nearly twenty years, edited Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* is Ralph D. Blumenfeld. It can be seen, therefore, how the confusion arose.

Bitter attacks on Poland, Czechoslovakia, the U.S.S.R., Italy, France and Austria have appeared in the German press during the Hitler régime. Attacks on Poland ceased just about twelve months after Hitler came into power, after the non-aggression pact was signed.

It is not certain from which side of the border the initiative came. The *Fuehrer* is believed to have sent agents to Warsaw to "feel out" the situation. The stern and irascible Pilsudski had no patience with shilly-shallying. He is supposed to have sent a message to Hitler, somewhat in the following words:

"Do you want peace or war? Just say the word, and I'll give you whichever you want!"

The result was a ten-year non-aggression pact, signed in January 1934. It came as a shock to a sceptical world. The Polish Corridor and the festering frontiers in Upper and Lower Silesia had seemed to involve points of irreconcilable divergence. It has, however, stood the test of nearly four years' strains. Almost immediately after the announcement of the agreement a definite change in the tone of German and Polish newspapers could be noted.

Before 1934 it would have been difficult to find German admission that there was such a thing as Polish culture. The Poles were looked upon, spoken of, and written about as a few million individuals who had barely emerged from barbarism. Immediately after the signing of the pact a series of articles appeared in several Nazi papers under the general title, *Polish Culture*. Articles critical of Italian policies and practices appeared in German newspapers until October 1936. After the creation of the Rome-Berlin axis the tone of the Teutonic press toward Italy changed completely. Everything became sweetness and light. Forgotten—or at least not mentioned—for nearly a year now has been the historical incident so frequently referred to previously by German press and radio that in 1915 Italy "ratted" and joined Germany's enemies.

Goebbels has "turned on the heat" now and again in his treatment of Czechoslovakia. Two 1937 incidents that aroused Czechoslovakian protests were the Soviet aerodromes ~~more~~, and the Weigell ill-treatment case. (Described in Chapter VI).

German press, platform and radio attacks on the U.S.S.R. and Austria are matters of history. A continual German refrain is: "We must have the Ukraine."

The subversive radio and press campaign made against Austria before the assassination of Dollfuss cannot be easily forgotten. The radio attacks were organized from Munich and were the work of Theodor Habicht. There was an attempt

on the part of the Germans, after the reaction of the world to the Dollfuss assassination became evident, to get out from under the responsibility for the chain of events.

On 25th July 1934 Dollfuss was murdered. German newspapers for a day or so showed an uncanny intimacy with details of the Austrian *putsch*. Then Goebbels ordered complete "outward" editorial ignorance. Newspapers and officials, in meeting correspondents, said that the Nazis in Germany deplored the tragic events in Vienna, expressed absolute innocence of what was transpiring, and particularly pointed out that the so-called Nazi murderers in Austria were in no way connected with Hitler's Nazis. However, this should be noted: Holzweber and Planetta were the first to be executed for the murder of Dollfuss. They were killed by a prolonged and medieval strangulation process. Their last words were: "We did it for the Fatherland! Heil Hitler!" What did Goebbels' incredibly stupid propaganda office permit? German newspapers, even the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, played up on the front page the account of the last "Heil Hitlers" of the doomed men, when *four days before* every paper had emphasized that there was no connection between German and Austrian Nazis in the planning of the Dollfuss murder.

It is safe to say that no newspaper or periodical in the world can attack the Nazi régime or criticize German policies or favoured statesmen without the risk of drawing Goebbels' fire. The Nazi party has an office, containing hundreds of employees, where thousands of foreign newspapers and periodicals are assiduously read, and reports received from German official and unofficial representatives abroad. German pride seems to imply that the German press is in honour bound to reply or to counter-attack.

Although Nazi Germany unquestionably has been exceptionally sensitive to outside opinion, her retorts, under Hitler and Goebbels, have seldom shown any indication that foreign criticism would induce her to change her main line of action.

In justice to Germany it should be pointed out she has had some pretty violent criticisms to put up with and her defence measures, on occasions, have not been without justification. Hitler would have been quite justified if he had protested against a photograph which appeared in a London newspaper a few weeks after he became Reichs-Chancellor. Late one evening two of the sub-editors were running over a batch of photos in order to have more "art" with which to dress up the paper the following day. One man came across the picture of a sickly-looking, unpleasant little brat, aged about two. He looked for the caption and could not find it. This must have given him an inspiration. He turned to his assistant and said:

"Run this on the picture page to-morrow; I'll write the caption."

The next morning it appeared in the newspaper, with the following underline:

"Hitler as a Child."

Of such—occasionally—is Fleet Street enterprise!

Foreign headlines, especially in the United States, London and Paris, reached their vitriolic heights during the days succeeding the "purge" of 30th June 1934. Six weeks after the "purge" Hitler, as the result of the German "Ja" plebiscite, stepped into Hindenburg's vacated shoes. A politico-journalistic friend of mine, a Nazi who bitterly resented foreign caustic headlines vilifying Hitler, said to me when the eighty-eight per cent. vote backing the *Fuehrer* was announced:

"Surely all decent foreign papers will cease their attacks on our Leader now, if for no other reason than the question of taste. No matter what happened in England or in the United States we, in Germany, would not permit our papers to attack King George or President Roosevelt."

After the caustic attacks made on Hitler by Mayor LaGuardia and Cardinal Mundelein the German press stated that "international courtesy forbade personal attacks on the heads of foreign States." Apparently this does not apply to the U.S.S.R.

Within three months of the German protest to the United States the *Stuerner* published photographs of Stalin and Litvinov (Soviet Foreign Commissar), with the caption: "Two criminal malefactors at the head of the so-called Soviet Union." In the accompanying text it was stated that "Stalin robbed a gold transport train at Tiflis in the year 1907, and in doing so killed thirty-two men and stole 250,000 roubles."

When the terms of the Hindenburg will were published in 1934 Paris papers implied that the will—which contained clauses commending the Nazis—had been forged. This charge aroused a fury of excoriating retaliatory comment in the German press.

Within the next few weeks further friction was engendered by the Italian, Saar, Swedish and Czech press. Nothing in the way of anti-German comment seemed to escape the notice of Nazi publicists. Before 40,000 persons at Halle, Alfred Rosenberg, head of the Nazi Foreign Political Department, complained that "from Rome there has been unloosed recently an unbridled press campaign against Germany." These were Il Duce's orders, no doubt, after the Dollfuss assassination, when Italian troops were moved to the Brenner Pass. In those days Mussolini did not think in terms of the present axis and treated Hitler as an upstart dictator who had yet to "make good."

In August 1934, the German Government officially protested to the Saar Governing Commission against the way the Saar press "abused and defamed the late President Hindenburg in the basest manner." In September the *Berlin Boersen Zeitung*, the *Angriff* and the *Voelkischer Beobachter* fired vigorous broadsides against the Swedish press, the Stockholm publishing firm of Bonniers, owners of the *Dagens Nyheter*, being described as "a danger to the peace of Europe." In the same month Dr. Koch, German minister in Prague, officially protested against the activities of anti-Nazi émigré journalists—especially Otto Strasser and his *Die Deutsche Revolution*—"as these activities are apt to disturb peace between the two countries."

The peculiar touchiness of Nazi newspapers has long been of interest to M. François-Poncet, French Ambassador in Berlin. This veteran diplomatist took occasion last 14th July, during a speech delivered before the French colony in Germany in celebration of the Fête National, to deliver a homily palpably designed for Dr. Goebbels' attention. M. François-Poncet cited certain evidences of friendly relations between France and Germany, including the visits of Dr. Schacht to Paris and of a French cruiser to Kiel. Then he went on to say that insults and compliments seemed to balance each other. All that remained seemed to be a sense of ill-feeling and bitterness.

"In countries of an authoritarian régime," the ambassador pointed out, "press attacks are more serious than those originating in democratic countries, because their language can always be regarded as reflecting the thoughts of the Government." Continuing, he said:

"Why is it that on the least provocation newspaper polemics so quickly take on the tone of heavy artillery? Violence, excess of passion and incapacity for moderation are not signs of strength. They do not intimidate the other side. . . .

"Recently in one paper it was possible to read compliments and thanks to France for the signing of the commercial treaty while another column of the same page was filled with the most violent reproaches and charges against us based on an incorrectly or badly rendered report, to the effect that we told lies, did not keep our word, sabotaged peace, played with fire and ruined non-intervention by opening wide the Pyrenees frontier for the passage of soldiers and arms. . . ."

The French ambassador was thinking, no doubt, on this occasion of the "inspired" news articles which had appeared in the German press stating "on the highest authority" that thousands of soldiers from the French Foreign Legion had been sent by the French Government to fight against Franco in

Spain. This was one of many canards quickly exploded but all the same a cause of intense temporary irritation.

Attacks on Great Britain have occurred intermittently during the Hitler régime. Goebbels can, of course, arouse his press orchestra to a crescendo of heat; or induce a saccharine and almost unbelievable purring. The records show that it takes but little to engender German suspicions of Anglo-French action. This is especially true when anything occurs suggesting what the Germans call the "encirclement aim." During the summer of 1937 the occasion of the visit of the Latvian Foreign Minister to Moscow caused an anti-British outburst in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. This article emphasized that "British policy aims at the encirclement of Germany" and asserted that the visit of the Latvian Foreign Minister to Moscow coincided with the visit of Lord Plymouth to the Baltic states "to close the gap in the British neutrality system in northern Europe."

Savage attacks on the British press were made in nearly all the leading Berlin newspapers when the Non-intervention Committee's activities seemed doomed to collapse, after the suggestion made by Germany for a proposed naval demonstration was turned down. Some typical headlines included: *Lokal Anzeiger*, "Britain's Guilt"; *Angriff*: "Now London Whines"; and *Tageblatt*: "English Hypocrisy Following Collapse of Fleet Action."

The German papers were especially enraged when some French newspapers declined to take seriously Berlin's report of attacks made by a submarine in the Mediterranean on the German cruiser *Leipzig*. The French attitude might be summed up in one amusing headline: "Jewish Dolphins in Mediterranean Attack Aryan Cruiser *Leipzig*."

One example of German reaction to foreign press comments, which seems not without warrant, was observed in August when Hitler had received a newly-appointed envoy from General Franco. In commenting upon Hitler's conversation

with this Spanish Fascist representative, the London *News-Chronicle* said:

"The Salamanca envoy unctuously announced that many of the principles of the Third Reich would be adapted to Franco's Spain. Castor oil, the concentration camp, militarization of youth, and the fettering of religion would doubtless be among them. . . ."

The official German news agency quickly counter-attacked:

"The exchange of greetings between the Leader and the new Spanish Ambassador was used by the Liberal *News-Chronicle* to aim one of its ugly and malicious attacks against Franco and Germany."

The *Boersen Zeitung* tersely headlined this criticism of the *News-Chronicle* "The Voice from the London Underworld" and the *Voelkischer Beobachter* made the charge that the paper was subsidized by Soviet Funds.

Not only Goebbels but all dictators are up against a two-fold problem when they come to deal with the regimentation of public opinion: they feed to their own nationals within their frontiers statements which may be true, partially true or wholly false; then they must arrange, often, for an inconsistent flow of words to the outside world. Actions and statements which they feel necessary for internal consumption may cause external friction or ridicule.

A dictator's ideal would be something like this:

1. A national radio hook-up which would reach to each part of the frontier, and no farther;
2. A barrier, either by static or jamming, which would prevent radio reception within the state of broadcasts from critical or unfriendly countries;
3. Newspapers of the state would not be read outside; and
4. Foreign newspapers would be confiscated at the frontier.

A considerable part of this ideal has been achieved in each of the three major dictatorship states, Germany, U.S.S.R. and Italy.

Passengers crossing frontiers into many of the dictatorship states have their luggage examined carefully for newspapers which have been banned. In some instances, democratic countries have retaliated. Passengers entering Czechoslovakia have their German newspapers seized. The newspapers on the banned list vary from month to month—sometimes from day to day. German postal authorities are driven almost frantic trying to keep up with the latest list. Officialdom occasionally does something amusing. Two or three years ago the *Chicago Tribune* was, for a period, *verboten* in Germany. A friend of mine crossing the German border at Kehl had several of his papers taken away from him. The frontier guard picked up a copy of the Sunday *Chicago Tribune*. It was folded so that the comic section was on the outside. The guard tossed back the whole bulky issue to my friend with the comment:

“*Ach, das ist fur Kindern!*”

Chapter XV

PRESS, PROPAGANDA AND FRICTION

II

THE Italian Press and Propaganda Department was raised to a Ministry in 1935 with Count Ciano the first head of it to be given full cabinet rank. The following year Il Duce promoted his son-in-law to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and handed the propaganda assignment to Dino Alfieri. The title of the ministry was changed 1st July 1937 to the Ministry of Popular Culture.

The Italians impress me as being more intelligent propagandists than the Germans. They are, at any rate, more effective abroad. There would appear to be a larger proportion of major and minor executives who speak other languages than their own. I would place Italian technique, in dealing with foreign seekers after information, about half-way between the British and the German. It takes a little patience to "break through" the official encrustation of an Italian propaganda official, but once this is accomplished he will even talk of "off the record." He is bound by considerable red-tape, but not enough to be strangled by it.

There is to be found in the propaganda ministry in Rome the same passion for anonymity that I called attention to in London offices. It is not exactly for the same reason, however. Modesty may have something to do with it, but there is reason to have a genuine fear of results if the anonymity should be broken. Everything in Italy pyramids down from Il Duce. It is unwise to break prominently into print, especially in foreign headlines. Balbo, Ciano and Starace have discovered this. It appears to

be a set policy of Il Duce, not necessarily from any feeling of egotism or jealousy, that his fellow-workers should not appear to be encroaching on his preserves. It is "his" state and he accepts the responsibility. When exceptions are made—as for a while in the cases of the Ethiopian victors, Marshals de Bono and Badoglio, and in August 1937, when the names of twelve Italian generals fighting in Spain were publicised in the Fascist press—they are by Il Duce's orders.

On one occasion I asked a departmental head in the propaganda bureau if he would place me in contact with the man responsible for the actual draining of the Italian marshes. In genuine surprise at my inquiry he said:

"Why, you talked with him two days ago!"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, Il Duce, of course."

It was only after considerable explanation that I was able to get permission to interview some of the engineers who had been working on the drainage job. When I saw them they were willing to discuss their work, but begged that their names should not be published.

One of the Italian executives in the ministry talked freely and gave me some excellent "human interest" material, including amusing anecdotes of Il Duce in his unofficial moments. In this instance there was no proviso that I should not use the name of my informant. But I learned that the publication abroad of this material, attributed to this official, probably would lead to his degradation. There was nothing for me to do in the circumstances but to refrain.

The Ministry of Popular Culture devotes the major portion of its energy to the newspapers and the radio. Foreign correspondents meet the senior press official at stated intervals, once a day if "hot" news is developing. The press officers I have encountered are informed, fairly informal and stick in the main to the truth; but not necessarily the whole truth. News from Rome has become pretty well routinized. It is two years

since a resident Anglo-Saxon correspondent has been expelled from Italy. A few are unwelcome to return.

Il Duce should know better than any other dictator how to regiment public opinion, as he is by profession a journalist and by vocation a dictator. For many years in Switzerland and in Italy, until 1915, Mussolini made his living as a journalist. His paper had a good deal to do with influencing Italy's entry into the war on the Allies' side. For four years after the World War he was engaged in journalism and "covered" several early international conferences. Since the famous "March on Rome" Mussolini has taken an intimate part in the conduct of the *Popolo d'Italia*. For several years he wrote, or arranged to be "ghosted," articles which were syndicated in a group of American newspapers.

There are many evidences of the methods Mussolini has used to make Italian journalism a component part of Fascist government. An outstanding example is a series of editorials which appeared in the *Giornale d'Italia* in 1935. In addition to stirring up trouble for Britain and France in the Mediterranean littoral countries, the Italian dictator had another propaganda job on his hands; he had to make the Ethiopian war popular in Italy. In the months that intervened between the Wal Wal frontier incident in December 1934, until the end of the rainy season in the following September, Mussolini instructed Dr. Virginio Gayda, editor of the *Giornale d'Italia*, to "sell" the war to the Italians. Gayda did an excellent job. He probably was freely advised by Il Duce himself. Gayda is the outstanding editor of the Fascist régime. His paper, in any emergency, is just as definitely a part of Il Duce's government as is the department of any cabinet minister.

Gayda followed in general this very shrewd line: Great Britain and France, especially the former, were trying to hamstring Italy and prevent its legitimate expansion empire-wards. Gayda quoted almost every news item or editorial he could find in a British newspaper, especially in the *News-Chronicle*

and the *Daily Herald*, which spoke in critical or unfriendly terms of Italy and its Ethiopian adventure. Sometimes the quotations made out a more forceful case than if they were read in their original contexts. To these British criticisms Gayda would vigorously reply. From February to September 1935, he published forty-three of these effective blasts, and they went a long way to convince Italians of the inevitability of the war and of the selfish, smug and bullying attitude of John Bull. (Incidentally, during the course of this press campaign, the Hotel Eden in Rome was attacked by Fascist rioters who, perhaps naturally, connected it with the name of the British Foreign Secretary. Other Fascist newspapers followed Gayda's lead and frequently reproduced or quoted from his front-page fulminations.

A few days before the Coronation Mussolini withdrew Italian correspondents from London and forbade entry into Italy of all British newspapers except three: The *Observer* (a Sunday paper), the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News*. The thundering pundit in the *Observer*, J. L. Garvin, had been friendly and realistic throughout the Ethiopian affair and had won Il Duce's cordial approval. The Rothermere press has usually managed to stay on good terms with Il Duce. These facts probably account for the exceptions made. Some weeks later Mussolini relaxed somewhat and permitted the entry of all papers except the *Manchester Guardian*, the *News-Chronicle* and the *Daily Herald*. Early in August it was announced, without explanation, that the ban against even these papers had been removed. Some days later Italian correspondents were permitted to return to London.

Within a few hours of the announcement that the ban against British newspapers had been lifted I listened to a broadcast from the radio station at Turin. Two sentences in the news report showed how mildly, almost "innocently," one nation may disparage another.

On 9th, 10th and 11th August the Royal Air Force had planned pretentious night manoeuvres over London and the

south and east coasts. The manœuvres came off according to plan on Monday evening. Regarding Tuesday's programme, the Turin announcer had this to say: "After fifteen days' sunshine London had a mild rain. As a result of this, continuation of the mock air raid has been postponed."

The disparagement is subtle, but obvious. The fact is that the Tuesday air raid programme was cancelled because the weather did not give bombing and scouting machines the kind of practice which the Air Force wanted them to have. British machines often have flown in practice in infinitely worse weather.

As I have pointed out, the *Giornale d'Italia* and the *Popolo d'Italia* have an unique position in Italian journalism. Signor Gayda, as perhaps the most trenchant Fascist writer on foreign affairs, is considered the mouthpiece of the Italian Foreign Office. *Popolo d'Italia* is listed as Mussolini's personal journal. This paper has certain privileges. On occasions when there is a first-class "scoop" *Popolo d'Italia* has it first and other Italian newspapers are ordered to reproduce it *the next day*, with credit to Il Duce's paper. When a vigorous article on foreign affairs appears in *Popolo d'Italia*, or an especially forthright attack on a foreign government or statesman, it is cabled abroad with the statement: "This appears to-day in Mussolini's newspaper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, and is attributed to Il Duce." Correspondents usually are careful not to say directly that the writing is that of the Dictator himself. Several of these caustic comments could be quoted from the files of the *Popolo d'Italia* within the space of a few weeks in the summer of 1937 alone. Suffice it to mention two that have a peculiar interest. A bitter attack on Soviet Russia, "attributed to Signor Mussolini," was made shortly after the execution of Marshal Tukhachevsky and the seven generals. This article concluded:

"Lenin's star is dying in a blood-covered horizon, while the dazzling sun of Rome shines ever higher in the sky."

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The second, an attack on the British, also may be "attributed to Signor Mussolini," and refers to an event which got under the skin of the Italian dictator more than had any other for years: the reaction of the British press to the Italian retreat at the Guadalajara débacle in the Spanish civil war.

Not only British newspapers but Episcopalian clergymen were unusually forthright last May and June in their attacks on Italy for assistance given to General Franco. But of all the comments made the phrase which most piqued Il Duce's pride was one used by a British news broadcaster who compared the Italian defeat at Guadalajara to the disaster at Caporetto, scene of the major Italian retreat during the World War. The Italian does not like to hear the word "Caporetto" any more than, for thirty-nine years after 1896, he liked to hear the word "Adowa," where thousands of Italians were massacred by the Ethiopians. This word has ceased to rankle since the conquest of Haile Selassie's territory, but Caporetto is still a "fighting word."

On 17th June, in an unsigned but "attributed" article in the *Popolo d'Italia*, Guadalajara was ingeniously explained. Toward the end of the article the writer attacked the British press in the following words:

"The dead of the legionaries had not yet been buried, the trains of wounded were still moving toward the hospitals, when the anti-Fascist foreign press let loose its vituperative campaign of inventions and calumnies. In this brigand-like undertaking, the British press took the lead without any exception and also the French Left-wing press. The check of a battalion became a defeat . . . there were—on paper—suicides of generals who are still very much alive. The newspapers drew from one episode generalizations offensive to the whole Italian army, forgetting what this army had contributed to the final victory of the Allies in the world war."

In conclusion the article referred to the British press as "hyenas in human form, throwing themselves on the pure

blood of Italian youth as if it were whisky." This potent drink seems to have assumed, as one writer puts it, "an almost mystical significance for continental nations as signifying at once the favourite and at the same time the most debased drink of the inhabitants of the British Isles. No Italian cartoon during the sanctions period was complete without a picture of a raw-boned Englishman in shorts and topee, with a glass of whisky in his hand."

Occasionally some fervent Fascist gets off on a tack which does not conform with Mussolini's current policy. One such instance occurred in June 1937, after Mr. Chamberlain had suggested that the British and French fleets might take over the Italian and German control zones on behalf of the Non-Intervention Committee. Signor Farinacci, ex-Secretary of the Fascist party, writing in the *Regima Fascista*, suggested breaking off all relations with Britain and France. A part of the Farinacci blast read:

"At the first Bolshevik provocation we must act ruthlessly with serious reprisals, so that the punishment of the Reds will be an open challenge to London and Paris. In face of the strong and resolute tone of Germany and Italy, those two clammy gentlemen, Eden and Blum, will not fail as usual to act as sheep in lion's clothing."

The British Ambassador in Rome immediately called on Count Ciano, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and asked whether Farinacci was expressing official Italian opinion. Ciano assured Drummond (since the death of his brother in August he has succeeded to the title Earl of Perth) that "Farinacci was not," and it was intimated that the offending issue of the *Regima Fascista* would be seized and destroyed.

Mussolini has developed his control of the Italian press to such an exact degree that his organs easily play any tune he suggests. He even specifies, not infrequently, what sized type shall be used for news-stories in which he has a special interest,

and on what page these headlines shall be displayed. Copies of some of these secret instructions to the Italian press have several times been smuggled across the frontier, and published in Liberal and anti-Fascist newspapers. One such list was reproduced in June in the anti-Fascist paper *Giustizia e, Libertà*, published in Paris, covering the period from 5th January to 10th May. (A few days after the list appeared the editor of the paper, Professor Carlo Roselli, an Italian expatriate, and his brother, visiting him from Italy, were found murdered in a wood near Bagnoles Orne, Normandy. The assassins have not been apprehended.)

About half of the instructions to the Italian newspapers dealt with the civil war in Spain. The following are typical extracts:*

"Do not criticize Turkey even if she lets through Russian and Spanish warships with supplies for the Spanish Government Party." At this date, 5th January 1937, Il Duce was endeavouring to complete trade arrangements with Turkey.

"Do not concern yourselves with the German attitude to naval movements in the Mediterranean." This showed that the Rome-Berlin axis was in good order.

Other orders show vividly the Italian realistic attitude towards participation in the civil war:

16th January.—"Give no news of the bombardment of inhabited centres by the Spanish 'Nationalists.' Above all, deny that it is done by Italian or German aviators."

9th February.—"Do not describe the military situation of the Spanish 'Reds' as disastrous. Be less optimistic."

5th March.—"Suppress entirely news of the arrival at Naples of wounded volunteers from Spain and transported by our hospital ships."

17th March.—"Emphasize and give the greatest importance to the *communiqué* of the Government at Salamanca as to the eventual cession of Spanish Morocco by the Valencia Government to England and France."

* I have used the *Manchester Guardian's* translations.

The relations of Italy to various European powers are shown in such orders as these:

25th January.—"Keep complete silence on the fact that the Hungarian Chief of Military Staff has been in Milan. . . . Disinterest yourself completely from the Fascist movement in Switzerland."

17th February.—"Do not give any news of: (1) The coming of Dr. Schuschnigg to Italy; (2) His forthcoming marriage to a society lady; (3) His dissolution of the Austrian Fascist Party."

20th February.—"Begin and continue a strong campaign against Czechoslovakia."

7th April.—"Dilate upon the Yagoda episode in Soviet Russia, and play up the supremacy and immorality of the adventurer Stalin." Yagoda was the deposed chief of the OGPU, the U.S.S.R. Secret Police.

28th April.—"Emphasize the absolute mediocrity of Delbos, Herriot's man of straw." M. Yvon Delbos was French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was alleged by Il Duce to be little more than a "stooge" for former premier Herriot.

Four instructions during the five months' period showed how Il Duce felt toward Great Britain:

26th February.—"Insist on the inevitability of Eden's leaving the Foreign Office. Have sent from London news of Eden's dismissal." So far as history records, Eden and Mussolini met but once, in Rome during the latter part of June 1935. They took an immediate dislike to each other. A friend of mine saw Eden leaving Il Duce's palace after their talk, and described him as "perspiring at every pore." Eden seems not to be the type of Britisher to make an impression on the Italian dictator. Winston Churchill probably could match Il Duce's jaw-jut better.

14th April.—"Reproduce and amplify the news of the Stefani Agency about how desirable it would be to burn the contagious quarters of London unworthy of a civilized age. Add that Edward if he had continued to reign would have provided for it."

6th May.—“It is absolutely forbidden to publish any articles or make any reference to the British Government; limit yourselves purely to *Stefani*.” *Stefani* is the official Italian news agency. This order was part of Il Duce’s “boycott” of the Coronation. Moving pictures of the Coronation were not permitted to be shown in Italy until 27th August.

10th May.—“Stress any unfortunate incident that may happen during the Coronation celebrations; disparage the importance of the political conversations that are taking place in London.” The presence in London of diplomatists from virtually every country in the world except Italy led to press reports that vital diplomatic discussions were taking place. Mussolini’s pique against the Coronation began when an invitation was extended to Haile Selassie.

Instructions to the press dealing with internal problems are just as specific and equally illuminating. Three of the orders show that the spot-light, without Il Duce’s permission, is not to be turned on Fascist leaders, or even on their wives. On 11th January Italian editors were warned not to “reproduce the Rome correspondence of the *Christian Science Monitor* on the popularity of Minister Ciano.”

On 29th January Fascist editors knew better than to “play up” Achille Starace, Secretary-General of the Party, for orders were issued: “Do not reproduce the telegrams of Signor Starace on the occasion of ordinary sporting events.”

Mussolini seems to believe that a certain type of “human interest” news-story has been overplayed by his friendly editors. On 5th March he gave the peremptory order: “Make an end once for all of the stories of children running away from home to see Il Duce in Rome.”

In the spring of this year Premier Blum was not in Mussolini’s good books, and on 28th April he instructed his complacent editors to “insist on the immoral character of Blum’s book on marriage.” The book was written by the ex-Premier of

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France in early life, and advocated what Judge Ben Lindsey called "companionate marriage."

This "sampling" shows concretely the method used in organizing the press of a regimented State so that a coherent point of view may be taken on all questions of foreign and domestic policy. The radio is no less carefully manipulated, as may be seen from the operation of the famous Italian station BARI.

An outstanding phenomenon of the turbulent years since the Armistice is the part played by newspapers and latterly by radio in unconsciously or deliberately stirring up international ill-feeling and exacerbating frictional potentialities. This is true of the press and radio of democratic countries as well as of dictatorship states. So far as the United States is concerned, newspapers and radio play a comparatively minor part in stirring up ill-feeling, owing to geographical remoteness and temperamental isolation. Only occasionally, when there is a LaGuardia or Mundelein incident, is there a flare-up. Readers also may recall the tempest in a teapot when *Vanity Fair* three years ago caricatured the Mikado, and was responsible for protests to the State Department from the Japanese Government, which cannot understand such worldly treatment of the sacrosanct "Son of Heaven."

In European democracies—at least in those which are in the path of the next juggernaut, Great Britain, France, Belgium and Czechoslovakia—the news items and editorials which breed ill-feeling are largely spontaneous and not usually inspired by any government authority. When such inspiration is given to a newspaper or a radio station it is usually done indirectly. In dictatorship states, these streams of abuse may be turned on and off like a tap. When Mussolini says, "all possible steps will be taken . . .," he can turn the tap so tight that it won't even drip.

Broadcasts are sent out from BARI (Southern Italy) in sixteen languages. During the Ethiopian affair it appeared to be

the policy of the Italian programme directors to stir up as much trouble as possible in the Mediterranean littoral countries where Great Britain and France, especially the former, had vested interests. Vernacular newspapers were subsidized. Propaganda leaflets, in Arabic especially, were smuggled across frontiers and surreptitiously or sometimes boldly distributed.

A few samples of the broadcast material, most of it issued under the guise of "straight" news, will suffice to show what one nation may say these days about another nation with which it is "annoyed" but yet at peace. All broadcasts, except the one of 7th April, were in Arabic. I have reproduced the translations into English as provided by police authorities in Cairo, whose duty it is to keep a fairly representative record of BARI broadcasts. No attempt has been made to improve the diction.

It is interesting to note in many of these broadcasts that the sources quoted are mainly of two kinds: (1) Newspapers or political leaders unfriendly to Great Britain, who are mentioned by name; or (2) generalized sources which it is impossible to trace, as for example, "foreign news agencies," "foreign newspapers," "certain Jewish papers," "several professors," etc.

8th February 1936.—A despatch attributed to the *United Press* was read over the radio in which it was stated that the French consul in Palestine had issued an official *communiqué*, in which he said that the demonstrations of students in Cairo "had set an example for all Arabs to demand their independence," and that "Syrian students were fired with ambition to copy their Cairo comrades." No such U.P. despatch can be traced.

8th February.—"Arabs in Zanzibar have staged a demonstration against sanctions and a large number is reported wounded." London reported that no demonstration had occurred in Zanzibar.

8th February.—A purported interview with the Prime Minister of Egypt, supposed to have appeared in the *Jehad*, was

read over the station, in which the Prime Minister was alleged to have spoken of disastrous consequences of sanctions imposed on Egypt by Great Britain. This interview appears to have been apocryphal, as no record of it can be traced in the *Jehad* during several days preceding 8th February.

30th June.—A rising in Transjordanian was reported. The British Foreign Office had no record of any such uprising.

21st March 1937.—“ . . . Vile, dirty and lying voices from Britain's cities want at all price to make believe things which are imaginary, invented by reporters of fortune on the voyage of Il Duce from Libya.” During Mussolini's “Protector of the Moslems” trip to Africa the London press did not take his mission seriously.

21st March.—“ . . . these organs of different political parties; these voice carriers of the whisky and potato race. . . .” These and other similar phrases were used in expressing Italian annoyance at editorials in certain British newspapers, and also displeasure at the Archbishop of Canterbury (*sic*) and Lord Cranborne over the alleged killing of from two thousand to six thousand Ethiopians after Marshal Graziani had been bombed.

22nd March.—“LONDON: The Aga Khan, in an interview with a London paper, stated that if Il Duce's promises regarding Italy in favour of Islam should be realized, this would have a resounding effect on the Arabs of the world, who would place all their hopes in the Italian government.”

In the *Egyptian Gazette* of 22nd March the Aga Khan's comment to *Reuter's* correspondent is thus recorded: “Now it is for Il Duce to show in his own territories inhabited by Moslems, such as Libya, Eritrea, Abyssinia and Somaliland, that Moslems are really protected and their religious principles encouraged. Then, indeed, it is a very good event. . . . We in India are happy and prosperous under our revered King-Emperor.”

23rd March.—“All the elements continued by our various enemies, Bolshevism, Communism, Semitism, Freemasonry

and Imperial Egoism, have not succeeded, these camouflaged serpents, to execute projects and works like Fascism has. . . . The rest of the world is largely made up of dumb, blind, and idiotic politicians . . . stupid, vile egoists. . . ."

24th March.—"BOMBAY: The Moslem fight against British troops is still going on. British troops swept down with their Lewis guns and aircraft and killed hundreds of them." Some minor disturbances occurred in Bombay in connection with the Congress elections, and according to reliable reports about a score were injured.

7th April.—(In Italian) "Whilst the Archbishop of Canterbury (*sic*) well-beloved of the Blacks, preaches and tires himself with words of humanity and peace, especially among his sons of Benjamin, his voice is trying to drown the sounds of the bombing planes and machine guns in British Somaliland and India, or more precisely at Risib. . . . The Italy of Mussolini, Fascist Italy, does not forget false and hypocritical friendship and the false concordats and pacts which have Italian signatures and English—or Esperanto!—signatures which are called Stresa, Isola Bella, Lausanne or Gentlemen's Agreements." There is a confusion here in the Italian mind between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Canterbury.

On 12th, 14th, 19th April, reports were broadcast about bombing of natives, especially of women and children in the effort of the British forces on the Waziristan front to subdue the Fakir of Ipi. Copy of one broadcast news item reads:

"DJIBOUTI.—The British troops' objective is to . . . subdue free tribes who are all Moslems. . . . This bombardment has made a horrible impression against the British authorities for this untoward massacre."

These are typical of the news and propaganda broadcasts from BARI since the Abyssinian War and the imposition of sanctions by the League.

The train of events which led to conferences on the subject between Eden and Grandi was started by an unpretentious journalistic action of mine. (From childhood I have been interested in the saying, "For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost" . . . until finally the battle of Waterloo was lost.) I was having tea in early June with A. Beverley Baxter, M.P., executive editor of the *Sunday Times* and other Allied newspapers, on the R.A.C. terrace. In the course of a discussion of radio propaganda, I told "Bax" about the propaganda in Arabic emanating from BARI, and I asked whether it was the policy of the British government to take cognizance of these unfriendly broadcasts and perhaps attempt retaliation. "Bax" listened with interest, and I could see that both as journalist and as an M.P. he thought something should be done about it.

"Write a letter to the *Sunday Times*," he demanded. "I'll see that it is displayed on the leader page."

I wrote the letter, which in part reads as follows:

"To the Editor, *Sunday Times*.—SIR—During almost annual visits to England during the past ten or fifteen years I have been puzzled by the attitude of the British Government and the B.B.C. toward anti-British news and propaganda, disseminated by such foreign news agencies as *D.N.B.*, *Tass*, *Havas*, *Stefani* and *Domei*; and the very biased 'news' reports sent out by foreign radio stations, especially recently by the comparatively new wireless station located at *Bari*, Italy.

"Is it a set policy of Great Britain to remain silent in the face of these coloured reports, some of which are deliberate and unfriendly attacks?

"Whose job is it to take cognizance of these broadcasts? Are protests which, I am given to understand, have been made to Count Ciano sufficient? Is it the province of the Foreign Office to see that British news is sent throughout the world in proper perspective? Or does this come under the B.B.C.? Or do the British still act on the assumption that truth will prevail . . . ?

"The solution of the question, in a democracy, is doubtless difficult. But does Great Britain intend to do anything about it? I would appreciate enlightenment."

Frankly, my letter was intended to be slightly provocative. Ensuing events showed that the letter did not go unread. Subsequent issues of the *Sunday Times* and other British newspapers contained letters protesting violently against anti-British propaganda—and the apparent indifference with which the Foreign Office and the B.B.C. accepted the situation.

An eminent British journalist and author, H. J. Greenwall, wrote to the *Sunday Times* an especially vigorous letter, in the course of which he said:

"The anti-British propaganda from *Bari* is directed chiefly at the moment to Palestine, where the Duce hopes to fan the Moslem flames of hate. . . . The time, I venture to think, has passed when we can afford to dismiss with a laugh the attacks made nightly over the ether."

Official notice was taken of the subject four days after the letter appeared in the *Sunday Times*. Mr. Leckie, Lib. Nat. member for Walsall, raised the question in the House of Commons. He asked the Foreign Secretary what action he had taken or proposed to take with reference to systematic anti-British news and propaganda disseminated by "certain foreign news agencies, and the biased news reports sent out by foreign radio stations, including that of *BARI*, Italy."

Viscount Cranborne, in a written reply, said:

"There is clearly no action open to His Majesty's Government which can put a complete stop to this practice; although it may be possible to make representations to foreign governments concerned, in specific cases. Much thought has been given to the question of counteracting the effects of such distorted news.

"As regards the broadcasting from *Bari* and other foreign stations of news with an anti-British bias, representations have been made several times, and His Majesty's Government are constantly reviewing the possibility of other action.

"The question of the use of languages other than English in the Empire programme broadcast from *Daventry* is at present under examination by the British Broadcasting Corporation."

On 28th June the question of anti-British propaganda was again brought up in the House by Lieut.-Commander Fletcher, Mr. Morgan Jones, Mr. Philip Noel Baker, Mr. Arthur Henderson and others. Mr. Eden intervened in the discussion and made two distinct points:

(1) The British Government is kept posted in regard to anti-British propaganda, whether from press or radio station, but does not feel inclined to indulge in counter-propaganda.

(2) The British Government feels that radio attacks and "venomous press attacks" are prejudicial to good international relations "wherever they come from." He found the answer to the questions raised difficult to find, and declined to commit the Government to any different line of action from that which it has been following—in the main, a dignified silence.

Probably there is no solution for this "war of the ether waves" problem until answers also are found for several other of civilization's questions. The animosities of press and radio propaganda will cease just about the time that nations agree on disarmament: or appreciable reduction in armaments. They are causes as well as symptoms.

A member of the House of Commons asked Eden to inaugurate a campaign of counter-propaganda. This does not seem to me to be the solution. I heartily agree with the British Foreign Minister when he says: "We do not like it." In addition, I do not believe that Great Britain would accomplish any useful purpose if she entered into a competition in international Billingsgate. A good case also can be made out

against the British Broadcasting Corporation sending out its news and views in any other language than English. The best kind of counter-propaganda is usually the proclaiming of the truth, where an individual or a nation has a reasonably clear conscience. I am inclined to think that dictators' consciences are not clear. In addition, the propaganda and biased news broadcasts from authoritarian states so frequently over-state their cases that the effect is not what they hope to achieve. There is evidence that the continued iteration of one-sided and extreme points of view is defeating its own end. A few totalitarian news broadcasts are subtle, but the vast majority are not only obvious but naïve.

If the B.B.C. should decide to broadcast news and entertainment in languages other than English, those selected probably would include Arabic, Hindustani, Afrikaans and other languages of the British Empire. There is no suggestion, and I believe but little possibility, that programmes, for example, in German, French and Japanese should be tried.

A committee investigated British broadcasting very thoroughly in 1935 and recommended in February 1936:

"In the interests of British prestige and influence in world affairs we think the appropriate use of languages other than English should be encouraged."

The fate of most reports of British Royal Commissions and Select Committees is that their recommendations are pigeon-holed. If acted upon it is usually several decades later, as in the case of the Cardwell Army Commission which brought some immediate fruit, but many of whose recommendations did not fructify until sixty-nine years afterwards.

The B.B.C. now acts on the assumption that British subjects and interested listeners abroad either speak English as well as their native tongue; or have no receiving sets; or prefer their own local programmes.

The British short-wave station at Daventry costs about £250,000 a year to run. It broadcasts programmes on sixteen

short-wave lengths, on an average of seventeen hours a day. It is the biggest purely broadcasting short-wave station in the world. Its Empire news service has been complimented by listeners of two-score nations. The one criticism that I might be inclined to make of this news service is that it is so objective that often it is dull.

There is a certain compliment in broadcasting to listeners in their own languages, but there is also this other point: listeners are likely to expect the news to be "slanted." The psychological advantage in sticking to English is a real and important one. More than 160,000,000 persons now have English as their native tongue. Many others can understand enough to grasp news bulletins in English.

In Palestine and Malta, to mention only two places, B.B.C. news is re-broadcast locally in appropriate languages. At present Great Britain depends upon haphazard action of local areas. Why could not a great deal be achieved by arranging a co-ordinated policy to meet an obvious need? There are hundreds of languages and dialects spoken in the Empire. Where there are facilities for re-broadcast, regular arrangements should be made. Where there are not, the installation of further radio stations should not present insuperable difficulties. Is it not better, and more effective, to encourage various parts of the Empire in this kind of co-operation, and to leave the quality and quantity of the co-operation in their own hands? Malta, Cairo, Ottawa, Adelaide, Pretoria and Singapore should be better judges of broadcast material than even the wisest of the B.B.C. wisacres.

Another menace to objectivity—briefly hinted at in the preceding chapter—is the common practice of subsidization of news agencies, which has grown with increasing vehemence since the War. Apart from the United States and the British Empire, there is to-day no major country employing the services of a news agency not sponsored, and paid for, by a government. Minor countries do not back world-wide press services.

PRESS, PROPAGANDA AND FRICTION: II

If they possess any at all the service is restricted to their own area.

The United States has the *Associated Press*, *United Press* and the recently amalgamated *Universal-International News Service*. Great Britain has *Reuter's*, and *British United Press*, *Exchange Telegraph*, *Central News* and *Press Association*. None of these is subsidized by its Government, although *Reuter's* received £7000 from Canada until recently and is given "preferential" treatment in other parts of the Empire. They may not achieve 100 per cent. objectivity, but they strive for impartiality and accuracy.

Until recent years the world dominance of the *Associated Press* and *Reuter's* was unassailable. This no longer is true. Many government-subsidized agencies are flooding Europe, the Near East, the Far East, South America and Africa with their "slanted" news. These agencies have even made inroads, though slight as yet, in the United States and Canada. Among the better-known are: *Havas* (France); *Deutsche Nachrichten Buero* (Germany); *Stefani* (Italy); *Tass* (U.S.S.R.); and *Domei* (Japan). On these agencies a palpably informed (but anonymous) writer in *The Round Table* (No. 107) has this pungent comment:

"They depend for their existence mainly or wholly upon their national treasuries; they are used day by day on behalf of their Governments to spread abroad not only their home news, skilfully so compiled as to present their country to the world in the most favourable light, but also foreign news tendentiously tinctured to serve their country's ends. . . . The French and the German (especially) . . . could not survive for a month without the backing of their respective Governments, a machinery skilfully conducted to promote French and German political and commercial interests and, directly or indirectly, to injure those of Britain. . . . Japanese and Russian are similarly engaged."

In many instances which might be quoted these agencies are

spreading the doctrine that "Britain is on the run" and that "the Empire is about to disintegrate."

In subsidized press agencies can be seen another problem for the two major democracies to face. So far as the United States is concerned the menace is not so important. For Great Britain, with its far-flung interests, the problem bristles with harassments and perplexities.

The same writer, in *The Round Table*, quotes secret instructions issued by Dr. Goebbels to German agents abroad, describing the action they are expected to take towards foreign news agencies and newspapers:

"The aim of this action is to throw discredit on news agencies which are hostile to us, and above all to damage as much as possible the relations between these agencies and important foreign newspapers." And, "All disturbance created in the good relations existing between other States is indirectly to the advantage of Germany. All ousting of the news of foreign news agencies is a great gain to Germany."

It is not necessary to impute base motives to all government-subsidized agencies. Some may merely—or mainly—be honourable and convinced exponents of their respective Governments' policies. But they all tend further to complicate and exacerbate the problem of the press and international friction.

Chapter XVI

WHAT PRICE HOPE?

WILL there be War? To give an unequivocal answer smacks of presumption. To hedge around replies with several qualifications leaves one open to an accusation of "stalling." Nevertheless, I shall attempt a reasonably direct answer; follow it up with reasons which seems to me to be valid; and intersperse the whole with as few "weasel" words as possible.

I believe that a major European conflict within the next year is extremely unlikely. In addition, I hold to the point of view which I have expressed several times, in print and on the platform since 1932, that a World War before 1940 is improbable. Furthermore, if the world can get along until 1940 without a general conflagration I think it is possible to escape perhaps for the duration of a generation.

I am fully aware of the unwisdom of stating such beliefs so definitely, for the War may be upon us before these words are off the press. But consider the shocks that the world has survived, even since 1931:

Japanese seizure of Manchuria.

Assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Foreign Minister Barthou of France.

German denunciation of restrictive military clauses of Versailles Treaty.

Mussolini's defiance of the League of Nations, but especially of Great Britain and France, by invasion of Ethiopia.

German reoccupation of demilitarized Rhineland Zone.

Spanish civil war, with undisguised intervention by three major European powers.

Japanese extended aggression against China, including attacks on Nanking and Shanghai, and the wounding of a British ambassador.

This list is not exhaustive, but it is indicative. Suppose that ten years ago any one of these seven actions had been put to you, the reader, as a hypothetical issue, and you had been asked whether war would be the result, what would you have replied? I doubt whether there was an informed man or woman in the world who would not have expressed the opinion that one or more of the above would have thrown the world into another death-struggle.

The world has its touchy spots, but in many ways it is becoming shock-proof. In the Mediterranean during a thirty-day period this summer eighteen vessels were attacked and some sunk. Lives were lost. British ships were among those affected. Yet the Foreign Office and the Admiralty kept their respective tempers. They have been backed up by overwhelming sentiment in Great Britain. Public opinion in the United States and France has remained unexcited. This would not have been the case ten years ago.

The firm stand taken at the Nyon Conference in September, against piracy in the Mediterranean, made a major European war less likely rather than more likely. Britain, France and the other seven powers showed a united front, with adequate force to back it up, and Mussolini realized that they were not bluffing. Suddenly, doubtless to Il Duce's great surprise, he found several score British, French and allied war-craft in *mare nostrum*, bent on an objective with which he could not quarrel. It must have jolted the Italian dictator to find that democracies could work with such speed. For the first time for several years the initiative was taken from the authoritarian powers. Britain and France gave Italy and Germany an object lesson on *fait accompli*.

Who wants war? The answer to this question is easy: no nation desires war to-day, although three major countries want

certain things which may be difficult to obtain short of war. Japan, Germany and Italy still are unsatisfied powers.

Japan is proceeding with her war, which is just as real, just as deadly, and will kill and maim just as many Chinese, as if it were a declared war. Nothing on this earth, short of complete and very improbable capitulation to her demands, will alter Japan's set programme. Severe economic difficulties might lead to the slowing up of Japanese plans of aggression, but that would be a truce rather than a termination. Oriental nations do not have four- and five-year plans. They think in terms of a hundred-year Plan.

What nation will interfere in China? The U.S.S.R. does not want a foreign adventure for some time to come. No one else seems inclined to interfere, although it is possible that an offer of mediation may emanate from the Brussels sessions. China must depend upon her own efforts. The real danger of the Chinese-Japanese imbroglio is that it may drag out, or develop furiously, for two or three years. By 1939 or 1940 the U.S.S.R. may be reorganized, militarily and psychologically, and then be drawn in. In that event Germany could scarcely be expected to remain inactive.

In the early days of the clash between Japan and China there was evidence that the U.S.S.R. was employing methods of aiding the Chinese which were patterned after the Italian and German activities in Spain. In August China signed a non-aggression pact with the Soviet, and there were immediate reports that the agreement contained secret military clauses. By these it appeared that China expected to get from her Communist neighbour 360 planes, 200 tanks, 1500 tractors, 150,000 rifles, 120,000 shells and 60,000,000 cartridges well before the end of the year. The Soviet was also expected to furnish technicians in all branches.

There are the three restless powers. Japan is engaged to the hilt in her "substitute" for war. What of the other two nations? Do Germany and Italy want war? No, of course not.

Will they be forced to go to war to get what they want? Probably not, unless they believe the conflict can be localized. Japan and Italy have had their blood-letting. What of Germany?

Hitler wants access to raw materials, for peace-time as well as war purposes. He can satisfy his desires and the needs of the Reich in three ways: by ready access to world markets, with easy credit; a division of the spoils of Spain with Italy; or a *putsch* through Czechoslovakia and Austria toward south-eastern Europe. The first seems unlikely now, but cannot be counted out of the question. The way out for the nations of the world is through a resumption of economic common sense. Under certain circumstances a realistic and constructive economic agreement could be made with Germany which would vastly relax international tension. Three "if's" are:

(1) If Hitler will frame reasonable minimum demands in return for being given access to essential markets, and perhaps even a loan.

(2) If Hitler will agree to a "pause" in the armament race, and provide evidence of good faith that any pledge will be kept.

(3) If Hitler (with Mussolini) will enter a Western Locarno Scheme. A union of the "axis" and the "entente" powers could assure peace for a generation.

Germany and Italy desperately want cash and credit. A major operation will be required to arrange this, owing to the closed economy system under which these two countries have been operating.

Germany and Italy want to force the maximum price from Britain and France for agreeing to "behave." The two major European democracies have been bluffed several times during the past few years, but Nyon appears to mark the worms' turning point: not because they are worms, but because they have ceased to be. One of the tragedies of post-war Europe is that German offers of peace and co-operation either have not

been believed, or have been accepted only after the German price has stiffened. "Too late" should be found graven on the hearts of most French statesmen of the past eighteen years, and of several British leaders.

It is possible that Germany and Italy will be able to divide an appreciable loot as the result of their co-operation in Spain. They may solve some of their mineral problems but the pressure on their food problems will not be alleviated. For this both countries must look to a freer world market or to the Danubian countries.

Germany has improved her situation in the area of central and south-eastern Europe since Hitler came to power. Trade with Czechoslovakia has decreased in this period. Commerce with Austria has not altered appreciably. Exports have dropped to about the same extent that imports have gone up. The change has been comparatively slight. Trade figures with Hungary, Yugoslavia, Greece and Rumania have mounted phenomenally. Comparing 1933 and 1936, Germany's exports to Greece have more than tripled; to the other three countries more than doubled. Imports from Greece have risen slightly; from Rumania and Yugoslavia have more than doubled; and from Hungary have tripled. The fear is expressed that economic penetration may be the precursor of political dominance, but so far the evidence in this direction is not important.

Italian trade, especially with Yugoslavia, is increasing. The food situation of both Italy and Germany has been appreciably relieved, but far from solved, by shipments from Danubian granaries.

Could Germany and Italy undertake a major war?

The answer is, yes and no. Either nation might be able to face a short war. Together they could probably strain their resources and coerce their populations to engage in a six months' war. Any war longer than that period likely would lead to economic exhaustion and revolution. In either event the result would be defeat.

Germany could not fight a long war, now, for the following reasons:

(1) Lack of essential raw materials. Stocks of ammunition and armaments would be too quickly exhausted.

(2) Disorganization of the air force. Spain has been used as a proving ground for German, Italian and Soviet planes. Goering discovered last December that several of his supposedly best models were too slow, had blind spots in their defence or were otherwise inadequate. Time is needed to remedy this situation. Fevered speeding-up of the Reich's air programme has accomplished much, up to 1st November, and early in 1938 Germany is likely to have once more the second largest "first line" air force in Europe. She is turning out—and testing in Spain—large numbers of a successful and advanced model: a Messerschmidt monoplane with a 310 m.p.h. speed, armed with a 22-millimeter gun.

(3) The supplying of adequate food to the German population is already so difficult that within six months or so the German civilian population would find itself in as desperate straits as was the case in 1918. Crops must suffer if millions are drawn away from their duties to fight.

(4) The temper of the German people is not such that it could stand the strain of a long-drawn out affair. Many millions are sullen and have "edgy" nerves even now. German officials admit that a force varying from eight hundred thousand to one million would be required to police the civilian population in another war. Social Democrats and Communists, aided by outside anti-Nazis, would take the opportunity to come out of hiding, and there would be a canker within the State.

Italy could not fight a long war. She is more dependent than Germany on imports of essential materials and food. She is over-extended with her commitments in Ethiopia and Spain. Her financial structure may be able to stand the strain of peace-time stresses, but probably would crack in case of war.

One of the most significant reasons for believing that the Second World War is not about to break out is the simple fact that intelligent Germans, and especially the Reichswehr generals, know that the present chances are overwhelmingly against Germany winning such a war. The whole influence of Germany's professional soldiers is at present thrown into the scale with the forces favouring peace.

When the radical Nazis suggest war, the Reichswehr generals ask several questions. Two are:

Whom are we fighting?

Who are our allies?

In the case of a general set-to, Germany probably would be fighting much the same combination of European powers as in 1914-18, except for Italy. She cannot count on the aid of Austria, Hungary and Turkey. It is the business of professional soldiers to know their jobs. One task is to estimate chances of success. Generals Fritsch and Beck have enough sense to know they would start in 1938 with much less chance of winning than they had in 1914.

The great danger in Europe to-day, so far as Germany primarily is concerned, is that the radical Nazis will force—or induce—Hitler and the Reichswehr to take a course of action which is not expected to lead to war, but quickly or eventually does, *because the Nazis have guessed wrong*. They have been right so often that success may go to their heads. They have bluffed and blackmailed the democracies, and found they were permitted to get away with it. If the more aggressive members of the Nazi Party should persuade Hitler to try a *putsch* towards Czechoslovakia or Austria, and assure the Leader that the democracies will remain complacent, they *may* find that they are wrong! I believe there is a very fair chance that, at the present time, Great Britain and France would not rescue Austria or Czechoslovakia from German aggression; but this eventuality is far from a certainty. One must remember that there would be no such crass action as marching German troops

across the Czech frontier. That is not the way wars start to-day. What conceivably could happen might be this:

Goebbels fills his regimented press with stories of the ill-treatment of German minorities in Czechoslovakia. Terrible tales to wring a Teuton's heart! Konrad Henlein, leader of the South German Czech Party, feels that he is so ill-treated that he must stage a riot. A few Germans are killed. Germans are aroused against the Czechs. They appeal for help from their fellows across the frontier. Hitler announces he is sending a "police" force to save Germans' lives and property. The "police" force becomes an army. There may be no war, but before the democracies get round to action Germany has an army in Czechoslovakia. Then—try to get it out!

If this seems to any reader too improbable, then all I have to say is that such a reader had not taken in fully the lesson taught following 18th September 1931, at Mukden, when Captain Nakamura lost his life; or since Wal Wal, on the Ethiopian frontier, 5th December 1934.

A theory which at first sounded fantastic was encountered this summer. As expressed to me by an ex-officer of the Reichswehr (one who backs Hitler, but has little use for two-thirds of his cabinet and leading colleagues), it is this:

A major war of some kind is expected to break out within the next twelve or eighteen months. Germany will, of course, be involved. After the opening days of the war, say in about a week or ten days, there will be strong action taken by the Reichswehr within Germany. The Reichswehr leaders will "liquidate" or imprison the Nazi "wild men," place Hitler probably in isolated but comfortable detention—and then announce to the enemy that "the war is over," so far as the Reichswehr and the conservative forces in Germany are concerned. An armistice, to be followed quickly by peace negotiations, will be requested. Reichswehr leaders such as von Blomberg, Fritsch and Beck, will say: "We are in control. Nazi radicals have been rendered 'ineffective.' We do not want

a war. We will be satisfied with the *status quo ante*. Let's get together and talk things over. We are willing to discuss arms limitations and abandon the Nazi expansionist aims, if you will aid us to recover from our desperate economic position."

Since I first heard this theory propounded I have presented it to several informed Germans, as well as to foreigners, with an air of deprecation, but I have been extraordinarily surprised with the reception the theory has received. I expected it to be immediately and scathingly pooh-poohed, but such has not been the case. It is, of course, not possible to assert that there is any such plan well-formulated, but it can be stated that the Reichswehr does not want war, especially in the near future. And military authorities recognize that in two years or less Great Britain's rearmament will have progressed to such an extent that winning a war against an alliance including Great Britain may be virtually impossible. At any rate, it would be a long gamble.

Reichswehr chiefs will not willingly gamble against great odds!

The army leaders would work hand in hand with certain of the more conservative Nazi leaders, such as von Neurath, Schacht, Frick and probably Goering; and with industrial leaders and the Junkers. These influences recognize that Hitler, from their point of view, has served his purpose. They give him generous credit for his achievements in freeing Germany from the shackles of the Versailles Treaty. They admit that, probably, in no other way could German national honour have been restored, German unemployment almost eliminated and German trade appreciably revived. But these gains will be jeopardized or lost, many believe, if the "wild" Nazis should gain the upper hand. Conservative and constructive Germans believe that the Reich could prosper amazingly if the turbulent and adventurous influences could be removed. A type of Teutonic democracy might be attained, or, as an alternative,

there might be a "benevolent" military junta, to cover a transition period.

There has been discussion along these lines, between leaders of Germany, Great Britain and France. The German emissaries have been told, in effect, by statesmen in the two great European democracies: "Clean your house, moderate your expansionist aims, curtail expenditures and we will then talk of 'rescuing you'."

Both German and non-German leaders are doubtful whether the "wild Nazis" can be controlled, or eliminated, short of a war. As one German put it to me:

"Whatever we do will be a terrible gamble. It *might* be possible to arrange another, what one might call a qualitative, "bloody purge." The death or deportation to some St. Helena of fifty Nazis might prevent war and save millions of lives. But there is no adequate evidence that the Reichswehr leaders are prepared to go so far. Without the Reichswehr such action would certainly be impossible. So—bad as war is, many leading Nazis are worse. We may have to go through war to get rid of them. And then it is a gamble whether a war once started can be pulled up short."

It must not be forgotten that in any major conflict Germany and Italy, if opposed by Great Britain and France, start off with a very sizeable "ball-and-chain" hampering them: the United States Neutrality Act. The famous cash-and-carry clauses of this act, which runs until 30th April 1939, permit any warring nation to procure non-comtraband material from the United States if:

- (1) Said nation has the money to pay cash; and
- (2) Has the ships to carry away its purchases.

Great Britain and France, with their hundreds of thousands of tons of merchant shipping, and with more than £1,000,000,000 of readily mobilizable cash and liquid credit in the United States, are most fortunately placed. This Act shows how actual neutrality is virtually impossible. The Act

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is, in effect, an economic alliance with the United States' across-the-water democratic cousins.

Mussolini said a year ago that "permanent peace is unthinkable." He should be an authority. Many sparks may touch off a major explosion. If war—a World War—comes, it will come, in my belief, as the result of an accident, and without intent. But we are inured to the shock of most international accidents. . . . Do not expect international tranquillity. . . . The world is so precariously balanced, so jittery, so bitter and so unfair, that we shall probably be "on the verge" for years yet!



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